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HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

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I

AFTER some months at 'home' in America and a couple spent in rambling over Italy and France, I returned once more to London several weeks ago. The first thing that struck me, happily, was that its perennial and inexhaustible charm was as fresh and unchanged as ever. It is true that changes in detail, mainly architectural, are to be observed as plentiful enough by one who has long known it and who has now been an annual visitor for some years. Devonshire House, never a thing of beauty, but nevertheless of a certain antique dignity, has given place to a glaringly white palace of smart flats and shops. The yet newer but equally glaring hotel in Park Lane is regarded with many shakings of heads as a possible portent for what may be in store for the entire length of that aristocratic street. Dorchester House, most beautiful of all the great houses in town, has been sold in spite of efforts to save it from the auctioneer's hammer and probable destruction. Burlington Arcade, beloved of all shopping tourists, has also changed hands and its fate is unknown. The Adelphi, with its dignified houses above and its gloomy and mysterious 'arches' below, is about to be disposed of. The dark passageways, lit at midday by

flaring gas lamps, and housing, besides memories of David Copperfield, the largest and perhaps choicest collections of wines in the world, are probably doomed. I hesitate to say too much about it for American readers, but there are estimated to be between three and four hundred thousand dozen of priceless vintages stored in the vaults which will soon have to be moved. At least, although the fate of the buildings still hangs in the balance, Bernard Shaw, who has lived there for thirty years, has taken, with Celtic impatience, a flat elsewhere, and Sir James Barrie, another tenant, is, with more British calm, 'waiting,' as he says, 'to see.' As for the complete transformation of lower Regent Street, in progress for several years, the alterations are now practically completed and the new buildings will require many months of damp and soot to mellow into harmonious tone with their surroundings.

Yes, in some external features London is undoubtedly changing, and changing rapidly. But then, it always has been changing since it was founded by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. Here and there we may lament some particular manifestation of the law of life and growth, but as a

whole one finds the life of the town singularly unaltered, and London still seems to me in most ways the most civilized, as it is unquestionably the greatest, of the cities of men.

Coming from the Continent, a 'citizen of the world' feels at once that he has come from the backwaters into a great centre of human interest. London is not only in sheer extent and population the largest city in the world, so that Paris and even New York, in the restricted limits of its only interesting portions, seem quickly exhaustible in comparison, but it is the centre as yet of the greatest and most widely scattered empire the world has ever seen. The dweller in it feels that he is at the crossroads of all the world's chief highways. One can survey the world from here as from no other one centre. France, it is true, has a scattered empire also, but the average Frenchman has, for the most part, as little interest in the world at large as has the American of the Middle West. Italy's empire and interests are almost wholly confined to the shores of the Mediterranean, to say nothing of the iron censorship of speech and press. Except for international sport and the spectacular, the average city in America is as unconscious of what is being said and done in other countries as is a man of the radio waves carried on the ether. By 'listening in' he may at once pick up a whole world of sound and thought of which he is otherwise unconscious. In the same way a man at home may 'listen in' to the international world by using special apparatus in the way of foreign journals or by personal relations, but these opportunities are limited to comparatively small groups.

Here, on the other hand, that world is, so to say, in the air and not the ether, and one does not have to make a special effort or acquire exceptional apparatus to share in it. There are

certain types of the stay-at-home smaller business Englishman who are as hopelessly narrow and provincial as Babbitt. But, even if one is not a Joshua to fell the walls of high society or the higher political circles, one is more apt here to meet all the time people who have just come from China or the Cape, or almost any part of the world, than one is at home to meet strayers from Dayton or Houston or Los Angeles. Moreover, if one picks up a dozen English magazines on the news stand and contrasts them with a dozen American ones, the wider range of interests at once becomes apparent. Of course, there are reasons for this. The main business of England, both in merchandising and banking, is international. The larger business man has a direct interest in almost all quarters of the globe. Again, speaking broadly, there is scarcely a family of the better-magazine-reading classes which has not a member of it living in some remote corner of the Empire or of the world outside. Cape Town, Calcutta, and Peking are not merely far-off foreign cities which creep into the news occasionally as centres of political disturbance, but places where 'Tom' or 'Dick' or 'Harry' is stationed.

But another and perhaps one of the chief charms of London is that, if it is the greatest of all great cities, it is also the most homelike and, one might almost say, rural. The low sky line, and the fact that the architectural unit for most of the town yet remains the small house as contrasted with the vast 'apartment houses' and skyscrapers of American cities, account for part of this 'homey' atmosphere for a generation which still feels that a home means a house and not a slice of some costly communal barracks. Then there are the parks everywhere, affording not only the welcome relief of lawns and trees, but opportunities for cricket and

golf and tennis within walking distance of one's house almost wherever it may be. Apart from the innumerable larger parks there are the endless 'squares' and 'gardens,' so that one may walk only a few minutes in almost any direction without the eye encountering the restful green of trees and shrubs. Cheek by jowl with the busiest thoroughfares there are village-seeming streets or quiet nooks which are as retired and peace-bringing as any cathedral close. One steps out of Piccadilly to find one's self surrounded by the flowers and country atmosphere of the Albany, or one passes from the confusion of High Holborn under an archway to rest in the charming old-world garden of Staple Inn, where the lilacs and iris bloom and a fountain splashes with the cool serenity of the garden sanctuary of some country house. Again, one may pass from the Strand, busiest of the streets of men, under another archway to the perfect sylvan peace of the Temple, where lawns stretch to the river and boys and girls are playing tennis and one feels a brooding calm under the shade of almost immemorial trees. One of the loveliest rural views in England is looking up the water in St. James's Park, only three minutes from what, with the Abbey and Parliament Buildings, may be called the very centre of Empire. Starting there, one may walk for miles over grass and under the trees, keeping all the time in the heart of London. I know in America no country club to compare in sheer rural beauty with Ranelagh, with its superb gardens, its flowers, water views, tennis courts, golf course, and polo grounds, yet this, like Hurlingham, is not an hour or so out of town by train, but on one of the busiest arteries of traffic within the city itself.

All these open spaces, all this green and the scent of flowers, give one the impression that everywhere the country

is overflowing into the city. One hears the syrx rather than the riveter, and Pan and Flora yet hold the field against Midas and Vulcan. Nowhere in London, with the exception of the Mall and perhaps one or two other instances, do we find any such planned architectural vistas as so delight the French. London, vast as a primeval forest, has just naturally grown without elaborate city planning, but unlike New York and the larger American cities it has managed to keep itself green and homelike and beautiful. Nature has not been banished, but welcomed in a thousand nooks and corners prepared for her to enter. The difference seems to depend on national taste and a different scale of values. In America the sole 'value' of a piece of city real estate is considered to be what it will yield when built upon, and every inch is made to produce as much as possible by building on it. Here — although, Heaven knows, London land is costly enough — open spaces, irises and daffodils, hawthorns and lawns, have their values also for the human life of the town. It is this sense of human values, in private properties as well as public parks, maintained in spite of the need and lure of money in the world's most densely populated city, which again gives one a sense of its civilized attitude toward life.

Yet another element in its civilization is the almost perfect quiet that reigns in it. As contrasted with the insane tooting of horns day and night in Paris and New York, one rarely hears a motor, and although these warm days the parks are filled with children and older persons of all grades of society, walking about or playing games, one never hears any such 'cat-calling,' yelling, and general racket as one would in American city parks with such masses of people. Civilization is of necessity a colossal compromise

between impulses of self-expression in an individual and his strength of will in controlling such impulses as, indulged in by many others, would make life less possible or agreeable for all. When one motorist, dashing through a street at night, gives vent to his self-expression by a shriek of his horn which awakens with a start perhaps a hundred people, he is a being who has not learned the very rudiments of civilization — that is, of harmonizing his own instincts with the good of all.

Perhaps the highest test of whether a city or a people is civilized is just this one of how far it has gone in learning what things can and cannot be done in order to attain to the most perfect balance between expression and restraint. This, of course, is most obviously manifested in the nature and character of the laws, in the speed and impartiality with which they are enforced, and in the attitude of the people at large to them. One feels here that, whether by centuries of training or by some political instinct, this people can govern itself as no other can. There are comparatively few laws interfering with the liberty of the individual to do as he likes, but they are enforced with a swiftness, an impartiality, and a completeness that leave an American green with envy. To note merely two examples since my arrival: About three weeks ago a woman's body was found in a trunk which had been checked at Charing Cross Station. There was no apparent clue to the mystery. At the end of a week the newspapers were much perturbed by what they called the 'unique' and most disturbing fact that after seven days the police had not yet caught the unknown murderer. A few days later, however, he had been run down, had confessed, and is now in jail. Shortly after this a most outrageous blackmailing scheme was brought to the attention of the police.

Within a fortnight the ringleaders had been caught, tried, convicted, and sent to prison for terms ranging up to life.

It may be said that good enforcement of the law might also be had under an autocracy, but what strikes one here as a test of civilization is not merely the enforcement of law by the authorities, but the attitude of the people themselves toward it in a democracy. Take the case of the regulation of the liquor traffic. We tried it ourselves at home for years; but, on the one hand, the authorities proved themselves too incompetent and venal to enforce any laws regulating the saloon, and, on the other, the people as a whole were too lawless to make the problem a small one. From this we went on to prohibition, with the resulting farcical but no less disgraceful mess we are in to-day. Over here, ever since the war, the traffic has been regulated by permitting sales only at certain hours of the day, and it is illuminating to see how the law is everywhere enforced by the people themselves. The hours vary slightly in different towns so that not infrequently in the past five years I have found myself asking for a drink in a public house or hotel a few minutes ahead of the particular opening time in that locality. In all these years I have never yet witnessed a single case in which the law has been infringed by the fraction of a second on my behalf or that of anyone else. As a result, the law has been entirely successful. The possibility of prohibition, with all its evils, has been put off indefinitely, and on the other hand drunkenness has ceased, as far as my observation has gone. I have seen only one case of even semi-intoxication, that of a man who had that afternoon received a decree of divorce and was either drowning his sorrows or celebrating his luck, I never knew which. Over the

Whitsuntide holiday, I might add, some two hundred and fifty thousand persons went to Blackpool, and there was not a single instance of drunkenness or disorderly conduct.

II

Certainly if we judge the degree of civilization by the completeness with which a people governs itself, combined with the completeness with which it retains all possible liberty of individual action, I know no other leading country of European civilization which can compete with England. As for liberty of speech, thought, and action in America, it is notorious that in many ways they are being maintained only by a direct disobeying of or winking at innumerable laws.

To some extent we may attribute some of our difficulties of this sort to the extremely heterogeneous population we now have, but that is due to the 'native' American's dislike of physical work and his desire to get rich as quickly as possible by exploiting with the greatest speed and with alien labor the resources of the continent. At home there is no use blinking the fact any longer that we are not an Anglo-Saxon country. Our language may be English, the framework of our government may be mainly derived from English precedents, and the old stock may still give the leaders, for the most part, in culture, but the population figures tell another story. In New York City alone there are two million foreign born and two hundred thousand negroes, to say nothing of foreigners of the second generation. In all England there are only three hundred thousand aliens, and this racial solidarity gives one a sense of being at home and among one's own kind.

The figures in *Who's Who* are suggestive. That volume is supposed to

list some twenty-six thousand Americans who have achieved enough distinction to win a place there. Of those twenty-six thousand, as I recall it, ten per cent were foreign born, but of that ten per cent one half came to us from the British Empire, leaving only five per cent, or some thirteen hundred persons in all America, who have achieved distinction from among the millions of all other races who have been immigrants in the last generation. For the most part, we get the lowest and not the best from foreign countries, and, apart from a few notable individuals, their purely cultural contribution to American life has been small. The types of civilization evolved by various races all have their good and bad points, but each has been fitted to racial idiosyncrasies. The world would be poorer without either the Anglo-Saxon or the Latin; but, to mention only one point, when we study what the Latins have everywhere made of parliamentary government of the English type it is evident that it is utterly unsuited to them. It is not one of the least satisfactions of living in England that one is surrounded by English people. In America one is also surrounded by 'Americans,' but 'American' has utterly ceased to have any racial connotation. In the colonial days, in spite of a considerable admixture of Germans, Dutch, Scotch, and Irish, the social fabric was still English, and it is not surprising if an American of English descent whose family had been in America for many generations before the separation took place should still prefer an English attitude and outlook on life to that of the Semites or Slavs or Armenians, however interesting he may find certain aspects of their self-expression in literature or art.

I have mentioned the charm of the flowers in London, but the children, dainty and flowerlike, are no less

charming, and these warm days the parks and squares and streets are full of them. As great numbers of the boys of the better classes are away at school, the girls are most in evidence, with their skirts so short as to be mere flounces on the bottom of abbreviated waists. One can study childish legs from ankle to hip here by the thousand, and one comes to the conclusion that they are among the most beautiful things the world has to offer. These youngsters, arrayed in a way to make Main Street gasp, have also a gentleness, a modesty, and a quietness of demeanor that are equally beyond the ken of that thoroughfare.

One could continue to write indefinitely of the charms of London, but already many readers have undoubtedly been giving vent to that characteristic remark whenever one praises foreign lands or suggests anything lacking in 'God's Country': 'Why don't you go there to live if you think it's so much better?' — with an inflection of annoyance that makes the sentence much more of an imperative than an interrogative. Over here, year after year, as one's life passes so easily and humanely, one asks one's self that question, especially as one reads that marvelously fascinating last page of the morning *Times* with its illustrated advertisements, veritable 'magic case-ments,' of country houses for sale at fabulously low prices according to American standards. Also one knows one can be sure of a cook. Why not stay here and live? And yet one does n't — or, at least, one has not yet.

As for the mere matter of changing one's residence, American opinion has always been irrational. Americans think it laudable that a citizen of any other nation should come to America to better his condition, but shameful that an American should emigrate to

Europe for the same purpose. Let an Astor or a Henry James or an Edwin Abbey transfer himself to England and, in the American vernacular, 'a howl goes up' as though he had been a Benedict Arnold. But life after all is not rational, and one hesitates. The advantages of this country are all rational. The reasons for not packing up forthwith are largely irrational and usually they win, though they are not easy to describe.

There is at bottom that largely modern and perhaps hardest of all passions to analyze, the love of one's country, even in America where in many neighborhoods one's neighbors have ceased to be of one's own race or even, perhaps, capable of speaking one's own tongue. As one looks at the beautiful English landscape, more beautiful in its well-tended charm and utter peacefulness than any other I know in the whole world, a sudden nostalgia will come over one for a rough, neglected bit of some Vermont hillside or the familiar ugliness of some fishing village on the shore. One murmurs to one's self, 'Beautiful, beautiful,' in Devon or Warwickshire, and then may unaccountably be seized with a sudden desire to 'muss it all up.' All Englishmen have to some extent this love of the wild and the unfinished, and perhaps those of us whose families have been in America for centuries — and mine, counting South as well as North America, was here for two generations before even the Mayflower sailed — have 'gone native' a bit, have become a little more uncivilized, a little savage. Something revolts in us at living too continuously too perfect, too orderly, too civilized a life.

Perhaps the scale has something to do with it. Mere bigness, so much worshiped at home, has no value in itself. Many a tiny insect is more beautiful than an elephant. But there is a sense

in which size when translated into scale has a legitimate influence. A miniature, an easel painting, and a mural decoration differ in something more than mere size. So far as I know, no attempt has been made to study the effect of the size of a man's habitation upon him, though as the average man's grows smaller and smaller it is a subject not without interest. What are all the psychological effects of living in two rooms and a bath as compared with the old roomy house of two generations ago? Over here one feels at times that sense of being 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd.' One recalls the picture in *Punch* of an American motorist driving his car at seventy miles an hour while a man by the roadside calls out, 'Remember this is an island!' Even if one has lived only on the Atlantic seaboard, he has felt that there were three thousand miles of open sea in front of him and three thousand miles of his own land behind him, and it has done something, very lasting but very hard to define, to him.

But perhaps most of all there is the feeling that at home one is watching one of the greatest experiments in history, an experiment that is somehow partly one's own responsibility as an American. If one loses one's way in the subway because the conductor can talk only Hungarian, if some negroes are burned at the stake as though it were the year 800, if a bricklayer gets twenty dollars a day and a professor of economics gets ten, if a town can find no better way to express its enthusiasm for a native son than by running the fire engines up and down the main street, if twenty thousand school children are assembled to see which has the most freckles, if any one of the hundred unaccountable and fantastic things in the American press come true daily, one wonders what it all signifies and where it is all going to end. But that is just it. One wonders and one wants to wait just

a little longer and see. Perhaps the small boy has never lost his love for the circus.

III

In speaking with American friends at home I find that there is a widespread opinion that the English do not like us and that a tourist or resident here is acutely made aware of the fact. I have spent part of each of the last five years in England and have found very little of this alleged hostility to ourselves.

There is no other human relationship more apt to breed bad blood and misunderstanding than that between debtor and creditor, as the entire history of our country proves in the relations between East and West. The trouble is apt to be greatly emphasized when such a relation is suddenly reversed and the formerly rich creditor finds himself in turn in the rôle of poor debtor. The debt of the now comparatively poor England to the enormously prosperous America might well have been expected to have bred ill feeling of the deepest sort, but it has not done so to anything like the degree which it has on the continent of Europe. In the first place, there has been the long-ingrained respect in England for business ethics. She has been called a nation of shopkeepers, but the very conditions that have called forth that name have bred in her a sense of commercial honor that is notably lacking in certain other countries. The war debt has therefore been regarded here much more than in any other debtor country in the same light in which the business man in America has regarded it — that is, as a purely financial transaction the terms of which should be complied with as far as possible. Also the English are good sports and believe in 'playing cricket.'

It is true that England would have been glad to see all debts canceled for the good of all, and in this she was not

as selfish as has been claimed, for the debts owing her by other nations are much more than she owes and she would have lost heavily on balance by such an all-round cancellation. This balance she has, as a matter of fact, relinquished by canceling all debts due her except enough to pay us, provided she can collect it, which is not by any means yet certain. English business, including manufactures, commerce, and banking, has always been international, whereas American has been almost wholly domestic. The average American has little or nothing to do with the complicated problems of foreign exchange, and the English can see far more clearly the future difficulties involved for the entire business of the world in these enormous annual payments by Europe to a country which already has half the world's gold supply. The task of paying international debts raises problems which are entirely different from the mere transfer of domestic credits, and the securing of funds to be transferred annually to America is far from being solely a matter of taxation, however staggering. When, in addition to insisting that the debts be paid to the uttermost farthing possible, according to our standard of the debtors' 'capacity to pay,' we raise a tariff wall which prohibits the sale of foreign goods to us, an almost impossible situation is created. We already have the gold, so they cannot pay us in that. We refuse to let them pay us in goods. We prohibit the import of wool, for example, one of England's chief exports, by raising the duty to sixty per cent. As a personal experience, last year on the dock I found the duty on my suits to be the figure just named, on embroidery seventy-five per cent, on jewelry eighty per cent, and on lace ninety per cent. In the old days we used to imprison debtors who could not pay. We gradually learned that

shutting a man in jail and depriving him of the means of making a livelihood was a foolish way to expect him to pay his debt. By our tariff wall we are imprisoning our European debtors in much the same way. This phase of the problem is resented to some extent here because the situation is much better understood than at home, where most business men have had experience only with domestic debts, with no training in international finance.

On the whole, however, one hears comparatively little here now about the debt. In responsible quarters there is a great desire to let the matter rest and to continue to make the annual payments without further comment unless the ultimate impossibility of the situation may become clearly apparent on both sides of the water. It does hurt and annoy them here when Mr. Mellon tells the American people that the debt is not costing England anything and is not hurting her. If Englishmen are not given either to whimpering or to welshing, they do believe in fair play. They may or may not eventually receive from other nations what they are already paying us. They have not received it yet, and may never do so. They are engaged in delicate negotiations with France about the matter now. Meanwhile they have signed the note to us and are paying it in cash. Therefore, when they are bleeding themselves white in their private and corporate incomes to pay their own taxes (the lowest income-tax rate is twenty per cent), and are paying the debt to us on a scale which we have not exacted from any other debtor, they feel it is unfair to say they are not going into their own pockets at all. But even so, there was much criticism here of Churchill's note as tending to start afresh a controversy which Englishmen feel is settled and which it is beneath their dignity to reopen of themselves.

Among people of all classes I would say that there is far less feeling against the United States here than there is against England even now at home, with all the improvement that there has been in sentiment there. Perhaps the most absurd opinion which many people in the smaller communities in America hold is that England hates us because she has never forgotten the Revolution. As for the loss of a major part of her earlier empire, several points must be remembered which Americans are apt to forget. One is that for many decades in the nineteenth century public opinion in England was not imperialistic at all, and, so far from regretting the loss of the United States, the country was in favor of divesting itself as soon as possible of the rest of its imperial possessions. The imperialism of to-day is of comparatively recent growth, with a long interval of anti-imperial feeling between the loss of the old empire and the present day. Again, England has no grievance or rankling soreness from being defeated by Americans. There is a simple reason for this, usually ignored at home. It is that she never was so defeated. She was not beaten by her colonies, but by a coalition of European Powers that came to their aid. Washington admitted that the game was lost and that the only salvation was to have France, at least, enter the fight. Not only did France do so, but Spain also, and England was fighting all over the world as well as in America, and continued to do so a year and more after Cornwallis surrendered. She was beaten only by the combined power of nearly half the civilized world.

As a matter of fact, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolution, and all the rest of our history so familiar, either in fact or legend, to American children are to a great extent not known at all here. It was only about four years ago that the first chair of American history

in any English university was founded. The cultural contributions of America to civilization had been comparatively slight, and until we became a world Power, owing to our wealth and numbers, there was little more reason for Europe's being interested in our history than there is for us to study the local historical details of South Africa or Australia. The situation is well illustrated by a story which I heard Lord Lee of Fareham, who has an American wife, tell the other day. She thought she would make a pious pilgrimage to Plymouth to see the place from which her ancestors had sailed. Trying to find the dock, — where, by the way, there is a commemorative tablet, — she asked a man if he could tell her where the Pilgrims had sailed from. He looked puzzled and finally replied: 'I really do not recall them, madam. Did they sail recently?' The Standard Life Assurance Company is at present running a series of advertisements in one of the best-known English weeklies using 'historical incidents' as texts. Last week they inserted one on the sailing of the Mayflower. Explaining briefly for English readers who the Pilgrim Fathers were, the notice says that 'after a short stay in Holland they sailed for America, where they founded a colony at New Plymouth in 1621' [*sic*]. This is evidently all new and requiring explanation to English people, although any American child could point out the several errors of fact in that one sentence.

Far from discovering any feeling of antagonism here on the score of history, an American is constantly amazed to find how the greater men on either side of the ocean are considered to belong to one common race. It would be a delicate if not an impossible matter to set up the statue of an English king in America, though Alfred and Edward and all the others down to George the

Third are as much figures in our history as in England's. It would also be difficult to erect the statue of any great Englishman of recent days. But here one is becoming surrounded with Americans. If one goes into the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral one finds a bust of Washington gazing at the tomb of Nelson, and there are many tablets there commemorating American artists. In Westminster Abbey Americans abound. Not only are there the bust of Longfellow, the window to Lowell, the tablet to Page, but many lesser men are represented and honored. When one steps outside the door one is confronted with the statue of Lincoln. In front of the National Gallery is a statue of Washington. At St. Saviour's is a bust of John Harvard, an Englishman, but honored thus for his services to America. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford yesterday I found busts of Washington and Franklin. Incidentally, in a number of English histories which I have just been reading, all for English readers and some for English children, the Revolution is treated with such a spirit of fairness and with so little hostility as to raise the question whether the authors have made out as good a case for their ancestors as they well might.

IV

There are some aspects of the personal contact of the two races which, it must be confessed, have unfortunate consequences. As for the appraisal of Americans by the English, the fact that we both speak the same language has its drawbacks. The tongue of every Frenchman, whether gentleman or boor, proclaims his nationality. The best as well as the worst are known for what they are — French. But there is nothing to proclaim so obviously the well-bred, cultivated, quiet-mannered American as American. Unless that fact

transpires in some other way, he naturally is considered to be English. On the other hand, there is no mistaking the noisy, underbred American, and, it must be confessed, a most appalling number turn up over here. Nor is it always those without money or apparently any social background who give the English cause to wonder at us as uncultured barbarians. In the quiet English hotel where I always stay in London one is never disturbed by having to overhear the conversation of any English group either in the dining room or in the drawing-rooms. But in every case this winter when an American family has arrived the place has been thrown into a turmoil at once. To cite a specific instance or two: The other day an evidently well-to-do family appeared — father, mother, and son of about fifteen. At dinner the boy came into the dining room ahead of his parents, stood in the middle, and from that vantage point shouted out a conversation to his father, still in the drawing-room, to the consternation of the English diners. A few nights afterward another family, evidently of considerable wealth and speaking with an excellent accent, took possession of the drawing-room. The rest of us, quite uninterested, were informed in loud tones of what a new camp in the Adirondacks was like, where the son had been big-game hunting on two continents, and many other personal details, until in despair of being able to read or talk quietly one group of English after another got up and left the room to my fellow citizens. It is evident that this sort of thing does not endear us to the hearts of the quiet and privacy-loving British.

On the other hand, many American tourists, accustomed to the freedom of the Pullman smokers at home and the general atmosphere of Rotarian 'glad hand' in America, go back with

rankling spirits because the English do not talk to them in railway carriages or hotel lobbies. They do not realize, first, that most Englishmen are shy, and, secondly, that the Englishman, prizing quiet and privacy himself above all else, feels that he has no right to intrude upon others and that, unless obviously called for, it is bad form for him to do so. If, however, he feels justified, or if he thinks he can really be of use to a stranger, not even an American is more ready to make himself agreeable. The other day my wife and I were lost for the moment in some of the winding streets in Chelsea and were studying the map. An Englishwoman at once came up, asked if she could guide us, and walked several blocks to do so. The same thing occurred at Lincoln a few days later.

There is, however, a real fear and dislike of America on the part of some thoughtful people — a reasonable fear and dislike, I think, based on something far deeper, more subtle, and more important than a war of a hundred and fifty years ago, the precise terms of the debt settlement, or the abominable manners of many American tourists. It is the fear of the Americanization of Europe. For there are many changes going on here and they are not all due to the European situation in itself. What these people fear is not that they are facing years of comparative poverty, of the rise of the new rich, and of the painful reestablishment of a bad economic situation, but the loss of the ideals and values of what has hitherto constituted their civilization. This the thoughtful traveler also broods over as he sees the changes that have come and the portents of more.

Mass production in America, the use of advertising to standardize the desires and taste of the public and so standardize production, the consequent reduction in production costs and the

increase in wages, have all created a stupendous rise in the scale of American living from the purely material standpoint. With a population of over a hundred millions, undivided by tariff barriers, with most of the raw materials produced at home, with a people singularly lacking in individuality, more than willing to live and have everything exactly like everyone else, the leaders of industry have been able to achieve their ideal of standardized production. But the achievement of this result has brought about the surrender of certain values that the European still thinks of vital importance. What the cultured European desires above all else is to be an individual, to be able to express his own unique personality in work and play. The dreary sameness of American life throughout an entire and vast continent appalls him. Of what use to travel three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco if for the most part one sees only the same sort of people, reads the same comic strips and syndicated news columns, talks the same 'shop,' and sees the same city architecture?

In Devonshire the other day I was looking from my window at a bit of new garden wall, already beginning to weather and take on beauty in the damp climate. Most skillfully, and without any sense of patchwork, various materials had been put together in it — some gray stone, some of the red Devon sandstone, concrete, and different sorts of brick, with the effect of variety and interest. An American might have done it more 'efficiently' of one material, but then no one would have cared to give it a second glance. The old cottages also gain much of their charm from the variety of materials employed — brick, old oak, stucco, shingles, and clapboards. That evening I happened to read that the American Department of Commerce, coöperating

with manufacturers in the interests of 'efficiency,' had reduced the varieties of bricks to be produced from sixty-six to seven, two hundred and ten different shapes of bottles to twenty, and so on, and that the suggestions had been received 'with enthusiasm.' Nothing could better display the difference in the ideals of the two countries. After all, if we are all to have more and more things, but only on the condition that they shall be exactly like everyone else's, what becomes of the joy of individual living, of expressing your own personality — provided you have one — in work and play? Is it worth while to gain the whole material world and lose your own soul?

America, overwhelmed like a child on Christmas morning with all its new toys, does not yet seem to give a thought as to where it is all going to end. The average business man resents as almost impious, certainly 'unpatriotic,' any suggestion that all is not for the best, so long as his profits pile up annually. If anyone tries to discuss soberly the possible pitfalls of present tendencies, he is apt to have thrown at him, even by university men at home, some such remark as 'Get over your grouch' or 'America has no place for kickers,' for the average business man, though he takes himself most seriously, is incredibly naïve and immature. The average American, so far from resenting that Big Business is out to limit his choice of things more and more while increasing their number, that it is utilizing all the resources of science in psychological advertising to train him to submerge his individuality in order to simplify business for the manufacturer, to make him a mere 'consumer' and not a man, seems to welcome it. In itself that is a sign of immaturity. The schoolboy above all else dreads being 'different.' It is only as one grows to maturity that he insists on being himself and

expressing himself in his own way.

Europe is mature if it is poor. It has come to know that there are better values in life than a host of material conveniences and possessions. But it is poor. It owes to America the greatest money debt that the world has ever dreamed of. America, with its vast resources, its boiling prosperity, half of the world's gold, is sucking Europe into the maelstrom of its own whirling industrial life. Europe feels itself slipping against its will, and clings desperately to the shore. It is possible that the present economic régime in America cannot last forever. When overproduction gluts the home market, when manufacturers have to enter into foreign competition for new markets, the story may be different, though the time may be far off. But in the meantime what may happen to the older and the more civilized ideals of the value of individuality and craftsmanship and artistic products?

Even now we have to go to Europe for such things as require individual talent. We still have brains and skill at the top, but are killing them off at the bottom. During the war we had to get Austrians to make our maps because there were no skilled American draftsmen for the work. In one of the finest churches in America the architect designed the carved stone — though in the Middle Ages the workmen would do that themselves — and then had to import workmen from Italy to execute it. Meanwhile Europe owes the debts and we insist they must be paid. The masses heavily taxed look toward American prosperity and methods. Here and there mass production is being tried, although Europe, with its limited and highly differentiated markets, can never fully compete. It is not, as many Americans think, merely a matter of national jealousies or tariff barriers, but of an individualism that

makes the world more interesting and richer.

If Europe is sucked into the whirlpool, if her form of civilization gives way to the American, and if we are at last world-standardized to one bottle and one brick and one dress and one bath and one car and one book and one idea, it may be that we shall regret the day when every Englishman could pride himself on being singular and 'a little mad.' And so one wonders as one walks about this old city of London — where tulips and irises dot lawns of inestimable 'real estate' value, where one feels a complete liberty to express

one's individuality, where one is not limited to one brick in seven or one bottle in twenty, where one feels complete personal liberty within a framework of reasonable and observed law — how long it will last; and, if from poverty and the pressure of American gold it all falls to the low level of American efficiency, mass production, and controlled and standardized lives, what one will do for ideas and ideals and all the possible varied interest and charm of human life. It is not impossible that the world of men may eventually be infinitely poorer because of our colossal and unthinking prosperity.

A CRIMINAL IN EVERY FAMILY

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

I own and operate an inexpensive car which my wife and I use in our holiday rounds. Living as I do in a city whose parking space is scarce and whose streets are narrow, I prefer to walk or take the subway to my office. Lately I have become increasingly aware of the difference in my attitude when I am at the wheel and when I am on foot. To reach my office I must walk ten blocks and pass three policed crossings. Naturally I am resentful when I find the traffic lights against me, and as the long line of commuting cars streams by me I soon lose patience. I crowd the curb and at the least opening I make a dash for the opposite bank. It always seems to me that the motorists have the best of it. When at last the pedestrian signal is given, should a car turn

in upon us from a side street I not only refuse to hurry but glare angrily at the driver, muttering, 'D' you think you own the street?' If the intruder is called back by the officer I am pleased. For I am very jealous of my rights as a pedestrian.

But it is an entirely different matter when I am at the wheel. I have, of course, just as little patience with the traffic signals. I expect them to be against me, and when they are I simply cannot understand how the pedestrians can be so slow. 'Oh, hurry up, Sleeping Sickness!' I growl, and if later I should dodge a jaywalker, 'Did you see that fool?' I ask my wife. 'Why can't they stay where they belong!' I forget that it is their right to walk the streets (without a license); I forget

that it is my privilege — not my right — to motor. Instead, I insist on the right of way, and devil take the hindmost! Perhaps this attitude explains why on these very streets five out of six accidents are caused by motorists.

More irritating than the pedestrian is the rivalry that soon develops between me and the cars going in the same direction. It irritates me that Fords — always quick starters — can 'pick up' sooner than my car, and I overhaul them later with satisfaction. I know my car: I know that its best gait is between twenty-five and thirty-three miles an hour, and rarely do I push it faster. But there is in me some pride that protests against taking the dust from cars of my own class or inferiors — that is, those of cheaper makes. I pull over for a Pierce or a Packard without demur. 'You can't keep up with those fellows,' I explain to my wife or myself. But if in my reflector I see the approach of a smaller car I drop all conversation and get down to business. My foot goes down on the accelerator and I am none too ready to take to the side. You may be sure I give way grudgingly to Fords and Chevrolets and for a few miles thereafter I still have hopes of catching them. Should they by any chance be pulled up at the roadside for repairs, it is to smile. 'That's what comes when you push a light car,' I think. I notice this same sense of rivalry when I in turn overhaul the fellow ahead of me. At the sound of my klaxon his first reaction is to swerve to the right (I have an expensive horn), his second is to 'step on the gas.' Perhaps by the time I have drawn level with him he has increased his speed by five miles. Then we rush along like two angry chariot drivers, until with a final burst of speed I cut in ahead just in time to avoid the worried driver approaching in the opposite direction. You can see this

taking place on any popular highway and if you are a motorist you will know what a superior sensation it is to pass another car. Without doubt it is human nature; without doubt it is dangerous driving.

But just as sharp as rivalry is the spur of time. Though I may start with the most placid of intentions, it is not long before I am comparing my clock and speedometer and calculating my mileage. I drive at what many would consider a slow pace (for two years I drove an ambulance over the most painful roads in France; the experience has slowed me up considerably); I seldom exceed thirty-five miles an hour, and consequently on my long runs seldom average above thirty. But as one of my friends says, 'It's impossible to make good mileage and drive like a gentleman.' I say it is impossible to average thirty miles an hour without constant infractions of the law. Clear of your first suburbs, your carelessness sets in. At first you disregard the white lines painted on the curves; then perhaps you pass a truck on the upgrade and below the crest of a hill. You go through a hamlet of only a dozen houses, and because it is so small you don't slacken — and miss a drowsy dog by the hairs of his tail. On the mad Saturday rush to the beach I have seen cars sweep by a discharging trolley car or even around its blind side — and 'get away with it.' And because you can 'get away with it' you come to think that it is safe. On goes the mad rush. 'If I can keep up a steady thirty-five we'll make it by lunch.'

So busy are we saving time that in an emergency we have almost no time to save ourselves. We have time for only the scantiest attention to side roads, and even less than that for judging what the other fellow might do. A car coming in at a crossroads

must give way. 'I had the right of way!' I explained heatedly to my passenger after one screeching dodge. 'Yes,' he said frankly, 'the right of way to Hell.' But we press on. 'Faster! Faster!' cries Time, the Red Queen, and like Alice we obey. Overhauling a car on a closed curve (fortunately no one coming); railing at a hoggish truck or a woman in a Ford who prefers the left to the right. Faster! Faster! Until, though a mild citizen, I am shouting at a stubborn bus or the Swiss Family Robinsky in eye shades and a fifth-hand Buick. Faster! Faster! Up hill and down, through town and country, until at last I arrive, having 'saved' perhaps fifteen minutes — and lost my temper, nerve, and appetite. No wonder accidents are doubled in the summer months.

A further problem has developed with the great growth of suburbs. From distances up to twenty-five miles people motor to their work. Naturally at the day's end there comes a rush for home. Now on congested roads the majority of us are well-behaved: we run along in obedient lines, swallowing each other's gasoline fumes, and holding out our hands at every stop. But the minority we always have with us. They cut in front of us at the barest pretext, form a triple line at every hold-up, disregard electric signals, smash rules and fenders at will. They are a physical menace, and they distract the attention of the careful drivers. Personally, they make me boiling mad. Yet if I try to keep my place and hold them back where they belong I am instantly forced into the very errors I have been cursing. Because of this contemptuous minority and because there are more pedestrians and motors on the roads than at any other time, accidents in every urban district reach their high point between the 'Death Hours' of 5 and 6 P.M.

II

Such, then, are the common failings — jaywalking, disregard for the pedestrian, motor rivalry, the race against time, and contemptuous commuting. For what are they responsible?

In 1926 they were responsible for about 23,000 deaths.

It is estimated that for the past three years in the United States one car in every thousand registrations was responsible for a fatal accident, one car in every twenty for an injury. The causes of these accidents were many, but the most common of them I shall quote from the figures supplied me by the Motor Registrar of my state. There are in round numbers 700,000 licensed drivers in my state. In 1926 this grand army was responsible for 27,436 recorded accidents (Heaven knows how many were unrecorded), injuring 25,351 and killing 705. Respectable casualties for any civil war. With the small number of inspectors at his disposal the Registrar was only able to analyze the more serious of these accidents, which have been traced officially to one or more of the following causes: —

CAUSE	NO. OF CASES
Brakes defective.....	92
Confused operator.....	167
Cutting in ahead.....	129
Inattention.....	1024
Intoxicated operator.....	103
Obstructed view.....	123
Operator had been drinking.....	127
Skidding.....	123
Inexperience.....	117
Too close to other vehicles.....	107
Too fast for conditions.....	1667
Wrong side of the road.....	323
Violating right-of-way law.....	173
Child darting in front.....	406
Pedestrian running across street.....	314
Pedestrian stepping from sidewalk.....	190
Pedestrian from front or back of vehicle..	106
Pedestrian walking along road.....	237

Observe that only one charge can be in any way attributed to the machine; observe the carelessness ('Inattention'), the predilection for speeding, and the disregard for what the pedestrian may do. Fifteen years ago it was claimed that the high rate of fatalities was largely due to the unfamiliarity with motors. Our fathers could drive a tandem but not a Stanley Steamer. But to-day the majority of motorists killed are between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five, the majority of pedestrians between one and thirty-five — people, in other words, who have practically grown up with motors. Clearly there is need for further discipline, not so much for past offenders (it is not easy to forget a serious accident) as for those who are used to cars and who, thus far, have 'gotten away with it.'

Some of this discipline needs to come from the police; of that I shall speak later. But more of it ought to come from public opinion, which to-day is almost conscienceless in the matter, despite the efforts of editorial writers and of novelists and playwrights who, prophetically, it seems to me, have adopted the motor accident as the most popular means of 'taking off' their unnecessary characters. But neither in fiction nor in real life can we be brought to take the peril seriously.

For instance. My brother and I have each been arrested once. My father has been arrested twice — for speeding. Now this, I submit, is not an extraordinary record for an American family whose four older members have been driving steadily over a period of eight years. We were responsible for no injuries; we received the state's reprimand, paid our fines, and there the matter dropped. But I am not sure that the matter would have dropped so quickly if we had received the same number of convictions, say, for bootlegging or petty larceny. Nor

am I sure that we learned our lesson.

Ours, I repeat, is an average record. I know of a family every member of which has been involved in a serious accident. I have a schoolmate who recently ran down and killed an old lady who was not so spry at the crossings as she ought to have been. I have an uncle who drove his car into a collision which destroyed both machines and killed one of the occupants. A younger relative bowled over a Ford containing a man and wife before he was old enough to have a license. I am further confident that three out of four motorists who read this have been in an accident — minor or major — and that the same proportion know within their acquaintance of at least one person who has been mortally injured. Yet our attitude toward these things is heedless when it is not cynical. 'I was pulled in yesterday for speeding,' you'll hear a man say. 'How fast were you going?' asks his companion. 'Oh, about forty-eight.' 'How much did he get you for?' 'Twenty dollars.' And they laugh it off. Summonses for speeding — last year, remember, speeding was a direct cause of 1667 accidents in my state alone — summonses for speeding are like notches in our forefathers' rifles, a mark of bravado. And it is an exceptional family whose motorists — or whose chauffeur — have not answered to this or an equivalent charge at least once. A criminal in every family.

Still we speed on, confident that our brakes will hold, that the other fellow will slow down, that our insurance will meet any ordinary emergency — confident that we can 'get away with it.'

III

How are we to be brought to our senses? In two ways, I think. First, by aroused public opinion, and secondly,

by the increased severity and justice of the police supervision. To open the public's eyes we must have men who are at once martinets and skilled propagandists. As state officials in charge of motor vehicles they must undertake to 'popularize' the idea of safety and to drub it into those who won't listen. The Registrar of my state has some forcible ideas on the subject. Each Monday he has printed in local newspapers in a black-bordered box the list of the motor victims of the preceding week. This is beginning to make an impression. Then, as the seasons dictate, he sends his inspectors out on the roads, now to inspect brakes, now headlights, now to fine and punish those who are driving without licenses. And I have noticed that the press helps him swing his 'big stick' by running editorials and articles calculated to caution those who will read before they run. These two forces in collaboration made such a campaign against driving while under the influence of liquor that the subject became a matter of general conversation and people began to think twice about cock-tails if there was motoring to be done afterward. It meant the suspension of your license if you were caught. Yet, despite the warning, the 1926 statistics report that 230 drunken drivers took a toll of 249 injuries and 46 deaths; and that 4863 drivers lost their licenses for 'operating under the influence of liquor.'

Our Registrar has found that it pays to remove serious offenders from the roads. In the past four years he has suspended or revoked sixty thousand licenses. Last year he revoked over eighteen thousand and this year he estimates that the total will be close to twenty-four thousand. This is a striking number when it is remembered that many culprits — through personal or political influence — were able

to have their names scratched off the police reports. By this means in 1926 he punished more drivers in our single state than were similarly punished in all the rest of the states put together. What is more, he has proved that the punishment does teach its lesson. There are very few 'repeaters.' And fatalities are proportionately decreasing.

This rigor is of course exceptional: it is more than balanced by the laxity in other parts of our country. It is almost unbelievable that to-day only sixteen states out of the forty-eight require licenses. The remainder, particularly those in the South and Middle West, issue number plates without even a perfunctory driving test. The farmers, it is said, have not time to drive their flivvers; the job is left to their children, many of whom are under registration age. Hence anyone, presumably, with 'a piece of tin' and some gasoline can make the street hideous. Now, obviously the agency of a strict registration examination enables the state to cut off potential offenders at the very outset. If the precaution did not recommend itself on the grounds of safety, it is to be expected that it might appeal to officials as a source of legitimate revenue.

What chance, then, has a local official with such conditions as these existing, perhaps, across the next border? He can have no more than a temporary effect so long as there is no conformity the country over. The widening of streets and the necessity of diverting transient traffic from congested districts need hardly be dwelt on here. These improvements have been or will be put into effect by every progressive community. But other reforms are as badly needed. I think, for instance, that wherever possible local regulations should give way to a nationally adopted speed limit for town and country driving. The signs that

still greet our entrance to some towns — 'Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour; Strictly Enforced' — are as antiquated as the Blue Laws. Not one car in two hundred accepts that ruling literally. It would hold up traffic if it did. But here and there the legend still persists. One highway I have in mind is controlled by electric signals for a three-mile passage through suburbs. The street, which is very wide, is divided by a trolley line, thus establishing one-way traffic on either side. With the road open before one and the side streets patrolled by the signals, one can drive safely up to twenty-five miles an hour — and one usually does. Yet for so doing a friend of mine was arrested this summer and, when he protested, was told angrily that the limit was fifteen! This is archaic. Surely twenty-five miles an hour is a reasonable speed for residential driving; it is so accepted by common consent and should be respected by regulation. Were there a clearer definition of speed limits, not subject to local manipulation, the motorist's — and the policeman's — lot would be a happier one.

To illustrate the form that local manipulation can sometimes take, I wish to cite the incident of my own arrest. It occurred in 1922 in a North Atlantic state at whose seashore my family were spending the summer. On a Sunday morning as I was placidly driving my mother and sister home from church I had occasion to pass a truck. Just ahead of me the road curved, but as it was plainly visible between the gaps of the widely spaced trees I had no hesitancy in passing, especially since the truck was not running fast. Hardly had I passed when a motorcyclist emerged from a concealed lane and came roaring up.

'Pull over! Pull over, you!'

I did so. 'What's the matter? I was only going twenty-five.'

'I know you were. But you were passing on a closed curve. Could n't see a hundred and fifty yards ahead of you.'

Argument was futile, and the short of it was that I appeared in the local court the following morning and was fined \$36 — \$25, which was the minimum fine in that state (and could n't be repealed), plus \$11 'costs.' There were ten other victims besides myself, and for a variety of, for the most part, perfunctory offenses they were each compelled to pay \$36. For pure extortion the court scene was a page from Dickens.

Like many of the others, I honestly believe that I was innocent. I did pass on a curve, but that it was closed or open depends on whether you take the policeman's word or mine. That the road inspector did not consider it dangerous was attested by the absence of those signs which guarded the road on other curves. I protested my case to one of the older residents. 'Yes,' he said, 'I heard they've been using that trap. Well, you see, the highway has to be repaired, and they're making you fellows pay your share.' To-day I drive slowly over that particular stretch that I may get my full money's worth.

But seriously, motor traps and perfunctory charges, whether for this or a more honest purpose, only serve to increase the natural antagonism between the driver and the police. Like undergraduates, we post rear guards 'to keep an eye out for cops,' and if we're in a good position we'll 'step on the gas' at the first sound of the commanding whistle. So there develops a feud in which we disregard the law so long as we are out of sight of khaki-coats.

I submit that a national speed limit should be established on our main highways. It should vary for three

zones: the slowest for the passage through business districts, a higher speed for the suburbs and thinly settled regions, and the maximum for the open country. Were signs posted announcing our entrance into each zone, and were the residential districts with their numerous cross streets controlled by the red, yellow, and green flash signals, we should conform far more than we do to the ever-varying conditions of to-day — and there would be fewer arrests. In the cities, for years to come, traffic will be under the eyes of the police. In the open country, where we answer to our own responsibility, there are fewer cars and, as a result, relatively few accidents. It is in the middle districts that trouble is found. I can imagine it as ideal when, in a medium-size suburb or village, a single policeman can sit in his pulpit and by electric signals control the north and south and east and west traffic in due proportion on streets far out of range of his personal vision. But it will call for more conscientious conformity than ever exists to-day. And for the heedless I can imagine maximum fines, fines that really 'hurt,' and certain loss of license for a serious offense. To bring this Utopia nearer I urge upon myself — and all others who share to any extent my feelings — more tolerance for pedestrians, less rivalry with the man ahead, and whenever possible a disregard for that fatal habit of 'saving time.' And upon our thirty-two backward states I urge some

serious sense of responsibility for a scourge comparable — without exaggeration — to the Black Death. It almost looks as if we should have to call for Mr. Hoover again.

I finished writing this on a Sunday night. On my way to the office the following morning I picked up my newspaper at the usual stand and glanced at the headlines. This was the first to catch my eye: —

DRIVER HITS BOY AND LEAVES
HIM IN FIELD

The W — police are seeking the motorist who ran down William Connors, 8-year-old W — boy, at Bacon and School streets that city yesterday afternoon, stopped his car, picked the boy up, and after driving with the lad an eighth of a mile along Bacon street, laid him in a field back of a factory building.

Fortunately pedestrians saw the act and the boy was removed to the W — Hospital, where it is feared he has a fractured skull. His name is on the danger list. The boy lives with his grandmother at 115 Pond street.

When I reached my office I turned back through my sheaf of state statistics supplied me by the Motor Registrar. Here was what I wanted. In 1926, I read, three hundred and sixty-one drivers ran away unidentified — after such accidents as the above. A man who will do that sort of thing is worth a horsewhipping, and then a long 'time' to think it over. But what about the society that tolerates him?

WHY AMERICA BUYS ENGLAND'S BOOKS

BY A. S. W. ROSENBACH

I

DURING my frequent visits to England I have often been asked why Americans are so persistent, even voracious, in acquiring the great literary treasures of Great Britain. I have been accused in its public prints of being the greatest offender. I have been likened unto the ogre of ancient times. Perhaps it is pertinent, therefore, to know the reason why Americans are so anxious to obtain, at almost any price, not only the choicest English books and manuscripts, but the outstanding contemporary documents that chronicle so faithfully and so inexorably the political and literary history of England. According to some of the English newspapers that bewail the loss to England of her great monuments of the past, it is a new thing, this interest in things English on the part of the American public. On the contrary, it has been going on — increasing in volume, it is true — from about the year 1840. Before the Civil War those two far-sighted collectors, John Carter Brown of Providence, Rhode Island, and James Lenox of New York, were scouring England for volumes relating to the early history of this country, and incidentally gobbling up such rarities as the first folio of Shakespeare. They were ably assisted in their raids by an American who had taken up his residence in London, Henry Stevens of Vermont, the Green Mountain Boy, who, among the string of titles after his name, included the cryptic letters,

BLK BLD, ATHM CLB, meaning 'Blackballed by the Athenæum Club.'

It is extremely gratifying to note the extraordinary love of books persisting in one American family for almost a century. In England the Huths and many others have shown the tendency, the collector's instinct passed on from father to son for many generations. In this country it is rare. The remarkable exception, however, is evidenced by the Browns of Providence. The great library founded by John Carter Brown, with its glittering array of superb volumes, among the finest in the world, bears eloquent testimony to a continual devotion to books and learning. The family of the original founder has never for a moment flagged in its interest, and the volumes added to the collection since its establishment bear silent witness of a loving regard for books unequalled in America.

In 1847, James Lenox brought to this country from England the first Gutenberg Bible. The earliest first folio of Shakespeare in America was purchased in London about 1836. Since then they have flowed to us in a constant and ever-widening stream, until to-day there are far more of them in the United States than in the British Empire.

England need not complain, however, or consider it such a serious loss as some of her statesmen do. She has within her narrow boundaries superb volumes that America can never hope to possess. The British Museum and

the great libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the wonderful Spencer collection, now in the John Rylands Library in Manchester, are treasure houses that luckily can never be despoiled. They will be able to resist the American invader and they will remain always at the service of students and scholars. It is not generally known that the libraries have left no stone unturned to increase their already stupendous hoards. The British Museum has added constantly to its collections, and to-day it is a greater library, in many respects, than the Bibliothèque Nationale, which long held the leadership. I think it is actually the largest and most important library in the world. Under the able direction of Alfred W. Pollard, formerly Keeper of Printed Books, the British Museum acquired many books and manuscripts of great intrinsic value, and it is to the remarkable genius of this man that the British public owes much. Not only is he a bibliographer of extraordinary ability, but, when in charge of the books, he developed the rare faculty of finding the very volumes that would complete a certain series; he was, therefore, ever on the alert to secure for the Museum the things that were most needed. And this in the face of American competition! As to the latter, it is worthy of note that the late J. P. Morgan, and his son as well, in forming their memorable collection, whenever possible never bid against the Museum. If the authorities particularly desired a certain manuscript that belonged of right to the Museum, the Morgans gracefully refrained from bidding.

In fact, Englishmen have always taken a greater pride in their national library than Americans in theirs. Ever since its foundation, the British Museum has received important bequests from collectors, such as the superb

gifts of George III and the Honorable Thomas Grenville. Recently, when it was found that in the Museum there was no first folio containing the portrait of Shakespeare in its first state, several patriotic and discerning Englishmen secured it for the nation.

True, a few of our citizens have made noteworthy gifts to our national library in Washington, but in the main it has been sadly neglected. Americans have given wisely and well to their own local foundations, but the Congressional Library, which should be the pride of every American, has never received the encouragement it deserves. Dr. Herbert Putnam, the gifted Librarian of Congress, is making every effort to remedy this glaring defect in our national armor. The Right Honorable Ramsay MacDonald told me, during his recent visit to Philadelphia, that an organized effort was being made by friends of the British Museum to secure the invaluable things that the Museum required. Why not form a society of friends of the Library of Congress, in order to purchase for it, while we have still the opportunity, the many volumes of Americana and the precious documents that bear directly upon our country's history?

II

It is a curious thing that rare books and the precious things of the collector follow the flow of gold. When the United States became the great creditor nation, taking the place of England, at least for the time being, it was but natural that the various objects of art and interest should gravitate to this side. During the last twenty years rare books and literary documents have left the shores of Albion at an alarming rate (for England). Most of them are now in the private and public libraries of the United States. I should hate to state

how much I assisted in this magic exodus.

England was the great offender in this same sort of thing a century ago. It is the old threadbare saying, which must have first been uttered by Methuselah, that history repeats itself. In the eighteenth century, Italy, France, and Spain were complaining of the raids made on their artistic resources by Englishmen, as England is complaining of us to-day. The extraordinary increase in gold in England during the Napoleonic Wars was responsible for this. It was the era when the great collectors, Richard Heber, Earl Spencer, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Mark Sykes, and Robert Stayner Holford were making the Grand Tour and buying in the great emporiums in Rome and in Florence, in Paris and Madrid, their choicest objects. It is true that the Grand Tour has been the fashion in England ever since the days of Chaucer, and that great libraries were formed in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, but it was during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that the greatest collections were made. In those days Sir Richard Wallace could purchase the finest Watteau in Paris at the price of an etching to-day. The best eighteenth-century paintings, drawings, bibelots, furniture, so dear to the heart of the Frenchman, were transferred from the Rue St. Honoré to Carlton House Terrace, or to grace the drawing-rooms of the elegant country homes of Great Britain.

The wheel of time, however, turns.

It is really unfortunate for England that she is compelled now to give up some of her possessions. No nation has a finer appreciation of great works of the imagination. She receives payment for them, it is true. But money is a thing that can be had; it passes in cycles

from one nation to another. A rare book or a manuscript, if it once goes into a public institution, can never be regained. Whether England, to protect her historical and literary relics, should make laws, as Italy has done, is no concern of mine. In her wisdom she probably knows the most expedient procedure. It is an economic as well as cultural question, and of economics I am glad to say I know absolutely nothing. There are, however, masters of the subject in Great Britain; they will probably solve the difficult problem.

The wisest among the collectors in England do not look upon this exchange as a total loss to England. I shall never forget my last conversation with the late Sir George Holford in Dorchester House, London, after I had purchased some of his dearest possessions. He said: 'The world is growing smaller — Englishmen are great travelers; they can see these very books some day in an American institution far more readily than in the private collections in England. I know myself how difficult it is to throw open private homes to students. You recall as well as I do that the finest library of English poetry was never at the beck and call of students. I am glad that most of it has gone to America, where it will be accessible to scholars of all nations.' Broad-minded men, like that erudite scholar, Lord Crawford, know that these books will have tender and loving care in America, and that they will be an inspiration to our students.

We Americans have the enthusiasm of youth. Perhaps the traditional Englishman has been so accustomed to seeing about him the finest things of art and literature that in the course of years he becomes a trifle bored. Perhaps we shall also, in the fullness of time, experience this, but at the present we are eager to fill the great libraries and

edifices in America with the rarest and most precious books. In the East, and in the West as well, there are enormous library buildings of the finest architectural types. Alas, they have not the books to fill them. The Free Library of Philadelphia has spent nearly seven million dollars on a superb edifice. It will be necessary to fill this building with suitable volumes. The growth of American universities, unparalleled in all time, calls for the apparatus of the student. They must have the tools of their trade — books. It is no wonder that there are not enough to go round. The demand is greater than the supply. Consequently prices will go steadily upward, and it is well to secure them while we may.

It seems a pity that some Americans give such enormous sums for library buildings and spend literally nothing on the volumes themselves. Books, not edifices, make libraries. A friend of mine only fifteen years ago spent four million dollars on a superb library building; some are already complaining that it is no longer up to date! Buildings pass; they soon become obsolete. Books alone are everlasting. 'Men may come and men may go, but books go on forever!' The late Mr. Huntington used to say: 'The ownership of a fine library is the surest and swiftest way to immortality!'

I have to-day in my New York vault a collection of early English manuscripts unequaled in any library on this side of the Atlantic. It includes four manuscripts of Chaucer, two of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, several of Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, and the famous manuscript of Occleve's *Poems* with a contemporary portrait of Chaucer. It will be impossible ever to secure another assemblage like it, for it does not exist. They will be appreciated after the last building has tottered on its foundation.

III

The past fifty years have produced in this country a group of book collectors equal to any that has appeared in England or on the Continent — men well in advance of their time, like the greatest book lover of them all, Richard Heber. I always envied this bibliomaniac his two possessions; as Sir Walter Scott so neatly puts it, 'Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the world!' Would that Americans could be as successful gathering old vintages as old books! In this, England has it all over us.

It is melancholy to record that in the last few months three of our most distinguished collectors have passed away, each one of them possessing in full measure the most extraordinary vision. I refer first to Mr. Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, who was one of the pioneers in making a serious collection of books relating to the American Indian, which he presented, before his death, to the Newberry Library in Chicago. The late Mr. William A. White of Brooklyn, of beloved memory, was among the earliest of our collectors to gather the choice and alluring volumes of the great Elizabethans. His judgment was unusually good and he had a vivid understanding of this golden period, equaled by few scholars. He did not hesitate to lend his finest volumes to any student who showed an intelligent interest in English literature.

I cannot speak at length of Mr. Henry E. Huntington. I feel his loss too poignantly at the present time. He was without doubt the greatest collector of books the world has ever known. Without possessing a profound knowledge of literature or of history, his flair for fine books was remarkable. His taste was sure, impeccable. The library at San Gabriel, California,

which houses his wonderful collections, will be the Mecca of students for all time. No gift to a nation or to a state can ever equal his. America does not appreciate it to-day, but, as time spins its web and the world becomes better acquainted with the Huntington treasures, this fact will be adequately recognized.

I do not mean to imply that American collectors are forming great libraries and art galleries solely for patriotic reasons, or for the good of their generation. It is perhaps, after all, a secondary consideration with them. Certainly it is not the first. Neither is their motive the encouragement of scholarship or of the arts. It is something more human. The bump of acquisitiveness is strongly developed in our collectors, and perhaps I know this as well as anyone. They like to exhibit their treasures as other mortals do, to show them to their envious friends with a twinkle in their eyes and a certain amount of deviltry. American amateurs, who have built railroads and great suspension bridges, who have been financial giants and captains of industry, must surely possess the red blood that made them thus. Of course they like to flaunt a folio of Ben Jonson or a Keats's *Poems*, with a presentation inscription, before the eyes of other collectors. In these ecstatic moments they do not care a whit for the nation or for the people. But with the passing of years, with the gradual oozing of the enthusiasm and candor of youth, they think of the ultimate disposal of their books. It is then and then only that the people of America come into their own.

It is a wonderful and magnificent thing that the gathering of books in this country is in the hands of leaders of her industries, the so-called business kings, and not in the hands of college professors and great scholars. The latter generally, in forming a collection,

make a sad mess of it. The instinct of the collector, the *heluo librorum* of Cicero, is entirely different from that of the scholar. They are two distinct and separate faculties: the acquisition of knowledge and the gathering of books. Men to be successful in either must have an entirely different cosmos. Both are indispensable. It is paradoxical, but true, that not a single great library in the world has been formed by a great scholar.

Every year our collectors pitch their tents on the fair and hospitable shores of Great Britain, where they exchange their useless gold for ancient and modern English books. The pleasant bookshops all over England, Ireland, and Scotland welcome the American visitors, who take home with them ingratiating little volumes like Herriek's *Hesperides* and Lovelace's *Lucasta*. The supply of such charming volumes has become well-nigh exhausted. Nowhere can this migration be more clearly seen than in the *Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1475-1640* issued by the Bibliographical Society. This monumental work has been compiled by A. W. Pollard, G. R. Redgrave, and a host of the ablest English scholars. A glance at its pages reveals the fact that there are many important books of English dramatic poetry of which no copy now remains in England. Take, for instance, the second edition of *Hamlet*, published in London in 1604. It is really the first edition containing the true text, as the first, of 1603, was a pirated one, with inferior readings. Twenty-five years ago three copies, all that exist, were in important private libraries in England. To-day all three are in America — in the Huntington Library, in the Elizabethan Club at Yale University, and in the private collection of Mr. H. C. Folger of New York. The check list shows that of many of

the most exquisite volumes of poetry and romance not a single copy remains in the great country that saw its birth. On the other hand, there are thousands of books remaining in the British Museum, at the universities and colleges, at Lambeth, at Edinburgh, in the Patent Office, at Peterborough, at Winchester, of which not a single example exists in any library in the United States.

The situation, for England's scholars, has certain compensations. The books are really accessible in this country. Following the procedure of the members of the old Roxburghe Club, beautiful reprints have been made by American collectors of various great rarities and distributed to the libraries of Great Britain. Heywood's *King Edward the Fourth*, 1599, which exists in a single copy in the library of Mr. C. W. Clark, has now been made in facsimile by the courtesy of the owner and issued for the use of students. Wager's unique Interlude, *Enough is as good as a Feast* (about 1565), has also been reprinted. It was in Lord Mostyn's library for many, many years, quite out of the reach of most scholars. I trust no one will infer from this that the great English collectors bury their things and are niggardly in offering their books and manuscripts to the learned. On the contrary, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir R. L. Harmsworth, and Mr. Thomas J. Wise have always opened their doors to worthy scholars.

IV

It is a great mistake for England to think that America is willing to pay mad prices for every English book. When bidding around the board at Sotheby's the trade have often smiled when they dropped a 'hot one' on me. I shall never forget when I bought a book for £640 in the Britwell sale and someone kindly remarked, 'Why,

Richard Heber gave two shillings for that very copy in 1826.' Needless to say it made not the slightest difference to me what he paid for it; I only knew that I was getting a great book and that no price was too high for it. Books of intrinsic worth, which exist in one or two copies, cannot be measured in terms of shillings and pence, or dollars and cents. Occasionally, however, when bidding, for moral (or immoral!) effect I have dropped a common rarity on my competitors, and they have paid twice what I thought the book was worth. And I might have been mistaken at that! It's all in the game. It is also a great mistake to think that when a book is knocked down to an English bookseller it will remain within the British Isles. There is nothing more fallacious than that. At least fifty per cent of the purchases of British dealers eventually wend their way to this country.

Once I had a serious qualm when relieving Great Britain of her cherished belongings. That was when I purchased privately the Battle Abbey Cartularies, the original documents of those valiant men who came over with William the Conqueror. There were hundreds of deeds and legal documents dating from the Battle of Hastings in 1066, bound in ninety-nine volumes. They were the very foundations of English history. It was with a feeling of genuine regret that I saw them leave England forever. I hope in their home in the New World they will have the tender attention and respect they received in their former abode in the west of England.

The muniment rooms in the great houses still retain valuable documents of all kinds. A search through the many volumes and calendars of papers issued by the English Historical Manuscripts Commission will reveal the wealth of material still remaining in

Great Britain. I remember only last year looking with envious eyes upon the muniment chamber of a noble family. There were ancient papers, rolls, parchments of all kinds, bound volumes of letters, from floor to ceiling, some of which had been in the same family for over eight hundred years. What a treasure-trove for a student of the social and political history of Great Britain! In looking quite casually over the lot I found a paper bearing the signature of John Milton; another of Thomas Killigrew; a whole stack of Samuel Pepys. My mouth began to water. I even thought if I looked more thoroughly I might find one of William Shakespeare — who knows? Professor Wallace found several in the Public Record Office in London. The famous *impresa* is in the Duke of Rutland's collection at Belvoir Castle. Why not find one hidden away among these musty records?

It was, however, with a sense of relief that I heard the noble owner say to me: 'You cannot carry these off, Doctor Rosenbach. Thank God, they are entailed; even my children's children, if they fall on evil days, will be unable to dispose of them.' Down in my inmost soul I was delighted. Although I could never possess them, it warmed the cockles of my heart to hear the words that blasted my hopes forever. However, there are compensations. I was invited to visit the house any time I came to England, and to examine at my leisure these entrancing documents. My student days rushed back to me. How I should have been rejoiced, in the old days, when I was making original investigations into the beginnings of the English drama under the guidance of my beloved teacher, Dr. Felix E. Schelling, to study these papers, with a chance of finding something that would add, if only a trifle, to our knowledge of the subject. I felt a renegade.

I had deserted the halls of learning for the bookshop; I had given up my fellowship to enter a business that would, perhaps, put money in my purse.

I did not, when at college, appreciate what a high adventure the business was to prove, the excitement and anxiety of the chase, and that I had a better chance, a far greater opportunity, to unearth unpublished documents and uncover original source material than ever I could have as an instructor in English in some university. After twenty-five years I am still of this opinion; although I sneakily hanker for the time when I can quietly return to my early love, and carefully survey, without a thought of their commercial value, the many interesting things that have fallen to my collector's bag. Perhaps I have been of some help to other students, who can investigate at their leisure the great mass of material that I have been the instrument of placing in their hands.

The study of English letters in the universities of this country is also responsible for the persistent demand for everything relating to the language and literature of Great Britain. Theses on almost every subject are being turned out regularly by candidates for the Ph.D. degree. I would do almost anything rather than be compelled to read most of them. I plead guilty, however, to having written one myself, long before I dreamed of entering the more diverting sport of book hunting. The quality of some of the work done by our scholars is extremely high, almost astounding, like Dr. Hotson's bomb-shell, describing accurately, for the first time, the death of Kit Marlowe.¹ All the professors in the colleges and all the students in the seminars (how I hate this word!) are urging the university authorities to supply them with

¹See 'Tracking Down a Murderer,' by J. Leslie Hotson, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June 1925.

books. And there is only one place to buy them — England. It is no wonder, therefore, that we are probably getting ourselves thoroughly disliked on the other side by carrying off, like so many lusty buccaneers, the sacred treasures of English thought. Admiral Drake, the 'dragon' of Lope de Vega, on his West Indian voyage looted the pearls and emeralds of the New Empire, taking them back to England to show to the mighty Queen Elizabeth. Our pirates are almost as ambitious. We go after far more precious things, things that outwear time and are not dependent on taste or fashion. The demand for England's books will not lessen; it will increase with every decade. There are some English collectors, like Sir R. L. Harmsworth, who are trying gallantly to stem the tide. Others are steeling themselves to heroic efforts to check the rush, but mere man cannot conquer an economic situation of such dimensions. It will be impossible to check the welling flood unless the Government comes to the rescue.

As I have said before, the most sagacious among Englishmen do not consider the matter a very serious one. They look with equanimity upon the situation. They really admire the pluck and spirit of our collectors, for the English are sportsmen of the first order. Recently I was speaking to one of them about the Pierpont Morgan Library. He said how marvelous it was

that such a great collection should be given to the public during the owner's lifetime. He knew of no gift to England of like magnitude. I reminded him of the splendid Althorp Collection of Lord Spencer, given in 1892 by Mrs. John Rylands to Manchester, which equals anything in this country. We, however, have just begun. New collectors and new libraries abound. New foundations, with large sums for the purchase of books, are springing into being. And yet some of the English (not the wisest) say that the United States is a country where the dollars count most. A libel, of course. In fact some of our amateurs are almost prodigal, nay, quixotic in their use of money. I know one who gave up a lucrative business in order to devote himself to the purchase of old books. Bravo! Would that there were more like him, not alone in this country, but in England as well.

Following the financial centre, the book mart has gradually shifted to New York. In a few years it will be impossible to purchase the finest English books in London. I have only recently sold to a well-known English collector some volumes purchased at the Britwell sale not two years ago. I can foresee the day when Englishmen, with the taste and ability to buy, will be browsing in shops in Philadelphia, in New Orleans, in Minneapolis, in San Francisco, and taking their lucky finds back with them to their old home.

THE COST OF ILLNESS

BY ANNE MILLER DOWNES

I

IN discussing doctors' fees, in dealing with questions of medical and hospital service, we are treating of some of the most fundamental problems of social organization.

It is estimated by the most careful and reliable authorities that about two per cent of the population of the United States are ill all the time — ill enough to be unable to attend to their daily tasks. This means that every day there are over 2,300,000 people sick in the United States. In New York City fifteen per cent of the sick go to hospitals. In other communities this proportion is sometimes larger, sometimes smaller.

At a recent convention of the American Hospital Association the presiding officer called attention to the fact that the hospitals of North America are among the billion-dollar enterprises. Annually the hospitals of this country are spending a sum equal to about one-third of the expenditures of the United States Government. No wonder that public opinion is becoming more and more insistent in its demand for an adequate accounting of the stupendous sum expended for the care of the sick.

Every year the demand for hospital accommodations is increasing. The housing conditions in the large cities are growing worse in the sense that private homes are rapidly giving way to apartments of small rooms in multi-storied structures. The rents per family are increasing and the space is decreasing. This, coupled with the difficulty

of obtaining domestic help, makes the problem of sickness at home still more perplexing.

Then comes the question of getting nurses. In spite of the high — we might better say the prohibitive — prices paid, nurses do not want to work in private homes. They are now on two shifts a day (\$7 or \$8 or more per shift), but they find so many opportunities in the public-health field, with regular hours of work, good pay, and a month's vacation on pay, that private-duty nursing becomes unattractive.

People realize also that surgery cannot be done satisfactorily at home, and almost two-thirds of our hospital work is surgical. Modern medicine requires so many ancillary departments, such as laboratories and X-ray equipments, that the best diagnostic and therapeutic work can be done only in hospitals. Women are using the hospitals during parturition in greater numbers every year. In some cities as many as sixty per cent of the births are in hospitals.

Some of us have forgotten that hospitals were built originally for the poor. They were charitable organizations. The poor are still there, crowding the clinics and wards; the rich have usurped the remaining space — the limited number of private and semi-private rooms; and the middle class are almost completely crowded out.

Formerly, when the hospitals were built for and used by the poor, a rich woman prepared a room or rooms in her

home for an operation or for parturition. This was done with painstaking care, according to her physician's instructions. Often walls were painted or frequently they were hung with clean white sheets. The surgeon came with assistant and nurse, expecting the entire household, including servants, to wait in attendance. When the woman of means found it more convenient to go to the hospital for childbirth, operations, or any other kind of medical care, she carried her demand for luxury with her. She must have nurses night and day; she must receive every sort of attention and consideration.

Little by little this quality and quantity of service have become standard, and the middle-class man, desirous of giving nothing but the best to his family, has aped the rich, with the result that insidiously there has come about this condition: the best medical service is available only for the very rich and the very poor. The great middle class is not rich enough to buy the best service and not poor enough to accept charity.

A professor in one of our large universities came up against the necessity of having his tonsils removed. After careful consideration and investigation of doctors' fees he went to a local man who hacked at his throat for something like forty minutes. Returning home after one night in the hospital, he was a very sick man. His dean expressed indignation that he should jeopardize his throat (the use of his voice as a lecturer being his only means of support) by allowing any but an expert to operate on it. Why did he? Because he had found that an expert who operated in four or five minutes charged \$150 and his local doctor asked \$25. With a salary of \$4000, and a wife, two children, and an elderly relative to support, the expert's fee was not to be thought of. This year he is taking his boy to the

local man to have his tonsils removed.

His wife, a cultured woman, is in need of an operation. She will not have it. She will 'get along.' She may go through life without experiencing the joy of positive health. She is giving unstintingly to the riches of the nation — a beautiful home, well-disciplined children, public service on charity boards, even service of a civic nature, but she cannot afford for herself the luxury of sanitariums, rest, or hospital service.

II

Perhaps considering authentic specific cases will give us a keener perception of the appalling changes that have taken place in the hospital world.

In 1902 a young woman was teaching in one of the best-known private schools in New York City. Her salary was \$800 and that was rather good, considering the four months' vacation. She was injured in gymnasium work. A disagreeable hernia resulted. She was sent by her family physician to Dr. Robert Abbey, who promptly arranged that she should go to St. Luke's Hospital and be operated on.

In St. Luke's Hospital, in the year 1902, she occupied a private corner room with windows on two sides, paying \$23 a week. She had as nearly perfect care as one could wish for. Such an idea as having a private nurse was never mentioned to her. The day nurses came in and out, attending to every duty, answering the bell when especially needed, going from room to room, from patient to patient, calling the interne if necessary.

At night a magnificent type of young Canadian woman came in like an evening benediction. The patient, being addicted to insomnia, followed the sounds of her footsteps through much of the night — up and down the halls, in and out of rooms in answer to the

buzzing of the bell calls. How many rooms, how many patients, were under her care it would be difficult now to report, but there were many, and she gave unstintingly of care and cheer to all.

The hospital bill, including the small charges for the operating room, was about \$50. When it came to paying Dr. Abbey, he asked the patient's salary, her other means of income, and set the price at \$25. The entire illness cost her about ten per cent of her income. She knew at that time that Dr. Abbey frequently received \$5000 for performing operations, — remuneration his great skill deserved, — a sum which might have been much less than ten per cent of another's income.

Notice especially the nursing service that accompanied this operation.

On October 24, 1909, the *New York Herald* published the following table compiled by two prominent New York physicians.

CASE	LABORERS	CLERKS	BUSINESS MEN	WEALTHY PATIENTS
Abscess.....	\$2	\$3	\$5	\$10
Amputations (easy).....	20	40	60	100
Anæsthesia.....	5	5	10	50
Empyema.....	15	25	100	200
Tracheotomy.....	30	50	100	500
Trepanning (simple).....	25	50	200	500
Visits from 7 to 10 P.M.....	3	5	10	25
Vaccination.....	2	2	10	25
Appendicitis.....	25	100	250	500 to 10,000
Maternity cases.....	10	25	100	500 to 10,000

In setting the charges for a major surgical operation one of the most noted surgeons in the country maintained that ten per cent of a man's income was a fair charge.

At this time a competent nurse came into the home, taking entire care of the patient, arranging with the family about her hours of rest and recreation, for \$25 a week. Of course, added to this were her room and board.

An authoritative book on medical finance published in 1912 gives the following schedule of operating fees.

Appendicitis.....	\$100
Removal of kidney.....	100
Tapping of abdomen or bladder.....	25
Operation for fistula.....	25
Bronchotomy, thyrotomy.....	25
Incision of abscess, boil, felon, carbuncle.....	5
Minor operation on nose, ear, or throat.....	10
Malignant tumor.....	50
Skull trepanning.....	100
Operation for mastoiditis.....	50
Amputation of hand or foot.....	25
Suturing wounds.....	5

In 1912 this was written to doctors: —

'You have invested a capital of \$10,000 at the very least. Your returns from this will vary. In the large city \$500 is a fair return for the first year. This should show about \$800 better each year until \$5000 or \$6000 is reached. The number of men making more than this is not great and they are well known. If at the end of ten years your returns are \$9000 you are the exceptionally successful practitioner.'

Now let us consider conditions in 1927.

Recently a physician was called in to see a young woman who was suffering

from what appeared to be an acute attack of intestinal indigestion. He found her vomiting and in great pain. He examined her and feared appendicitis. He had reason to suspect it might be a ruptured appendix. He wanted another doctor called in consultation. He asked the family if there was any particular doctor they preferred. No, he should use his own judgment. He immediately telephoned for a specialist, a surgeon.

As it is customary to pay this specialist at the time of his visit, the doctor

consulted with the father, telling him the fee ranged from \$25 to \$100. The father produced the money. The specialist was moderate, charging \$50.

After consultation it was decided that an operation was imperative. The entire family was seized with alarm — panic. Fear clutched them. They told the doctor to call up the hospital and make the necessary arrangements. When this was done, an ambulance was called. The doctor again explained that it is customary to pay this expense immediately, so the father paid \$20 for the use of the ambulance.

Arriving at the hospital, the patient was taken directly to a room, while the father was asked to step to the office. It was explained to him that the rule of the hospital requires payment two weeks in advance. Sometimes payment for one week only could be accepted, but in a case of this kind payment for two weeks was the rule. (A man has to experience this in order to appreciate the sickening sensations.)

There ensued a frantic, hurried family consultation. A private room would be cheap at \$10 a day. They considered the ward. No, they could not see her put there. She must have a private room if only for a few days. Perhaps later, when she was recovering, the change to the ward could be made. The hospital explained that the money would be refunded if they wanted to make the change later.

The father paid \$140 for the room. The frightened family explained their straitened circumstances. They said they must do everything as economically as possible. Everyone understood, of course, but there is no getting away from rules.

The use of the operating room, setting up, and supplies would be \$35. They engaged the hospital anaesthetist at \$25, for a special anaesthetist would have cost \$100.

The case proved to be a ruptured appendix—a difficult operation. The hours of suspense were somehow lived through. By this time, in their fear and anguish, the members of that family would have sold their souls to save the girl's life. They would have shouldered any debt.

Now they were to understand about the nurses. They were obliged to have two nurses: \$18 for every twenty-four hours of nursing for two weeks at least — \$252. (Those competent young women of the past are merely a tender memory, inhabiting the land of 'long ago' with Florence Nightingale.)

They had two nurses for the first two weeks and after that one nurse for four weeks more because it was a pus case which kept the girl six weeks in the hospital.

The drainings, dressings, and changes cost \$12.

When the bill was paid there was the usual item, 'Laboratory fees.' This means simple things like urine examination, blood count. It seemed an outrage to charge \$10 for this, but they were told it was the usual hospital price.

So far the total is \$1076.

This was without the surgeon's fees or the medical fees both before and after the operation. The surgeon stated that his fee was \$1000, but after a humiliating scene and a complete public exhibition of the barrenness of the family's resources he cut it to \$500 and allowed them to pay it in installments over a period of time. Heartsick and burdened with debt the girl began her convalescence.

III

Someone has said the sick poor are doubly unfortunate: they are sick and poor. But the sick middle class are likewise unfortunate; they are sick and they will be poor when the bills are paid.

Right here there could be inserted

half a dozen stories told by reputable doctors illustrating the diabolical cleverness with which impostors have cheated surgeons, posing as poor when they could well afford to pay. I know of a throat specialist who operated on a poorly dressed woman who whimpered and groaned about her poverty until the surgeon did not have the heart to charge her even costs. A year later he discovered through another patient that the woman owned an apartment house, was wealthy, and boasted of her cleverness. He sued her and the court allowed him an amazing sum, which in this case was his right.

There is the impostor. There is also the doctor whose hardness and mercenary impulses lead him to extract the pound of flesh and bleed his patients of their bank notes if not of their blood. With these we are not here concerned.

Neither are we concerned with the man who will not pay his bills. As a matter of fact he is well and harshly taken care of at the present day. A surgeon with a large practice stated recently that she sends out her bills every six months — in some cases once a year — and within a month after the bills are mailed ninety per cent of the money is in.

The great majority of men are honest and wish to deal justly. The big business and the small business of the nation are based on credit. Ask the credit manager of some million-dollar concern what he thinks of the general honesty of mankind. You may be surprised to find that he who is giving large and small amounts of credit every day has a much higher opinion of the fundamental honesty of people than has the small man in the street.

The ethics of the public in regard to paying for medical care are generally sound and the ethics of the medical profession are generally sound. Doctors are generally competent in their

respective fields; they dislike to divide a fee for medical advice or to suggest treatment unless the patient is fully informed as to the terms of the transaction. They are mostly decent, competent men and women, but it is a fact that the time has come when the likewise decent, competent man, woman, or child of the middle class cannot afford to avail himself of their skill.

Some who have studied the problem believe it can be solved through social insurance. For the laboring class this may be true.

It is a very interesting fact of American social history that from both the point of actual achievements and that of intelligent consideration much more has been accomplished in the way of pensions for old age and superannuation than in the way of sickness insurance.

It is difficult to refrain right here from discussing this question of social insurance against sickness. It is profitable to study what is being done by the sickness societies throughout Germany and Denmark. In no other country has the experiment been tried so thoroughly as in Germany, where there has been insurance against sickness since 1884. Denmark has had it since 1893. In both countries sufficient time has elapsed for definite results to crystallize. It is interesting to note that in Germany the insurance is compulsory, while in Denmark it is voluntary. In both countries the greatest blessings resulting are the systematic measures adopted for educating the insured public in matters of health and medical treatment. In Germany, should an insured person become incapacitated, the usual pension may for a time be refused if he has without justification declined to submit to examination and medical treatment. Think what this means in inculcating the idea of positive health in a nation!

Most of us middle-class people have

the idea of positive health thoroughly inculcated in us without the means of availing ourselves of medical care when we know the need of it.

The next ten years will doubtless see forward strides taken in the direction of both educational and remedial work for the laboring classes, but the great middle class may be still uncared for. This is not because of indifference. It is not apathy or ignorance that is causing the problem to continue undiscussed and unsolved.

Perhaps it is partly the peculiar personal quality inherent in illness. A man has a child ill with mastoiditis, a mother ill with pneumonia. Both illnesses are necessarily taken care of in the hospital, where the expense leaves him burdened with debt. He thinks of this as a misfortune peculiar to himself — forgetting that his neighbor in the next block, his neighbors all through the city and country, are undergoing the same worry and impoverishment. When he thinks of his every ill in terms of community illness, community problems, he will rouse himself to band together with his neighbors and do something about it.

The latest available statistics of the National Bureau of Economic Research show that 96.8 of the population of New York State have incomes of less than \$5000 a year. These figures become significant and thought-provoking when studied in connection with the cost of illness to-day.

It is gratifying to see that the recognition of the appalling conditions that prevail, both as to doctors' fees and as to hospital expenses, is coming from the medical world. Some of its finest minds are alive to the seriousness of the situation. Some doctors suggest a modern and much improved method of applying the old Chinese idea of paying the doctor to keep us well and stopping payment when we are ill. The

solution will come with free public expression of opinion and a frank disclosure of the tragedy that illness is at present to the man of moderate means.

Looking toward this end, a group of women doctors in New York City are planning to build in the near future a hospital so equipped and managed, organized and endowed, that patients will be charged in accordance with their incomes. One hundred and fifty beds — out of two hundred — are to be set aside for the use of people of moderate means; and the income of a special endowment will be used to reimburse the hospital for the loss sustained for caring for such patients at a price based on the individual's income. A price charged to cover all extras will include the use of operating and delivery rooms, anaesthesia, laboratory examinations, special drugs and special dressings. There will be fixed fees for the services of physicians and surgeons attending patients receiving the benefit of the endowment.

Not long ago a man who is an authority on civic health conditions and hospitals expressed himself as believing that the time must soon come when society in general must shoulder the burden of caring adequately for its sick. Hospitals must be maintained, medical and surgical care furnished, according to the man's income.

The endowment of education has long been considered essential. For instance, we know that no Yale student pays the full cost of his tuition. Boys and girls go to college and never for one instant feel they are objects of charity. And they are not. Their added education enables them to give back to their communities a hundredfold more than has been expended on them.

Is not this even more true of health? Is not the health that makes men and women efficient, happy, active, independent, one of the choicest assets of the nation?

THE TOMB

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

I

FROM his seat on a mattress covered in red plush, which lay in the centre of a huge carpet of arresting pattern, a bearded old gentleman, whose goodly proportions were at the same time indicated and concealed by a brown mantle of ample yardage, remarked benignly:—

‘On the subject of his prolonged journeys the Honorable Engineer has condescended to relate experiences at the same time curious and picturesque; wherein, doubtless, there may lurk, somewhere, a clove of truth.’

The slim, olive-tinted young man in the black tunic and pill-box hat, who stood respectfully before that pyramid of flesh, broadcloth, and upholstery, answered with some warmth:—

‘That which your servant has described, his eye has seen. The avenue is a hundred paces wide; also it runs in a straight line through the city for six farsakhs —’

‘Who shall deny the traveler his tale?’ mused the stout old gentleman, who was called Preserver-of-the-Kingdom.

‘To deny a tale to a traveler,’ said the Engineer, ‘would be unworthy of the magnanimous and discerning Presence. Nevertheless, your servant has refrained in this instance, not without difficulty, from garnishing the skirts of truth with the embroidery of fancy. As I have explained, the people of the city which has been described number as many as all the inhabitants

of Azerbaijan, Khorasan, Fars, and Kerman together —’

‘Peace!’ said the stout old gentleman. ‘A city to hold so many people should be twenty farsakhs long, not six.’

‘Not so,’ answered the young man, ‘if the houses in it are six times the height of the minarets of the Mosque of Friday.’

He who was called Preserver-of-the-Kingdom made no reply. He let his eyelids fall and allowed his ponderous head to sink on an ample bosom. After an adequate pause his eyes reopened and he inquired with suspicion:—

‘This avenue, which you say is six farsakhs long, and runs through a city whose houses are six times as high as the minarets of the Mosque of Friday —’

‘As I petitioned,’ said the young man.

‘Who built it?’

The Engineer, disdaining an admission of ignorance, took advantage of an opportunity for loosening the bridle of his fancy.

‘The avenue was built by the wisest governor the city ever had. When it was finished, the gratitude of the people was such that they named it after him, so that his renown might endure forever.’

The stout old gentleman again bent his head and pondered. At last he was heard to murmur:—

‘The Avenue of the Preserver-of-the-

Kingdom'; and again: 'The Avenue of the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom.' Then he said cautiously: 'Should it become apparent that the people of this city also desired such an avenue, could the undertaking be accomplished?'

'Most assuredly!' cried the Engineer with enthusiasm. 'Why, just before they sent me here to dwell in the shadow of the Illustrious Presence, I had completed such a road outside Tehran. It runs from the Gate of Shimran to the Hill of the Hare —'

'What would be required,' interrupted the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom, 'for such an undertaking?'

'First,' answered the Engineer, 'a plan of the town must be carefully prepared —'

'It is unnecessary,' interrupted the stout gentleman. 'Everything is plain. The avenue will begin at the Gate of the Lion, which is at the lower end of the town, and will proceed in a straight line, without deviating a hand's breadth to the right or left, until it reaches the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud at the upper end. What next?'

'Then,' said the young man, 'an order must be written bearing the seal of the Illustrious Presence, which will enable your servant to remove certain houses which might be found unfortunately to lie in the line of the proposed road —'

'Such an order is wholly unnecessary,' interrupted the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom. 'The houses may be removed. Proceed.'

'Then,' continued the Engineer, 'to the owners of the removed houses it is customary to give a promise of ultimate compensation.'

'Compensation!' cried the stout gentleman indignantly. 'When I am about to present them with a noble avenue, planted on both sides with trees!'

'Your servant spoke only of a promise,' said the young man airily. 'The

matter of fulfillment was not touched upon. To those who have eaten the bitter herbs of despair at seeing their houses demolished before their eyes such a promise would come as a spiced sweetmeat of hope.'

'Or as the sight of a lake of reeds and floating islands to the ignorant and distracted traveler in the desert,' murmured the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom. 'Setting aside the matter of compensation,' he added cautiously, 'there might be, perhaps, other expenses.'

'Difficulties of this nature would be easily resolved by the sagacious mind of the Illustrious Presence,' said the Engineer. 'If, for instance, an insignificant tax of one kran were charged upon every ass, mule, horse, and camel which enters the town, ample funds would be provided for meeting any unavoidable expense.'

'Certainly, on the score of the heavy cost of construction and ultimate compensation, a sum might be conveniently collected in the manner described,' said the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom thoughtfully.

'Most assuredly,' said the young man. 'And further, this tax, once imposed, might be usefully retained for the upkeep of the road — or for general purposes. And as for workmen, the town prison is doubtless full of thieves, murderers, and other lost persons, who in their red and yellow costumes, with chains round their ankles, attached to heavy iron balls, would provide a sufficiency of picturesque if reluctant labor.'

'True, true,' murmured the stout gentleman.

He closed his eyes again, allowing his head to sink once more on his bosom. After an appropriate pause he reopened them and said: —

'The suggestions of the Honorable Engineer have been weighed and are found acceptable. When could the

work be commenced and when would the avenue be ready for the ceremony of opening and naming?’

‘Why,’ said the young man, ‘there is no day like the first day of the new year for festivities of this nature. If your servant undertakes to have everything ready by then, which is to say in nine months’ time —’

‘It is accepted,’ said the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom.

II

He who by all Saidabad is known as Chief-of-the-Masons, and by the purveyors of lime, bricks, poplar poles, and white plaster as The-Most-Famous-Architect, surveyed gloomily a scroll which the young Engineer had unrolled before him on the table.

‘It is but a rough, imperfect plan of the town,’ said the Engineer. ‘You will say, “It should have been drawn on a larger paper and every street, alley, mosque, caravanserai, and house should appear.” True, O Chief-of-the-Masons, but what could I do? In the opinion of the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom such details are a headache and a complication. However, thanks be to God, I was able with my instrument to obtain a sight of the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud from the roof of the Gate of the Lion. So we have our direction. We shall begin from the Gate of the Lion and work upward, slowly, in a straight line, toward the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud.’

The Chief-of-the-Masons made no remark.

‘Arrangements have been made,’ continued the Engineer, ‘with the Chief-of-Police regarding the prisoners. Clad in their picturesque garments of red and yellow, they will work from sunrise to sunset, under a not too exacting guard. It is true that most of them are sick and all of them are hungry, and the chains round their ankles will

not increase the alacrity of their movements. Still, the surprising number of them may compensate for their want of zeal.’

The Chief-of-the-Masons maintained a gloomy silence. The Engineer, bending over his plan, continued with enthusiasm: —

‘The new road, as you perceive, will follow for some distance the Street of the Daughters. Then it will cross the Meidan and enter the bazaar, which we should reach in a month’s time. There our headaches will begin. For the merchants, shopkeepers, and money lenders will refuse to be entertained by the new and startling experience of seeing their premises demolished before their eyes. Beyond the bazaar is the quarter of the Plane Tree —’

‘Doubtless everything that has been conceived by the Honorable Engineer may be accomplished,’ interrupted solemnly the Chief-of-the-Masons. ‘With the help of God, everything may be accomplished. Nevertheless —’

‘Nevertheless?’ said the Engineer.

‘*The Honorable Engineer has forgotten the Tomb,*’ said the Chief-of-the-Masons.

‘The Tomb?’ questioned the Engineer.

‘The Honorable Engineer is a stranger in this city,’ answered the Chief-of-the-Masons. ‘Otherwise the Tomb of the Blessed Guide, Sheikh Mahmoud (May God purify his clay!), would not be unknown to him. It lies by the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud, directly across the line of the road which the Honorable Engineer proposes to build. Who knows?’ continued with bitterness the Chief-of-the-Masons. ‘Perhaps God placed it there so that these detestable Feranghi innovations might be brought to nought! For, whatever else you may demolish and cast away, be assured of this: the bones of His Holy One shall never be moved; neither shall the Tomb

of His Saint be defiled by those who have eaten the bread of unbelievers!’

III

When, with the aid of a variety of fragrant sauces, the virginal hillock of boiled rice had been ravished and consumed; when a sufficient number of gobbets of grilled mutton, concealed between slabs of smoking bread, had disappeared; when the cool, capacious bowl of sour milk and water had been drained with the aid of half a dozen boat-shaped wooden ladles; when a score of dripping segments of crimson watermelon had vanished, one by one — the Engineer from Tehran invited his guests to precede him into the inner chamber. There each took up a kneeling attitude upon the carpet and by refined and well-mannered noises of a belching nature sought to express his satisfaction at the hospitality vouchsafed.

Then Agha Seyyid Fazyl (called also Eye-of-Wisdom), the most distinguished among the assembled guests, made a sign to his serving man, who was waiting by the door; and soon, from the anteroom, his favorite water pipe was produced. For a person of his consequence would hardly venture forth to after-sunset dinner during the Blessed Month unaccompanied by his favorite water pipe. It had come, packed in a leather pocket which hung securely from the saddle of his Chief-of-Servants.

By this time the minds of the assembled company were so filled with the consciousness of peace and well-being as to cause a lull in the conversation. Whereupon the Engineer from Tehran, sensing that his principal guest, in the magnificent black turban, was pleasantly disposed toward him and to the world at large, ventured to remark: —

‘The meagre hospitality of your servant is unworthy of this honor. Nevertheless, the humblest morsel may become acceptable, if it be offered in the name of God.’

‘To us unknown provincials,’ replied affably the Eye-of-Wisdom, ‘how rarely is an opportunity accorded of edifying conversation with famous and instructed persons from the capital! Above all with those who, like the Honorable Engineer, have perfected their studies in the unrivaled universities of Feranghistan.’

‘In alluding to himself as an unknown provincial,’ replied the Engineer, ‘the Eye-of-Wisdom is vainly attempting to drown the blare of the Trumpet of Fame with the refined music of the thin *Tar* of Modesty. His reputation, which he esteems to be merely local, extends in reality far beyond the confines of this province. Thus he may be surprised to learn that the fame of the school of Dream Interpretation which he has founded among the learned doctors of the Mosque of Friday has long since reached the ears of instructed persons in the capital.’

‘I am indeed surprised and confused,’ answered the Eye-of-Wisdom with becoming humility, ‘that the learned doctors of the capital should have deigned to take note of our inadequate inquiries into the domain of Dream Interpretation.’

‘It is as I have petitioned,’ replied the Engineer. ‘Before starting on my journey to your agreeable city, I decided to consult a learned mollah, one Sheikh Rahim of Shah Abdul Azim, about a dream which had caused me some uneasiness. For it concerned a personage of Saidabad and I feared that it might be intended as a warning to me to desist from this journey. Happily the learned Sheikh was able to allay my fears; he recommended me to proceed in peace and doubted not that

my arrival would be fortunate. "You will find," he added, "in the city of Saidabad whither you are journeying, a learned doctor of the Mosque of Friday, who is called the Eye-of-Wisdom and who has made an illuminating study of the art of Dream Interpretation. Should you require further advice on this matter, consult him with confidence, for his knowledge of the mystic science surpasses ours as the peak of Demavend outtops the hills of the Shimran."

To the smile of humility of the Eye-of-Wisdom was added a deprecating gesture which denoted an unwilling acknowledgment that the remark of the Engineer contained a measure of perspicacity and truth.

'This dream,' inquired the Eye-of-Wisdom with professional interest, 'which you say concerns a personage of Saidabad, has not by chance been repeated since your arrival in our midst?'

'Alas!' said the Engineer distressfully. 'Not once, but several times. But why should I trouble this distinguished company on such an occasion with a recital of my secret distresses? Yet perhaps the problem is of interest to the Eye-of-Wisdom and to the other learned doctors, who are all Lamps of Enlightenment.'

'All of us who are at this moment enjoying the gracious hospitality of the Honorable Engineer,' replied the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'are priests and doctors of the Mosque of Friday. And all have been associated in those humble inquiries to which allusion has been made. It seems that the Honorable Engineer has an unusual experience to relate. Let him relate it openly, as a patient to his physicians. It may be that the inadequate researches of this company may bring to light a satisfactory interpretation of this dream, which is the cause of such distress to his habitually calm and undistracted mind.'

The Engineer paused a moment to

collect his thoughts, while the assembled guests rearranged their mantles and prepared to listen.

'My friends,' he began, 'one night, as I lay asleep in my house in Tehran, I had a dream in which a saintly personage, who declared that he was a native of this city, appeared before me and complained bitterly of his estate. When I awoke, I was much concerned and puzzled, for at that time your delectable city was wholly unknown to me. Judge of my astonishment, however, when, on the very next day, I was informed by the Minister of the Public Works Department that I was to proceed without delay to Saidabad. I was so concerned at this strange coincidence that, before starting on my journey, I determined, as I have said, to consult one Sheikh Rahim, a learned doctor, who, when he heard my story, reassured me, saying that the dream was not unfavorable and that I should not hesitate to set out on my journey.

'But, on the very night of my arrival in this city, no sooner had sleep taken possession of my faculties than the personage again appeared before me. He was of saintly aspect; his beard was of a silvery whiteness; he wore the turban of one who has performed the sacred pilgrimage; and in his hand he held a copy of the Word. "Welcome to Saidabad," said he, "O Ibrahim, my deliverer." "O Blessed One," I replied, prostrating myself before the Saint, "tell your unworthy slave what dangers or discomforts threaten you, and by the justice of God I will deliver you from them all."

'Thereupon the Saint lifted me by the hand and said: "Listen, O Ibrahim! I whom thou seest am Sheikh Mahmoud, whom men call Saint, Guide, and Holy One. For five generations I have lain in a small chapel, over against the city gate which is named after me. But no rest have I found there: day after

day, from the first streak of dawn until far into the night, the noises of the passers-by, the cries of street vendors, and the wrangling of barterers distract me; I hear the booming and jangling of bells, the braying of mules and asses, the grunting of camels, the cries of the muleteers and camel drivers; at night I hear the howl of the jackal and the laugh of the hyena without the city wall. As the generations pass, the noises multiply. O Ibrahim, I desire to lie in a place of quietude. Seek out for me, O my son, a secluded corner in this the city of my birth, where I may rest in peace and hear only the call to prayer and the voices of the faithful." With that he disappeared, and I woke, aghast at the reality of the vision.

'My friends,' continued the Engineer, 'this is not all. Since I arrived in this auspicious city, three times has the holy Sheikh Mahmoud appeared to me. Three times, repeating each time his piteous appeal. I have spent my days wandering about the city, seeking for a peaceful and secluded spot, where the Blessed Saint might rest. Until yesterday, I despaired of finding it. Then, happening at the hour of the third prayer to enter the courtyard of the Mosque of Friday, I was attracted by a pathway which led under an arch adorned with a sacred inscription in tiles of black and yellow. Beneath the arch was a small door. It led into a delightful courtyard surrounded by a high wall. In the centre of the courtyard was a brimming tank, and on either side of the tank a row of dark cypresses; these were so elegantly placed that the tender beauty of each one was reflected separately in the still water.'

'The prince of blessed memory who, many generations ago, built the Mosque of Friday,' said the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'intended to erect a tomb in this courtyard for himself and his favorite wife. But, having departed on a pilgrimage

to Kербela, he died there and was buried near the sacred shrine. And the woman married another. So that the courtyard has remained unoccupied ever since.'

'Perhaps,' said the Engineer thoughtfully, 'this spot has been preserved and set aside to harbor at last the sacred dust of the Blessed Saint and Guide, Sheikh Mahmoud.'

'That may be,' answered the Eye-of-Wisdom cautiously, 'if, as I anticipate, our interpretation of the singular dreams of the Honorable Engineer confirms his supposition of their meaning.'

'May I without offending suggest,' said the Engineer, 'that, if the bones of Sheikh Mahmoud are removed to this place, honor beyond computation will be added to the Mosque of Friday? And you, my friends,' he continued with enthusiasm, 'who are priests and doctors of the Mosque, will become known throughout this province — nay, throughout all Iran — as Guardians of the Blessed Tomb! Under your fostering care it will become a shrine and a place of pilgrimage for thousands! Who can compute the total of the votive offerings which will flow into the treasury of the Mosque of Friday — for the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor?'

'There is no doubt,' replied the Eye-of-Wisdom, with more affability, 'that the removal of the bones of the Blessed Guide from their present lamentable situation to the holy precincts of the Mosque would add a certain lustre to an already famous foundation. And it is reasonable to suppose that the Tomb, under our care, would acquire renown as a place of pilgrimage. Again, it may be conceded that the more apprehensive or more fortunate pilgrims would open for us the hand of generosity — to the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. All these things may be conceded; but the difficulty of persuading

the people of Saidabad to consent to the removal of the bones of the justly revered Hajji Sheikh Mahmoud remains to be resolved.'

'That difficulty,' answered the Engineer, 'has by no means been lost sight of. If, for instance, it should become known that the Blessed Guide has appeared in a dream on several occasions to a person of note in the city and complained of his distressful state, begging to be removed to the courtyard adjoining the Mosque; and if,' added affably the Engineer, 'the Blessed Guide should by good fortune appear to one or two of the assembled company, and this also should become known, is there any doubt that in a few days he will appear to a hundred persons more? And then surely the good people of Saidabad would not permit their justly revered Saint to endure his vexations a day longer!'

'The Honorable Engineer has spoken with singular discernment,' answered the Eye-of-Wisdom. 'The Saint might well appear to one or two of the assembled company; whereupon the circumstance will certainly be made known. And then doubtless everything will take place as the Honorable Engineer has suggested.'

'May it be added,' said the Engineer, 'that His Illustrious Presence, the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom, is desirous, with us, that the distresses of the Saint be terminated at an early date? He has desired me to make, on his behalf, a small contribution to the treasury of the Mosque — for the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. He also desires it to be known that a new and elegant shrine with a dome of blue tile work will be erected in the courtyard at his

charges, beyond, and in alignment with, the tank of water; so that the reverent pilgrims, entering the courtyard beneath the arch, will see, beyond the brimming tank, between a double row of slender cypresses, a turquoise dome under which will rest forever the Blessed Saint and Guide, Sheikh Mahmoud, whose clay is purified and who will there find peace.'

The Eye-of-Wisdom nodded sagely in acquiescence, and observed after an adequate pause: —

'The Chief-of-the-Masons informed us that the Honorable Engineer had proposed to build an avenue through the town; he added, moreover, that the project had been abandoned because of an unforeseen obstacle. Now, however —'

'Now,' interrupted with extreme affability the Engineer, 'since, with the assistance of the discerning Eye-of-Wisdom, the obstacle is to be happily removed, the project will be carried out. On the first of the new year the avenue will be opened. Then the good people of Saidabad will forget the annoyances to which they have been subjected, in the joy of moving easily and freely through their city. Doubtless,' continued the Engineer thoughtfully, 'in the scheme of things there is a place for the Saint as well as for the Engineer. Yet, more and more, in this old country, they will meet and perhaps interfere —'

'Whereupon,' interrupted with a smile of tolerance and understanding the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'the Engineer whose skill and address as a remover of unforeseen obstacles are unsurpassed will devise for the bewildered Saint a way of dignified withdrawal.'

WORDS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

I HAVE heard voices under the early stars
Where, among hills, the cold roads glimmer white, —
Voices of shadows passing, each to the other,
Clear in the airy quiet
Call their familiar greeting and good-night.

Were they not come as guests to a remembered room,
Those words, surrounded by the befriending silence?
But words, ah, words — who can tell what they are made of,
Or how inscrutably shaped to color and bloom?
Sharp odors they breathe, and bitter and sweet and strong,
Born from exultation, endurance, and desire;
Flying from mind to mind, to bud a thought again,
Spring, and in endless birth their wizard power prolong.

II

There was a voice on a sun-shafted stair
That sang; I heard it singing:
The very trees seemed listening to their roots
Out in the sunshine, and like drops in light
The words rained on the grasses greenly springing.

Ah, lovely living words, what have we done to you?
Each infant thought a soul exulting to be born
Into a body, a breath breathed from the lips, a word
Dancing, tingling, pulsing, a body fresh as dew!
Once in the bonds of use manacled and confined
How have we made you labor, beauty and strength sapped,
Dulled with our dullness, starved to the apathy of a slave,
Outcast in streets, abandoned foundlings of the mind!

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

III

But once, in stillness of night's stillest hour,
 Words from the page I read
 Rose like a spirit to embrace my spirit.
 Their radiant secret shook me: earth was new;
 And I throbbed, like one wakened from the dead.

O swift words, words like flames, proud as a victor's eye,
 Words armed and terrible, storming the heart, sending
 Waves of love, and fear, and accusation over
 Peoples, — kindling, changing! Alas, but can you die, —
 Hardened to wither round the thought wherein you grew?
 Become as the blind, leading with slow shuffle the blind,
 Heavy like senseless stones the savage kneels before?
 O shamed, O victim words, what have we done to you?

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

ALTHOUGH the sun had long sunk behind the trees, and the last of the afterglow had faded from the sky, we sat on in the garden. The air was warm and motionless; the day's heat had, as it were, dissolved in a faint low mist which now lay along the far rim of the lawn like a gauze, blurring without hiding the forms of the shrubs massed there and the trees beyond. Overhead the heaven, starless as yet, held an opaque and wondrous blue. It too seemed veiled, so still was the air. The birds which at sunset had sung vociferously had fallen silent. Except for a gurgle from the stream, invisible beyond the bushes, and the faint whirr

of gnats and midges, there was no sound. Trails of smoke from cigars and cigarettes hung in faint purple curls, and gradually dissolved.

We sat on. No one said anything. We were rather drowsy and pleasantly tired. Our gregarious impulses were fatigued, for we had that afternoon endured collectively one of the incidental penalties of summer visits in the country: we had been convoyed en masse to the village fête — the usual bazaar with the usual side shows, the usual heat, noise, ennui. Now the din languor of the summer night was breeding an appropriate melancholy.

The dreamy silence was broken

characteristically, by our hostess. Her social sense was keen; solitude in any form had become unnatural to her and irksome. She was a handsome woman, whose age it would have been impossible to guess. The answer anyhow would have been irrelevant, for she had all the attraction of youthfulness of complexion and hair, plus the subtleties of a practised charm. She was charming; she was also rich, both in her own right and as a result of the effective exertions of her husband; intelligent, too, without any hint of that irony that frightens men when they suspect brains in a woman. Having married off her children, she was also free, with that superior freedom that comes to one who can look back on duty done. That she was generally believed to have been the 'inspiration' of a distinguished diplomat added a touch of special quality.

'Do you know,' she said, 'I went into that frowsty little tent where the fortune teller was and had my hand read. I never had it read before — I don't know why.' She had extended a pink palm and was now intently scrutinizing it in the dim light. 'Funny that there should be any meaning in these silly little lines. If there is —'

She paused. After a moment a man took her up. Somebody, obviously, had to do that. Norton, the novelist, — a baddish novelist, but successful and a notably good-looking man, — performed the duty.

'Did she tell you anything interesting?'

Lisa sighed and then, in the semi-darkness, smiled. We could feel if not see her smile as she answered, 'Oh, yes. She said there was a great happiness coming for me.'

'They always say that,' grunted another voice, that of an elderly lawyer.

'Well, why not?' asked Norton,

sharply. 'You believed her, did n't you?'

'Why not?' she repeated. 'It's about time. I've never been really happy — not happy as I could be happy.'

Involuntarily our eyes turned in the direction of her husband. Ever since the coffee had been taken away, a longish time ago now, he had to all appearance been asleep. Certainly he gave no sign now of hearing a declaration that ought to have been wounding to his self-esteem. His large inert form did not quiver; there was no automatic reaction visible there. She might have been looking at him or she might not as she went on in a quicker, sharper tone: 'I don't see why I should not be happy.'

To take this up in quite the right way was not easy. Even Norton seemed to hesitate. There was a moment's silence. Then, on a rather squeaky note, there piped up the young man, just down from Cambridge, in whom our hostess apparently 'saw' something, though so far it had not been revealed to us.

'I wonder,' he muttered, 'whether anyone is really happy.'

Plainly he had not said the right thing.

'Jim is happy enough,' said Jim's wife tartly, glancing at the recumbent figure in the deck chair. He was not snoring, though her tone suggested that he was. 'He always has gone to sleep after dinner if he's at home.'

'That's an asset, certainly,' murmured Norton. 'I begin to see additional reasons for envying Jim.'

'But on a night like this!' A girl's voice now, ecstatic, passionate. 'How can he?'

'Ah, but he's wise; for nights like this' — the undergraduate took her up with the weary cynicism natural to

his years — 'are very disturbing. — Don't you feel that, Jenny?'

Jenny was not the passionate girl. 'I was puzzling over the color of that mist,' she said dreamily. 'It's not green, nor gray, nor quite purple, though it is almost purple at the edges. . . . I don't know. I wish one could paint in the dark.'

He was not satisfied with this.

'Does n't it all make you long to be happy?' he reiterated.

'Happy?' She looked up, as though surprised by his word. 'But I am happy. Oh, yes, I am. As a rule. Without thinking about it. More often than not. And especially when I see something I think I can paint.'

He shrugged his shoulders and turned away from her to the eager girl on his other side.

'You know what I mean, don't you?'

'Oh, yes.' She was all there, at once. 'Of course I do — only too well. It pulls at you — wakes all sorts of things in you. I don't know what they are. They make me happy and miserable at the same time.'

'*Weltschmerz*,' Norton elucidated. 'Yes, one feels it on a night like this. Nostalgia. The great artists give one that feeling always.'

She nodded. But Lisa was not to be put off with their vaguenesses.

'Oh, no!' she cried, candidly. 'It's my own happiness I want. The world is all right; it's I who seem to be somehow left out. That fortune teller, and now this night — it's all making me feel a kind of outsider. And I want to be inside; I belong inside. One has a right to that.'

The lawyer grunted. 'It's the common lot, you know. We either take the wrong ticket or get out at the wrong station and can't get back. The one we've missed looks nicer, but is it? Are any of us as unhappy as we'd like to make out? I doubt it.'

'But happiness,' cried the eager young woman, 'is surely something more than just not being unhappy. That would n't satisfy me. I want something positive — that's what the night seems to know and to promise. That's what your palmist meant, is n't it?'

She rose to her feet, stretched her arms out, and with a quick glance in the direction of the young man from Cambridge walked across the lawn toward the bushes and the sunken fence between them and the trees. In another instant he had risen too and followed her. Together they disappeared.

'Young woman of action, that,' said the lawyer. 'She's going to make a bid for it.'

Jenny, a moment later, rose too. She moved toward the house, evidently intent on painting.

'Silly young ass,' the elder man went on as she vanished.

'How do you mean?' asked Norton.

'What? And you a novelist? Did n't you see how he lost interest in her as soon as she said she was happy? As if that were not the one quality worth having in a wife! I've never married because I've never found a woman who would admit to it — to being happy, I mean. It may have been honesty on their part, but that did n't help me.'

'But surely,' said Norton after a moment, 'she ought not to be happy before He comes.'

'Is she likely to be so after, if she is n't? Rapture for five minutes, and then a life of boring recrimination — that's what those two are heading for.' He glanced down the garden.

'Oh, not nowadays,' Norton corrected him. 'There are no life sentences now. — Come and have a stroll?' He had turned to our hostess.

She rose, slowly, and they too wandered off together.

II

For a moment or two silence resumed its sway. Then, with surprising feeling and precision, the lawyer began to whistle the love motif from *Tristan*. He whistled beautifully, and the notes floated out and seemed to hang suspended in the warm stillness of the night air.

'Cunning old devil, Wagner,' he muttered, more to himself, I thought, than to me. 'He gets it all right. But they're all in it.'

'Even nature is n't innocent, you must admit. On such a night one can't help having — funny feelings.'

'No,' he agreed. 'No. You're right there. Even I, hardened old sinner as I am, feel to-night as though I had a claim to — something or other. Dashed if I know what, though.'

'What is odd,' I went on, 'is that one does n't — at least I don't — get them in the morning or in the afternoon or, often, when the moon is shining, in spite of all that poets have said about the moon. She, I suppose, has her own affairs. You don't get them in the tropics, do you?' He had spent some years in India.

'Oh, no, far too hot. The sun, when it is a sun, gives you the headache rather than the heartache.' He paused; then, turning on me, asked suddenly, 'Don't you feel that you have a right to happiness? The others all seem sure of that and Jim here has temporarily achieved it, I presume. I thought,' he went on, as I hesitated, 'that women all felt that it was waiting round the corner for them, in some shape or other, generally masculine. I read a book the other day, called *The Right to Be Happy*. It seemed quite an old friend. I seem to remember a whole flock of such books when I was young, all written by women, like this one — and that was what it all seemed

to come to. Not, of course, that we are any more sensible. Some woman has got to give it to most of us. Funny how altruistic we all are, even in our egotism! Our hostess has hitched her wagon on to Norton, and he, perhaps, — though I'm more doubtful, — has the same notion about her. They've heard the "lonely blackbird fluting to his mate" as he does on the last page of a novel. That's what it comes to.

'Oh, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!

'There it is, in a nutshell. No one you know has found it — but "some" have, and so I have a right to it. Lord, what nonsense it all is. And yet you, though you sit there so mouselike, probably believe in your heart that you have a right to it, too. Don't say you don't, for it will upset all my theories; or, what is perhaps worse, prove that, appearances notwithstanding, you, like me, are middle-aged — have passed the grand climacteric, the only one that signifies.'

'You don't believe in it, then — the "right to be happy"?' I prevaricated. Unusual as he seemed, it was unlikely that he carried peculiarity to the point of preferring to listen.

'Me? Oh, Lord, no — never did. I was brought up under a sterner dispensation than this. I was born in Scotland and bred on old Thomas Carlyle. All that the "right to be happy" ever did for anyone was to make him miserable. As if the thing were n't hard enough without that! Take life as it is — not as you expect it is going to be, but as it is, for others as well as for you — and then, when you are trying to stand up to it, let this dazzle cross your eyes — this infernal notion that you ought to be happy, that you are hardly used if you are not — and you are lost.

If we'd been trying to invent a dodge for making bad worse, this would have been it — this fantastic idea that we are born for happiness and, somehow or other, are being done out of our birthright. But you have not answered my question.'

'I don't think I was born for happiness, if that's your question. I'm not good-tempered enough at breakfast. But there are people, not me, who seem to me to have a sort of right to it. Beautiful people, for example.'

'I wonder why? They have got so much — why should they have more?'

'To him that hath,' I murmured. 'And children: you can't look at children without feeling that they have a right to it.'

'Were you happy as a child?'

I nodded.

'You were unusually lucky, then. You were n't happy as a girl, were you?'

I shook my head.

'No!' he cried triumphantly. 'And why not? Because you wanted to be — perhaps felt you had a right to be. It's amazing how few people remember their youth. They prate away about youth being a time of happiness, in complete apparent oblivion of their own youth. They are surprised that the young people of to-day do not seem happy — as though they ever did. When one's young, this fool notion that one has a right to be happy obsesses one, and the result of that is always the same. The only thing that makes me more angry is the modern "duty to be happy," — all this mumbo jumbo of higher thought and spiritual exercises and "helpful" attitudes, — because it's all a sham. O Pragmatism, what sins are committed in thy name! But you look skeptical.'

I hastened to explain that I had no doubts as to the devastating boredom spread in widening circles by those who

semiofficially professed happiness. 'I am only rather afraid,' I went on, 'lest you should follow Carlyle into what he calls "the worship of sorrow." I don't think he really meant that; but Æ, for instance, does talk seriously about making a God of Pain. That seems to me an awful trap. I'm not sure that the God of Pain is not more destructive than the God of Pleasure. And I still think that some people are happy — perhaps those who don't think or talk much about it.'

III

'But of course they are.' Jenny had rejoined us. She had come out from the house, through the verandah, so softly and swiftly that I had not heard her coming. 'I am.' We looked at her questioningly, and she went on: 'Yes, I am. I know that it sounds uninteresting, but I like being alive. There's so much to see — such a fascinating pattern weaving all the time. I'm only afraid of not having time enough, or not looking hard enough, to take it in. Such millions of things to draw, never twice the same. Those trees, now — they're utterly different from what they were half an hour ago; and look at the way that white bit of cloud is drifting across and taking up the white of Nora's frock, there among the bushes, so as to make a repeat of the design. Too marvelous!' She sighed. 'It's a sort of warm glow inside one; and when you see how to draw something it leaps into a flame; or when you see the drawing done by someone else. The Sargent exhibition made me want to live forever.'

'But,' I said, after a moment, 'happiness is n't what you are looking for, is it?'

'Oh, no. It's there.'

It was so much there that it seemed, as she spoke, to enwrap us. The very

silence into which the lawyer had subsided showed that he too felt it — felt it indeed so directly that he had no impulse to break it. We sat and took it in, and it did strange things to us — or at least to me. I wondered whether our answer were not here: that happiness was after all not a thing in itself, but a by-product — an uncalculated and incalculable aroma that belonged to other things; that came when you were not looking for it and eluded you when you were. As I let my mind drift back into the past, following that thought of Francis Thompson's, — 'Happiness is the shadow of things past, which fools still take for that which is to be,' — it seemed to me that it was so. An odd, disorderly series of sensations came to me. A sensation of leaves rustling all round me — silvery leaves, the leaves of the aspen trees into which as a small child I used to clamber and thence look down upon the garden from behind a moving screen. It was the leaves that came back now: the way they shifted and played in the light and the pattern of bright blue one saw through them. I could feel the sun as it filtered on to my face and on to my bare legs, curled round a branch of the tree — feel too the soft warm fur of the old yellow cat who used to climb up and sit beside me. Yes, I was happy in that old tree.

The next picture had even less 'meaning': the smooth shiny parquet of the floor of the great hall at college as I walked across it, my feet making a sharp clicking sound on its hard polished surface and giving me, at the time and now, a sense of the neatness and precise efficiency of those feet which did not seem to be mine, but did seem, as feet, to be good. A silly recollection, this, and yet curiously vivid and definitely happy. I recalled nothing of where I was going, across that shining parquet; but the pleasantness that it

had filled me with at the time came back now.

Then waves of heavenly sound: the second movement of the Seventh Symphony, with the music turning and curling round me, marvelous white and blue and green like the water left by the wake of a great ocean liner; so heard and seen on one particular occasion — heard so fully, with such an entire oblivion of everything else, such a divine possession of the whole of me by it, that with no conscious effort the whole experience came down on me again and I relived its bliss.

Acuter moments of feeling I could call up. These came of themselves, with all their irrelevance and all their indestructible atmosphere. They came again, as they had come at the time, as things given, not planned or asked for.

The voice of the lawyer broke across my musings.

'The fact is,' he was saying, 'that although people talk about happiness and bleat of a "right to be happy," that is not what they really mean. Lisa — or the palmist for her — was more honest when she spoke of "a great happiness." Accent on the "great." What they want is not happiness, but ecstasy. If they talked about a "right to ecstasy" they'd see what fools they are, and stop. Ecstasy at the best is a paper bag. When you squeeze it, it bursts. Wagner, there, was candid. His bags always burst. Look at *Tristan* or any of them.'

'Is n't there,' said Jenny, 'something about a right to happiness in the Declaration of Independence?'

IV

At this point Jim suddenly and quietly woke up.

'What on earth are you folks talking about?' he asked.

'The Declaration of Independence,'

replied the lawyer, truthfully if not very luminously. Jim and he were old friends and business associates.

Jim certainly was quick at the uptake. He glanced about him, took in the vacant seats, smelled the night air, and smiled.

'Is Lisa instructing Norton in its implications? I should not have thought he needed any assistance there. He made his declaration long ago — to Minnie Norton's considerable relief, I have always fancied.'

'I see,' said the lawyer, 'that you know your Declaration better than most of us do. Better than they do, I have no doubt. I was just about to point out to these young ladies that it by no means asserts the right to happiness, as seems to be assumed nowadays, but only the right to pursue it. The difference between a right to pursuit and a right to possession I need not labor. The Declaration is at best a Charter of Utilitarianism, the wisdom of our ancestors having perceived that it is actually less fatuous to pursue the happiness of all than the happiness of one — and most of all if that one is one's self.'

Jim laughed. 'Anyone can pursue just what he chooses. And,' he added after a pause, 'most people get what they want; that's how you know what it is. You can always get what you want, provided your want has a shape and an outline and provided you will pay the price for it. You can't expect to have the purchase money given back to you as a bonus. That does n't happen in business; why should it happen in life? If I'm not happy, I can see that's my own fault — I aimed at something else, and I've got it. I wanted to be rich, and I am rich. It would be pretty cheap of me to sing hymns of praise now to lovely poverty. That was open to me from the start, and I looked the other way. I leave that sort of facing

both ways to Brother Norton. He can talk about a cot beside a rill if it amuses him; he can't expect me to listen, when I know he could go and live in it tomorrow and that he won't do any such thing in donkeys' years.'

'Yes,' I said, since the lawyer seemed to have fallen silent and Jenny was lost in her own thoughts, which were probably entirely about color relations and values of another kind from that which we were discussing, 'I agree with you about getting the things one wants enough to pay for them. But my difficulty is this: Is happiness in that sense a thing? That's where I'm not clear. The other day I was at a children's party — rather a nice children's party. At tea one of the grown-ups asked the children what they would like to be when they grew up. The first little boy said he wanted to be an airman, another said a millionaire, another an engine driver, and so on. The last was a little fluffy-headed girl with very round brown eyes. She rather hung back, but at last she whispered that she wanted to be happy. Thereupon the boy who wanted to fly cried out, "But 'happy' — that's not a thing to be!" And, thinking it over, I can't help feeling that he was right. Is happiness a thing you can aim at direct — either for yourself or for others? It seems to occur when you are thinking least about it. If that is true, it rather upsets your theory.'

Jim looked thoughtful. As he did not speak, the lawyer took up the word again: —

'You said, just now, that you were not happy. What, precisely, did you mean by that?'

Jim laughed. 'Oh, precisely, just nothing at all. Form of words.'

'You mean that one feels that it is *distingué* to be unhappy?'

'Something in that, I dare say,' said Jim. 'But mainly habit, I fancy.'

'Hm, hm.' The lawyer nodded. 'I think, though, you partly illustrate the view I've been trying to put — that everyone consciously or unconsciously thinks that it's the duty of someone else to make him or her happy. In your case the assumption would be that you don't hit it off with your wife — I'm being brutal, but I know you won't mind.'

'Lord, no,' said Jim. 'That is n't near the bone with me, you know. That's what I'm trying to say. Why should I "hit it off," as you call it? I've never made that my first object. Not even when I was what used to be called "courting" her. It's never been more than a poor second with me. I know it. Unfortunately she does not know that exactly the same is true of her. Although, in her heart of hearts, she no longer expects happiness through me, she hoards a sort of grudge against me for not making her happy. And that even while she's trying to get it through other people! Not that I blame her for the others; what I do blame her for is not seeing that flitting about is obviously fatal; if you shift your aim you cannot hit the bull's-eye, and she is intelligent enough to see that. Poor Lisa. I think that she really is rather unhappy, largely because, for her, happiness is still a fruit on a tree — and a fruit somehow just out of her reach. And she has too much time to think about it.'

For a few minutes we all sat silent.

Of course, I thought to myself, we are all laying far too much stress on this. Happy or unhappy. Most people at any given moment are neither. The pulse beats normally until you stop to feel it. When you stop to ask yourself the question, the act brings dreams about your head. Variable as is human disposition, happiness surely can only be defined as the dictionaries

define it — as 'a state of being content with one's lot'; and contentment obviously depends not only on the lot but on the temper — and the digestion — of the individual in it. Our lawyer friend would have added, 'And on the degree to which he has learned not to ask others to give him what he cannot give them.' Human variation means that happiness cannot be a constant; means that Tolstoi was wrong when he declared, in words put most specifically in the opening sentence of the French version of *Anna Karenina*, 'Tous les bonheurs se ressemblent.' Externally viewed, it would seem that some of the incidents of mortality are happy, others not. Yet it was not on any calculus of incidents that I could classify the people I knew. Past joys made some bitter; past sufferings left others with a curious serenity — a detachment from themselves that rose above troubles under which others fretted and fumed. And, looking at it, I seemed to see this internal variability as independent of station, class, or 'lot' in life. To the well-to-do, the poor may seem sunk in a drab wretchedness; to the poor, the rich lapped in happy comfort. Acquaintance with either dissipates such uniformities.

I looked around me, across the dim spaces of the garden. Then my eyes came back to our group and rested upon Jenny. She sat, her chin on her hand, staring out in front of her. Her expression did not suggest that she had heard what we had been saying; she was looking out, not in. As I watched her I seemed to see in that absorbed abstraction of hers the answer, or what was as near to the answer as I was likely to get, to the puzzle that teased me. Jenny was happy. She had said so, and I knew her well enough to know that it was true. Judging by extrinsic standards, there

seemed no particular reason why she should be so; her life, for a girl of her age, was none too amusing. She was the youngest of a large and poor family; there were several girls in it, all attractive, none of them very successful, none of them quite in tune with their 'period.' She herself was not in tune; her work was good, but not in the fashionable modern way. That hardly seemed to perturb her. She was invincibly honest, and nothing could induce her, I knew, to paint anything but what she saw, and as she saw it. All her interest was in doing that. Her honesty in this and other respects, again, made her angular; she could not adjust her standards to what was expected. But there it was, for her, in its absoluteness and security. Her standard, her centre, was firmly fixed outside herself. Outside herself, but not, I thought, in someone else. There might be 'someone else' in her life, but she was not, in the last resort, dependent on that. She was disinterested; the pattern, of which she had spoken to us, weaving before her eyes had for her a beauty and a concern that were independent of her own part in it. And in her disinterestedness she found happiness — a kind of

happiness, too, that in its degree, and with its necessary variations, was open to all.

Yes, I felt that Jenny gave me the key. It might be hard to fit it into the lock, but, as the Greeks knew and told us, all beautiful things are hard. So long as the question we put to life is 'What are you giving to us?' the soul will get but a dusty answer. So soon as it is transformed into an effort after understanding, the notes assemble into a beam of light.

'Here are the others coming back.'

Lisa and Mr. Norton were in fact drifting toward us over the lawn. Lisa was a few steps ahead of her companion. Jim inspected them as they approached. He was very long-sighted, and anyhow the result of long sitting in the dark is to give one something of the cat's vision.

'That, apparently, has not worked,' he murmured. 'Lisa's fur is all stroked the wrong way.'

She was by now near enough to us to speak. 'What have you been doing, all this time?' she asked.

'We have been discussing happiness,' replied the lawyer.

'Oh, happiness!' she exclaimed. 'I am sure there is no such thing!'

THE LINHAY ON THE DOWNS

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

ON the high down above the sea, in the corner of the last rough grazing field, stands a linhay, half fallen into ruin. It is built of boles of spruce fir, unhewn but barked, and boarded with rough wooden boards. It has a roof of corrugated iron. The roof is intact, but many of the wooden boards have fallen with the rusted nails. Those boards remaining are green and damp, and shaggy with gray lichens.

The linhay had been built with its eastern end open for bullocks to shelter in stormy weather; but the gentleman farmer had sold the down with his other land after the Great War, and the new owner had let it fall ruinous. Battering winds and rain straight from off the Atlantic, and the hot sun of summer, had warped and rotted the boards, and opened two other walls to the weather.

On windy days buzzard hawks lie over the down on crooked wings, watching for rabbits in the heather slope below, or turn and glide over the line of the hill. It is a beautiful and desolate place, where the spirit can spread itself wide and airy as the sea and the sky.

One morning I set out for the linhay with a companion. As we climbed the road to Windwhistle Cross the wind blew harder, and found cold places in our clothes. Past the spinney the way lay over fields, cutting across the broad and rushing gale. I was more hardened than my companion, who covered her face with her gloved hands and walked with bowed head. After a while we reached a wall of stone and earth, tunneled by rabbits and lying broken in

gaps. The wind, seeking to level all things, was whipping up bits of stone and earth over the wall, and we had to shield our eyes. Plants growing on the crumbling riband of earth remaining on the top of the stones were pressed tightly down, guarding their leaves among the mosses from the stripping storms. White splashes marked the stones, where in still weather the buzzards had waited and watched for rabbits to lollop out of their buries.

We reached the ruined linhay, and realized it would give no shelter for a fire, as in other expeditions. The hollow was frigid in shadow, and scoured by the wind. The last stone wall before the heather and brambles of the wild seaward slope stood a few strides away, and behind this we sat down and rested. An easy matter to break the old boards with a fifty-pound slab of ironstone fallen from the wall, but not so easy to make a fire. Half a box of matches and chips sliced with a knife, however, changed the acrid smoke of deal wood into flame, and the flame into red and black brittle embers, which wasted in sparks over the grass.

While we were munching our sandwiches in the sunshine my companion, who had been staring into the shadow-cut interior of the linhay ten yards away, asked me if I saw anything above a stone against the inner wall. Yes, I saw a pair of ears upraised, and a dark brown eye below them.

I stood up, and the ears went down flat; but the brown eye continued to watch. A rabbit was squatting there.

I sat down out of the wind, and soon afterward the ears were raised again. The wind tore at the flames, and rocked a loose stone on the wall behind us. It was blowing harder. We moved away, spreading a raincoat before a derelict plough which old grasses had partly covered. Sea gulls, shifting and slanting in swift, uneven gliding, began to appear above our heads, first in pairs, and then in many numbers. The sunlight was put out, and it was instantly chilly. I got up and looked over the wall.

I saw a grand and terrible sight. The headland, which lay out into the bay, dark and puny under the vastness of sky that seemed to begin just beyond my feet, was blurred and lost. Beyond a mile or two from the extended sands below, where hundreds of gulls were standing, still and tiny as scattered whitish seeds, all was chaos. It was as though the sky was falling; as though a monstrous spectre had risen out of the vast sea and was moving to overthrow the land.

We picked up our raincoats, gathered them back from the wind, and allowed ourselves to be billowed into the linhay. The air blows thudded against the boards of the intact side — the shippen was open west, south, and east, except for the round support posts, gnawn with damp at the base, which remained upright. Wind, rebounding from the single wall, flung over us like a comber, dropping dust and straw specks in our ears and the corners of our eyes. It was cold on the rough trodden floor, whereon lay flakes of blard, and dried dung of bullocks. The slabs of stone lay against the wall, about six inches from the bottom board, and in the space the rabbit was crouching, its ears pressed on its shoulders, its life quivering behind the staring dark eyes.

The headland was gone; the sky was falling. Beyond the forming ridges of

distant waves the sea seemed to be taking on a wrinkled dull gray skin, like molten lead in a trough; and as we watched, the falling blackness was riven, and in the rift a snout arose, and spread upward into the shape of a funnel as it traveled over the surf to the shore. We saw the tiny white seeds sprout with wings, and settle on the sands again. The open linhay trembled, and we buttoned our coats to the neck.

A ladder was fixed to the middle post of one side of the linhay, leading to the tallat, or loft, through an open trapdoor seven feet above our heads. We climbed up, and were in an open space crossed by beams under slanting corrugated iron sheets, lit at the seaward end by a window frame without glass. The floor was rotten in places. Wooden pegs of shares, some with tarnished brass-wire loops, were thrown in one corner, with a sack. The skull of a mouse, with brittle bones interlocked in grayish fur, lay on one beam, where an owl had roosted. I looked through a break in the floor; the rabbit was still beside the stone.

Wind noises ran through the bleak tallat, coming in at the eaves, the floor cracks, the window frame stripped of putty and paint, where owls had perched. They filled the loft, like the hollow and curious voices of straying things, never of the earth or its life. The light drained from the rafters, the floor, each other's face. The plaining voices were lost in the buffets of the iron roof. The skull of the mouse rolled on the beam, and the bones fell aslant, joining a trickle of broken straws along the floor. My companion wrapped her coat closer round her legs. I peered through an empty square of the window, and saw grayness rushing up the heather slope of the down. I saw the fire by the wall, already gutted of embers, kicked as though by an invisible foot. The charred lengths of board,

flecked with yellow and red points of flame, rose up and flew yards, and fell flat, smoking violently in the grass.

The voices wailed and shrieked, seeming to dissolve the substance of the tallat in a pallor of darkness. Straw specks and mice bones whirled on the floor, suddenly to rise up and scatter. The linhay was shuddering in the wind. Would the inner core of its uprights hold in the storm? I trod a careful way to the trapdoor, and the wind threw up the wide skirt of the raincoat into my face.

We waited, our backs to the screaming drafts racing up the corrugations of the iron roof. Suddenly a hatch in the walled angle above the trapdoor burst its wooden latch and flung half open, before wedging against the floor and shaking on the ragged grass background of the field below. An amazing object moved slowly across the grassy rectangle cut by the lichen-frayed door. My companion saw it and clutched my arm.

The object moved on three thin legs, threw its head up and down with a roll and a flop. It paused, got its hind legs under it, and took another hop forward, dragging something on the ground. Each forward movement, which needed about five seconds to prepare, took it perhaps six inches nearer shelter. By its head and tail it was a fox — but was it a fox? The tail hung like a piece of old rope, the small head was almost without hair, the ribs showed under creases of skin muddy and stuck with tufts, through which the sharp points of shoulders and hips seemed about to break with the weight of the swelled body. I had just turned my glass into focus and seen that it was a vixen, dragging the chain and iron peg of a rusty rabbit gin clamped on its foreleg, when the first hail smote the roof with an immense clattering crash, and the linhay rocked with the hollow thunder of the wind. I feared it would

turn over, crumple, and be carried through the stone wall immediately behind. The field space below the door was a gray blank; the day was torn up and hurtling past us. Jets of icy air were driven through the floor, and up between body and clothes. The sack slid over the green and rotting floor boards, reached the square of the trapdoor, jumped to the rafters, on which it moulded itself before falling. It was snatched through the hatch. I yelled in my companion's ear that it would be best to stand by that hatch, to jump clear when the linhay should buckle and rise. I took her hand, cold as stone, and guided her along one of the joists, lest the floor break under our shoes.

We had reached the eastern end when the black of the storm fell on the down. Immediately we were under a torrent. I saw alarm with the misery in the dim face beside mine. The linhay was lurching under the falling flood. Skits blown in from the open window tasted salt on my lips. And the sea was a mile away, at the end of a downward slant of fifteen degrees! It must have been a waterspout we saw rising in the rift.

The earth under the linhay was awash. The water ran in wrinkled sheets prickled with rain. I could see nothing of fox or rabbit. The smashing of wood for the fire had given me warmth, but this warmth was used and gone after five more minutes in the tallat. My companion was rigid, as though being enclosed in an icicle; her teeth chattered. The wind pushed thorns under our nails and in our jawbones, and drew its brambles down our ears and cheeks. Our toes were broken in glacial gins.

There was no grandeur in the elements now; imagination was disharmonized from the sun. Nature was indifferent to the sufferings of all life. I could bear the screeching icy jets with fortitude, but my companion suffered,

having no dolorous background in memory to make the present ineffectual. In that background for me were days and nights in water and clay-marn to the waist, with death above the leafless winter hedge shot stooping-high; days and nights without sleep, weeks and months without hope, without liberty — life with neither present nor future, worse than death, for death was release; life more terrible than being in a gin, for God has blessed man with the power to reason, and I knew that if I sought release and failed, or escaped from killing men I did not hate nor had ever seen before, I should be caught and shot before sunrise in peace-time clothes, with a bandage over my eyes and a white paper mark pinned opposite my heart, still joined in spirit to the mother who bore me in pain and after-joy, and my name and my regiment would be read out on three successive parades to every soldier in the British Army in that alien country. These memories of 1914, and later ones far, far worse, made a background in endurance for the human spirit that had suffered and survived them. The pain as of thorns pushed under finger nails was nothing — it would pass.

The linhay withstood the storm, as it had others, held by the stout cores of its upright posts. The day began to grow again in the glacial twilight of the loft. Old boards grew swiftly green; the battering on the roof suddenly ceased with a few lingering taps against the iron sheets. Drops falling by the empty squares of the window were white; they glittered! — and blue and white sea and sky were beyond.

Kneeling down, and moving my face to a crack between the floor boards, I looked for rabbit and fox. Sight was limited, so I crawled stiffly — sometimes blowing through my half-clenched hands for warmth — to the trap, and peered over. The floor of the shippen

was like the Salient in the winter of 1917 seen from a low-flying aeroplane. Hoof holes, shapeless and trodden into one another, were filled with water to their broken edges. Wind wrinkled the sky gleams by the posts. Against the inner wall the vixen sat, on one of the slabs of ironstone. Her back and neck were curved like a snail shell, and her nose touched the mud. She was shivering with every breath. The foot of the broken foreleg, and the gin that gripped it, were in the mud. Beside her on the other slab, about eighteen inches away, sat the rabbit. It looked about it with the relaxed movements and expression of an animal at ease. I had heard of timid and preying animals sheltering together innocently during a storm, but this was the only time I had witnessed such a pleasing sight.

A sound from above, from my companion, made vixen and rabbit look up together. We kept still, and they relaxed. I saw the vixen turn her mangy head toward the rabbit, which continued to nibble its forepaw. The narrow head began to droop, and a voice above me begged to be allowed to get down. I had forgotten those bluish hands, rough with chilblains. The field was a brilliant green, and steaming in the hot rays of the sun.

As I climbed down the ladder I saw, from the tail of my eye, the rabbit in a series of splashes crossing to the grass beyond the round posts. It disappeared. The vixen had risen on the stone. Her mouth was open, showing her teeth. She stood on three legs placed close together, swaying to keep balance, her brush pressed against the wall. She tried to stay herself with her broken leg, but it gave no support, and each time she nearly tipped into the mud.

There used to live in the village an old trapper who nearly died of the effects of a fox's bite, which festered and made his hand swell, and his joints to

be painful with inner corruption. This animal must have been feeding on slugs, beetles, and carrion left by magpies and buzzards — rats thrown out of gins in cornfields, broken carcasses of rabbits — and its teeth were probably more dirty than those of a healthy fox. How else had it survived, limping for weeks or months (long before clicketing time, perhaps), dragging the gin clanking on every stone, and rattling on the hard ground? I was afraid of its bite, having seen, some years before, a fox dead in a gin with lockjaw. Better to kill it, and so put myself out of my misery, for it was a woeful sight; and, although the poor beast might have been used to its slow and crippled ways, there were the cubs, soon to be born. Better to knock the 'viccy' on the nose with my stick, and bury her under a heap of stones.

My companion and I ran over the grass in the wind and the sunshine, swinging our arms, and laughing at each other with the pain in toes and fingers. We had a warm, dry cottage in the valley over the down, a garden filled with vegetables, fruit trees, stores of apples, potatoes, and wood for firing; shelves of books to read, clothes to wear, and flowers to tend in the coming spring and summer; we had a merry little babe with six teeth, who watched the rooks flying over the roof with sticks for their nests, and shouted 'Duka duk!' to them. So when we were warm again we returned with the sack to the linhay and, putting it over the head of the vixen, held her easily in her weak struggles, carried her into the field, trod on the steel spring to open the creaking iron jaws of the gin, and lifted out the paw. An easy matter to snick with a knife the frayed tendons, and to bind the stump with my tie, securing it with string. Then the sack was pulled away, rolling over the vixen. She kicked and scrambled on her three

and a half feet, and faced us, snarling, with arched back and ears laid flat. I tapped the gin beside her with my stick and she snapped at it. Pushing the end through the spring, I drew it away; she lifted the stump and made the other foreleg rigid, as though to resist. Slowly we walked backward, drawing the gin over the wet grass. She whined, holding out a quivering stump. Five yards, ten yards, twenty yards — slowly we drew away from her, while she watched with raised ears and shifting feet.

We stood still. She arose and hobbled away, as though still dragging the iron. We watched her to the grass-tied plough under the wall. Here she smelt food, and down went her nose, searching for scraps of bread and boiled bacon left by us for the birds. We saw her rolling on her back in the sunlight before she disappeared through the gateway to the slope of furze and heather.

The daffodils in the garden broke yellow, and danced for weeks in the wind until their blooms were frayed; the sand martins and the chiffchaffs came back to the village. We saw the first swallows flitting over the seaward slope of the down. A trapper called to us from the bank, stopping his work to tell us of what he thought was a very strange thing. He had found something in one of his rabbit gins in the sand hills below. The sand had been laid by rain after he had tilled the gins the afternoon before, and visiting them that morning he had seen the prints of a walking fox, the marks of scurry round the gin it had sprung, and the trail leading away. How the bit of raggedy stuff had got in the gin he could n't think. Had he got it? No, he had 'throwed it away, not thinking much of it at the time; 't was a bit of old raggedy black stuff, with yaller stripes on'n. Aiy, like a wasp!'

I knew that regimental tie.

TWO SCIENCES

BY A. E. DOUGLASS

I

ASTRONOMY comes first. No science in all the long list of sciences has played a greater part in stimulating human progress. It entered the intellectual arena as a means of measuring time — of the day, the month, or the year; and it still continues to be our last referee in that line. But its greater stimulus has come in stretching our ideas of the enormous extent of space and in challenging us to measure it. In that process we have been compelled to develop mathematics in marvelous detail; and those who care not for numbers are equally inspired to visualize the enlarging universe and so build their own conception of the vast realm of creation in which man is less than a speck of dust.

To primitive man the universe was a small flat earth, consisting of his immediate locality, bounded often by mountain ranges; and overhead the clouds; and just beyond the clouds the sun, moon, and stars. He had no way of measuring the distance of these objects, and to him they were merely toys just out of reach. Then the Greeks in the day of their greatness invented geometry, or a method of 'measuring the earth.' This was one of the greatest discoveries of all time, and Greek thought was full of it. The fact that we study it to-day in the high school is a monument to their genius. They succeeded in measuring the diameter of the earth, but no objects beyond, even though they had invented methods

of measuring the distance of objects out of reach.

The greatest book on science written in antiquity was by Ptolemy, an Alexandrian Greek, who lived more than a century after Christ. His book is about astronomy, but contains all the knowledge of his day in scientific lines. He treats of the earth and of geography and of mathematics and of the motion of the stars and planets, but he makes the mistake of placing the earth at the centre of the universe. His real reason for this was simple common sense. The stars and planets were believed to be near and small, and it would have been entirely absurd to think of those small objects as being stationary with the great earth moving around them; whereas it was entirely reasonable to think of the earth as stationary, with the little planets going around it every day.

This mistake lasted fourteen hundred years. In the meantime the Arabians improved their mathematical methods and got a real idea of the distance of the moon and therefore of its size, and by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was realized that the sun was much farther off than the moon and consequently much bigger. Therefore Copernicus and Galileo, realizing that the vast sun was more likely to be stationary than the smaller earth, began the modern teaching of our solar system as we know it. Yet the people of their day could not

understand any new arrangement of the heavenly bodies, because as yet they were slow to learn the greater distance of the sun and moon, and they opposed these astronomers so violently that Galileo spent all of his old age in prison. Add to this the fact that the religious faith of that day had become tied to the idea of the earth as a centre; in short, people had made a religious idol of that thought, and they opposed the new idea with a fanaticism that we cannot realize to-day. But by 1650 the distance of the sun was known and generally accepted, and this religious idol was thrown down. It was seen that the sun is of immense size and situated in the centre, and the smaller planets move around in orbits, each in its own particular year. But the stars beyond were still thought of as a canopy off at the end of space, like a curtain hung about the universe.

It was two hundred years after the solar system was recognized that the distance of the first star was measured — a distance so great that it is impossible for us to realize it. The earth is 8000 miles in diameter. The moon is distant 30 times this, or 240,000 miles; and the sun is almost 400 times as far away as the moon, or 93,000,000 miles. If a traveler should go by express train across the continent and back continuously, it would take him four hundred years to travel that distance. That seems great enough, but the nearest star is 275,000 times that distance. That makes twenty trillion miles, or three and a half light years. Stellar distances are so vast that this new unit has been adopted to express them. Light travels 186,000 miles a second. The nearest star is so far that light takes three and a half years to come from it.

By 1900 some fifty or a hundred stellar distances had been measured by the Greek method, and then Kapteyn

greatly extended that method by using as a base line not the diameter of the earth's orbit, as heretofore, but the motion of our sun in space. He was followed by Adams, of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, and others who worked out a spectroscopic method, by means of which more than 2500 stars are now known as to distance. Shapley, of the Harvard College Observatory, using an observation of Miss Leavitt's, has worked out the application of what is known as the Cepheid Luminosity Period Law and obtained distances as great as one million light years, so that now we can see past the nearer stellar trees and discover the forest of stars beyond. We find that the brighter stars are generally near us, but that they are at immensely different distances. They form a group of which our sun is a member, and this group is called our local cluster. Its members may be as much as two hundred light years away. Beyond that the stars thin out a little until we come to other local clusters. Many of these supply our constellation groups. For instance, Orion is one group, distant five hundred or six hundred light years. We know that vast numbers of these groups combine to form our galaxy or stellar system, of which the Milky Way is our direct evidence. This stellar system, which has long been called our universe, has the shape of a disk, thicker at the centre like a lens. Its thickness through is possibly 10,000 light years, and its full diameter is 75,000 to 100,000 light years. Beyond its edges are vast vacant spaces until we come to other stellar systems, some of the nearest of which are 1,000,000 light years away. With our giant telescopes of the present time these other universes are readily recognized, and to-day we know that more than half a million of them exist. These are the 'Island Universes.'

Such, then, is the vast conception which has come from the development of methods of measuring distance, and we feel that space is boundless. We have broken down the idol of past ages — the idea of a small or limited space. And we know that the whole matter of extension of space is not a religious matter at all.

II

The similar popular idea of time is a failure. It is still regarded as a religious matter, for many of our best people and our best friends visualize all pre-history as one day of beginning, and the vast possibilities of all future history as one day when the world shall come to an end. This reminds us of the poet under the Arizona stars who sees the stars merely as a canopy moving overhead; or it recalls the beautiful dome in the Vatican Observatory with the stars painted on the inside so that one can sit and see the constellations, but the stars are all at uniform distance, obviously made for man's amusement and without real existence of their own apart from man.

The people who look back upon all history and see only one day of beginning, and that not far distant, should visit the Hermit Trail in the Grand Canyon, where a rock is shown across which are animal tracks. Their identity is obvious; any small boy can recognize them; he has seen such markings thousands of times on the sand of the desert or the seashore. It is perfectly clear that an animal walked across this rock while it was still soft sand, but now his tracks disappear under a thousand-foot cliff. When that animal walked, the cliff of solid rock was not there. It took millions of years for that cliff to form and to be placed in its present condition.

Geology is full of illustrations of that sort, and scientists have made

a very wonderful invention to bring these events of past time into an orderly sequence. This invention is our second science, evolution, which bears the same relation to the one-day-of-beginning idea that the moving picture bears to the ordinary photograph. Evolution is the commonest experience in human life. Every growing child is an illustration, and, of all people who have to do with this phase of evolution, teachers take the first place. They are contributing a most important part in the development of every individual. So evolution is not specially a question of man and his ancestry, but evolution is any orderly progress in the course of time.

The science of evolution would need days for a fair description and this is not the place for it, but one of its latest phases only will be mentioned. Dr. Conklin of Princeton says that man is not now going through any course of physical or mental evolution, but he is developing in social groups; and this is true, for, as you look about, you see that our activities today are devoted largely to organization of human endeavor in various groups, such as a school, a business company, or a woman's club. Your luncheon club, your lodge, school, church, city, state, and nation, are groups in a continuous state of competitive progress. I like to think of these groups as having living human personalities, and for the sake of distinction I like to call them 'super-persons.' They each include many people, or at least the interest and work of many people, and they last longer than any one person. For example, the United States is a living human super-person. In a recent address Dr. Moore, of Los Angeles, said that he asked his students, 'What is the United States?' Someone answered: 'Look at the map and see the mountains, the rivers, plains, and

valleys'; and he replied, 'All those were there five hundred years ago, but the United States was not there.' The United States, then, is a living human organism, and between great organisms of this sort is a higher form of competition, struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, than Darwin found among the lower animals.

Now the main element of these super-persons to which I wish to call your attention is that their lifetime far transcends the lifetime of the individuals composing them: for example, a nation lasts many hundreds of years. Therefore the interests of the nation cannot be the same as the interests of the individual, for the nation must look to needs of its later life which the individual cannot see or recognize. In order, then, to make the nation efficient, the individuals must and do feel within themselves instincts which deal with the larger and more distant interests. The same is true when we consider the whole human race; its best interests combine the best interests of all the nations and peoples, and deal with distant futures too far and too big for the individual to see or recognize, but he must and does feel within himself certain instincts which do deal with them. Such instincts dealing with futures out of reach are the religious instincts, the very wishes of God Himself touching the human heart; and this is the scientific approach to religion.

To many this scientific demonstration that religions must exist is the modern Holy Grail, and we observe that it is found in this science of evolution, which is conscientiously opposed by many people of to-day who cannot yet see the depth of time in past and future and the method by which Nature carries on her processes.

Evolution, then, is inspiring progress in the human mind, for we are developing a method of measuring human futures out of reach, just as the Greeks invented geometry to measure the distance of material objects out of reach and gave us our universe. So evolution, if I mistake not, is going to be one of God's chief instruments in developing our knowledge of a coming spiritual and religious universe, the Future of Humanity.

In this approach to religion, with a little tolerance on each side, we find a complete identity between science and religion. What a wonderful future to look forward to; and it is surely coming and not far off.

So these two great sciences have helped the human mind to grow. Astronomy has given us a perspective of space and measured its depth; evolution gives us a perspective of time and measures its duration. Astronomy has pushed Heaven in its religious sense farther and farther away until we make the discovery that Heaven and God are not far off among the stars at all, but right here among us and in us; and evolution pushes the day of beginning farther and farther back and the day of ending farther and farther in the future until we find both beginning and ending — that is, evolution itself — going on now as God's method of creation, continuous and ever present. Astronomy showed us that mere space is not a religious matter; evolution has the same work to do to-day in showing us that time of itself is not a religious matter. Together these two sciences supply the greatest inspiration we possess in expanding our ideas of space and in compelling us to fill a part at least of endless time with definite life and progress.

COURTESY

BY DANIEL SARGENT

BLESSED be God who made such pretty birches,
And spent such gold in dandelions' crowns.
He made small swallows flying o'er great churches,
Made little fish that gaze from streams at towns.

He made great woods to give the small birds perches,
Made the green meads to give the crickets gowns.
He made the snail. He made the crab which lurches
Sideways to port, made cockleshells, made clowns.

Blessed be God, so sweet, so near is He.
He made the old man's sunlight, made this hour.
Made stars for roof tops. O what courtesy!
'T was He who dreamed the honeysuckle flower.
He gave the mole a labyrinth. He gave
The beach grass the embroidery of the wave.

CHAOS OR COSMOS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

BY HENRY W. HOLMES

I

EDUCATION suffers in America from confusion of purposes. Justified a hundredfold in our faith in schooling as an instrument of democracy, we have cared more for the spread of education than for its fitness for specific ends. We have been interested in quantity rather than quality. For the most part our public enthusiasm for education has been uncritical, and the actual arrangement of subjects in our school programmes has been largely the result of tradition, harried here and there by the raw winds of pedagogical theory. Not even in vocational schools do we know exactly what we want, to say nothing of the more difficult question of how to get it. In liberal education we are so far from clarity and agreement as to the ends to be served and the means to be used that the situation, in spite of a certain fixity, is little better than chaotic. Our professional students of education have been devoting their energies, perhaps inevitably, to the development of techniques for a scientific attack on the problems of the curriculum, and it is only within the last few years that the light of penetrating analysis has been turned on to one of the most important problems in our whole educational undertaking — the problem of what to teach in our secondary schools. So far we have made small headway, and tradition remains generally undisturbed. College requirements have kept Latin enthroned and protected, but nearly

futile as a means of education. Mathematics has been struggling with some success to find its most fruitful form. Modern languages are just beginning to mean something in favored spots; history and science have been stifled; English drags; and such subjects as home economics and other forms of practical arts have had no freedom to find their place and proper goals. The root of the difficulty lies in the relationship between the secondary schools and the colleges; it is that relationship with which this article is finally concerned.

Our confusion as to purposes is one of the reasons for the lack of a coherent system of schools in this country. There is no discernible consistency in the multiplicity of our educational units and their endless variations. Six-year elementary schools stand alongside eight-year and seven-year elementary schools. We have three-year and two-year junior high schools, or no junior high schools, together with proposals for the four-year junior high school. We have 'regular' four-year high schools and senior high schools of three years. The junior college, a two-year unit beyond the senior high school, has been added in a rapidly increasing number of cities, chiefly in the West, and without exact definition of its functions. The traditional four-year college is matched by new collegiate units of two years, three years, and six years. The variations in vocational secondary schools, vocational

colleges, and graduate and professional schools, and their requirements and connections, form an intricate educational tangle. Endowed and preparatory schools constitute a completely disassociated system, internally somewhat more coherent, but hidebound by college requirements and by a purely external imitation of the great public schools of England, with their 'forms' and the fashions of their school life. In general, the organization of our schools, whether public or private, offers no testimony that we have translated into a definite scheme of schooling any clear and progressive philosophy of the social consequences of education. Our schools form a maze, a labyrinth, with any number of entry points and exits. Our procedure lacks not only simplicity but integrity. It is a sprawling, spineless profusion of educational 'opportunities.'

With this condition of things we might be measurably content if only the spawning liberality of our provision for schooling had led to any new vitality or effectiveness of teaching. But no one can speak with pride of the quality of our product. It is as if we were trying to turn out an enormous quantity of goods, roughly finished in an indistinguishable pattern. What our students learn in school they do not learn well, and they are very far indeed from the point at which learning is transmitted into understanding. They acquire no mastery of subjects as means for the interpretation of life. Their history does not enable them to view the present broadly in the light of the past, nor does their science enable them to see facts as the outward expression of laws. They develop no general criteria of taste or principles of criticism, no standards of judgment, no grasp of methods. They come to college 'prepared,' but with hardly the beginnings of an education. Contrasted

with the students in English and Continental secondary schools, they must be rated, age for age, markedly inferior. In certain measure and in their own way the schoolmasters of England, France, and Germany seek the integration of what they teach into a coherent, flexible, and broadly applicable system of facts and conceptions; they expect their efforts to result in the development of cultivated intelligence. Because they do expect such results, they teach thoroughly, for it is clear that knowledge cannot be used before it is possessed. American teachers seem to entertain no such vaulting ambition. Our general attitude gives tacit assent to the view that no one needs to know anything very thoroughly unless he is going to be a teacher, with the consequence that thorough knowledge is uncommon, even among teachers. College professors, to be sure, are expected to know their subjects, although even that expectation has been weakened by the tendency to accept credentials and degrees as *prima facie* evidence of knowledge. School-teaching remains a craft, or even merely a job, often a temporary job.

So far as we aim at thoroughness at all, it is the superficial thoroughness of circumnavigation. Even our college graduates too often secure only a series of passing views of the islands of knowledge, including a view from the air. Their paper records may be complete, beginning with an orientation course and ending with a couple of seminars or courses of research, but only in a few institutions is there vigorous effort to find out at the last whether or not students have really possessed themselves of a field of knowledge and learned to think in terms of its facts and principles. Our colleges, and indeed our graduate schools, suffer from the disease that

keeps our secondary schools permanently enfeebled — 'credititis,' the itch for credits, points, units, and semester hours. We are in the midst of a generation of students and teachers obsessed with the notion that organization counts more than the actual outcome of the educative process in the intellectual and spiritual condition of the pupil. Educationally we are a nation of credit hunters and degree worshipers. Even our graduate students, preparing to teach, talk of how many semester hours they have 'taken' with Dr. X or Dr. Y. To have 'had work' with Dr. So-and-so, to say 'I had his work last semester,' is offered as a substitute for knowledge of the subject and independent views as to its issues. Everywhere the emphasis is on machinery and bookkeeping. Standardization has laid a deadening hand upon us. There is much attention to processes and little assessment of results.

II

This picture of American education is undoubtedly discouraging and may seem one-sided and unfair; but when one starts to examine our educational procedure from the standpoint of its consistent bearing on clearly defined and widely accepted aims, it is difficult to find much that will support a more optimistic view. No doubt I have massed the colors to make a sharp impression. There are bright exceptions that might be noted in a more detailed analysis and values that would appear if the picture drew upon a fuller palette. To paint our education in terms of expenditure, buildings, numbers of students, ingenuity in method, provision of textbooks and facilities, earnestness of effort, administrative elaboration, and business efficiency, or faith in the entire process, would yield a different and a more inspiring canvas.

But the time has come to question our schooling as to its actual results. What of the outcome, considered in relation to the time, energy, and money expended on the process? This is the inquiry which seems to me most to merit our present attention, and in these terms the account I have here presented is neither unfaithful nor misleading.

We have many requirements, and we put thousands of young people through the mill; it is high time that we began to examine the final product with a closer scrutiny. This is especially true of college preparatory work. When we ask how much the students who are working under the influence of college entrance requirements know of the subjects we force them to study, or, more pertinently still, how much we expect them to know and what use we expect them to make of their knowledge, our procedure offers no satisfactory answer. We are not clear as to our aims. We have compromised, relaxed requirements here and there, clung to certain traditions, insisted on a little mathematics or an elementary knowledge of a second modern language or a certain amount of laboratory work in science; but seldom have we carried through and applied in our colleges or schools a searching inquiry into educational values. Our discussions tend to degenerate into academic logrolling. The weighting of a subject for admission credit or the maintenance of a specific requirement for graduation becomes a political storm centre in a college faculty or an association of school and college teachers, much as does the duty on a given product in a new tariff measure in the national Congress. We avoid fundamental educational discussion. Great college presidents carry out educational reforms that deeply affect the whole educational programme, and educational theorists establish movements

of importance in the schools; but in college preparatory education, where the tides meet, there is still confusion and uncertainty.

The trouble, I believe, lies very deep. It is not due to any natural perversity in educators, either schoolmasters or college professors, although there are penalties which must be paid, of course, for the wearing of the academic cloth. It is an historic accident, or perhaps a series of historic accidents, which keeps us in confusion. It has come to pass with us, as perhaps nowhere else in the world, that liberal education is divided between two separate and almost discontinuous institutions, the secondary school and the college; and it is the break between school and college, perpetuated and deepened by unfortunate decisions as to entrance requirements, which makes our secondary education so largely abortive and affects adversely our efforts to improve education in the college. This, I believe, is susceptible of demonstration; but it is far easier to point out the difficulty than it is to designate the remedy.

Certainly there are directions in which it would be quite futile to seek the remedy, and one of these is the rejection or repudiation of our widespread effort to provide free schooling. It is always foolish to throw out the baby with the water you wash him in. To make our secondary education less democratic would be to sacrifice its most outstanding virtue. If our education sprawls, it is because we have been trying to meet an unprecedented variety of needs with the minimum penalty for false starts, without much counting of costs, and with steadfast refusal to debar anyone from 'educational advantages.' Our standards have suffered because we have tried educationally to be all things to all men. The American public has demanded the teaching of more and more

subjects, and our educational leadership has not resisted the demand or insisted on concentration and accomplishment.

But in the effort to raise our standards we need not deny the democratic principle. We are rich enough to 'make universal education not only universal, but also education' — which means providing more education for a great many people without reference to their ability to pay, yet making our offering more consistent and definite in its lines of effort. We can and should set up a greater variety of curricula in our schools and see that they lead on to definite ends, many of them vocational, some of them nonvocational. The richness of our offering should not be sacrificed. What we ought to abandon is our willingness to smatter, to dissipate, to make a curriculum a patchwork. Every curriculum beyond the elementary school should have its centre, its essential character, its definite goals. A curriculum may be embroidered with subjects taught for interest, for enjoyment, for appreciation; but its major values should be realized in a small group of related subjects in which achievement of a clearly recognized sort may be expected and demanded. And all curricula that are not wholly and immediately practical ought to have some outlet into higher education, but not necessarily into the traditional college of liberal arts.

We have in one sense too little variety in our colleges as well as in our secondary schools. More colleges of more kinds, more school curricula of more kinds, but clearer definition of the kinds — this would be a formula which would at least lead us away from counting up 'units' of this, that, and the other and calling the sum an education. Such a scheme would require guidance for all students from the

junior high school on, and it would mean that false starts would entail some loss, and that a closer selection of students capable of pursuing the more difficult curricula would debar many for the sake of better results for those who remained; but there would be nothing undemocratic in all that. Our present practice seems to imply that taking a little of everything and not learning much of anything is good for us because it makes us all alike. Surely we may develop some community of understanding and some unity of purpose among Americans without making education the same for everybody because it has no distinguishing character for anybody.

To keep the democratic variety of our school offering and yet to crystallize the whole programme into lines of cleavage that will permit the achievement of distinctive and substantial results is a task of the greatest difficulty and complexity. If the realization of our need for concentration is an insight of any value, it must be matched with other insights as it is worked out into its application in the schools; and the undertaking cannot be entrusted to amateurs. The remedy for the present situation does not lie in scorn for the scientific study of education and the professional training of teachers and school officers. The scientific study of education is in its infancy, and it has been largely concerned, so far, with its own tools. To most laymen and to many teachers such technical instruments as psychological examinations, standardized tests of school achievement, and statistical studies of school problems are altogether unimpressive or forbidding. But in fact they constitute one of the surer promises of our educational salvation. Technique alone will not save us, but we cannot move far without it. It is said of money that there are many things of greater worth,

but you have to have money to get them; the technical means and methods of educational investigation are in like manner indispensable to other ends. Our directors of educational policy need at least an adequate understanding of what can be done by way of measuring educational accomplishment, analyzing statistically an educational problem, and studying in exact and quantitative fashion the conditions under which an educational enterprise must be pursued. Laymen and the nontechnical among teachers may point out problems and suggest reforms, and the technicians ought to welcome the insights of the intuitive and the experienced; but in most cases the technicians must come into the undertaking before reforms can safely be consummated. Education is no longer a field for the inexpert. If our professionals have not saved us from the awkwardness of our present situation, we must not therefore dismiss the professional attack upon education as of no avail. The study of education should be broadened, rather, and raised to higher levels. Teachers' colleges and university schools of education have suffered from the same superficiality and credit-counting externality as the rest of our educational scheme; but that is no ground for leaving the direction of schools in the hands of those who have given no study to their problems.

If our trouble arises from an unfortunate relationship between schools and colleges, it might seem as if the best chance of improvement would lie in an attack on college entrance requirements and college entrance examinations, or, more generally, on the theory of college education itself as it affects the freedom of the schools. There have been plenty of attacks, in all conscience, on admission regulations and admission procedures, and the last

radical change in entrance policy — the New Plan — was unquestionably a change for the better. The New Plan accepts a creditable school record and requires examinations in only four subjects, whereas the Old Plan permits the piling up of entrance 'points' by the taking of examinations in one subject after another: the change from Old to New is obviously in the direction of concentration. Even the New Plan, however, leaves the secondary schools hesitant about simplifying their curricula and distinguishing sharply between them. One can go far, for example, without finding a secondary school that has set up a scientific curriculum, without Latin and without a distracting burden of study in other fields, in which a selected group of pupils is carried well beyond the introductory stage of scientific study. But no renewal of attacks on college requirements, in the old style, is likely to bring about any such result. To decry entrance examinations is futile, for some scheme of examination the colleges must have. Experiment in the form of examinations is desirable and is in rapid progress; but at bottom it is the theory of the relation between school and college that must be reconsidered, and this is not so simple a business as is the study of the relative merits of the various plans of selection for entrance, given the present theory and the present situation. The problem of admission to college involves both the theory of secondary education and the theory of college education. There can be no hope of accomplishing anything of importance by taking the point of view of the school and hurling complaint or defiance at the college, nor by taking the point of view of the college and casting scorn and accusation at the school.

From the point of view of the school, it must be recognized that some scope

and freedom is a necessity. Schools must have the opportunity to prepare selected pupils for college without denying to them or to the rest of their pupils the opportunity for an education. Concentration, continuity of effort, and excellence of results in a relatively narrow field should be feasible and should be accepted as duly preparatory for college; but along with that it should be possible for schools to do interesting and genuinely educative work in general science, or world history, or even in the much despised study of civics, or in general mathematics, or in the purest informalities of auditorium exercises, club meetings, and 'projects,' without anxiety about success in strictly preparatory studies.

On the other hand, the facts as to the progress of college education should be accepted. The college is no longer a continuation of the secondary school. When the programme of the Boston Latin School was redefined in 1798, it consisted of nothing but Latin and Greek, and the programme of Harvard College consisted of little else. There is no such continuity now, and there cannot be. The college has taken up a far-reaching range of studies, of truly university character: philosophy, psychology, economics, government, comparative literature, the sciences, fine arts, the modern languages, higher mathematics, and much besides. The college has also adopted university methods, and is working out a new theory of its aims and procedures. To try to obstruct or reverse this tendency would be like trying to stop a glacier. The junior college can have no meaning or success as a mere effort to do the work of the college in a shorter period, and if it leaves secondary-school work the thing of shreds and patches it now is, adding a smattering of college subjects as a border or headpiece, it will be

a positive influence for evil. The commanding problem of liberal education in America is the problem of unifying secondary education and collegiate education without denying the essential character and the modern development of either.

The need for working out a fundamentally new answer to this problem may best be shown by a closer examination of the kind of secondary education we accept and designate as preparatory. It is in the schools that prepare directly for the college of liberal arts, as now constituted, that we can probably best begin to change our educational chaos into something approaching a cosmos.

III

The preparatory school is a truncated and impoverished institution. It finishes nothing. The subjects to which it devotes its attention and on which its students spend precious years in the golden period of youth need not be brought to fruition and in fact are largely abandoned at the college gates. The college starts a new and more rewarding type and kind of study, and its requirements have been formulated with very little reference to the completion of what has been begun in school. So far as the college programme has reference to school work, it expresses only lack of confidence in what the schools have done, requiring English composition, for example, because the schools have not taught boys and girls to write effectively. This lack of connection between school and college breeds confusion of thought and accounts for much of the 'milling around' in our educational discussion, which seems never to reach any fundamental and productive conclusions. In the preparatory schools it leads either to slackness of effort or to the kind of

rigidity in routine, without illumination, which appeals to moral principles and conceptions of 'character,' buttressed by marks and punishments and personal pressure, as a substitute for intellectual satisfaction in study. In the college it leads to repetitions of school work and delay in beginning the distinctive business of higher education. It has more to do than has been generally noted or admitted with the perfunctory character of much collegiate study and instruction. Our college students — I borrow the figure of speech from a brilliant woman who knows them well — are more interested in the labels on their intellectual luggage than in what it contains; and so far as this is true it is largely because they have been taught at school to look no further than the customs inspection at the collegiate port of entry. Or, to shift the metaphor, school work is only a purgatory which precedes the heaven of college life, and 'getting by' is the rule for both. In spite of all the devoted effort of schoolmasters, their work is often baneful in its results, even when they are highly successful in 'getting their pupils into college.' The institution in which they work is not final and has no true aims of its own; nor is it in any exact sense even preparatory. School work, therefore, cannot be educative, and it will continue to induce wrong habits of mind until the school secures more freedom to aim at end points instead of halfway stations on roads that go no further. The present situation produces no attitudes that are profitable even for the college.

Consider Latin as a preparatory study. It is highly regarded and very widely required; but what do our secondary schools accomplish in the actual realization of the values of classical instruction? The preparatory school cannot make its work in Latin strictly a groundwork for what is to

come in college, for a large proportion of its students will drop Latin on entering college; and besides, the time is too long to keep the students at mere preparatory drill, especially if they start Latin at twelve. Yet the time is not long enough to achieve the higher and more important values of the subject, and the pressure of college requirements in other subjects, together with the general atmosphere of postponement and the pervasive schoolboy spirit of the institution, discourages effort of any genuinely scholarly character. There are very few schools that go beyond Caesar, Cicero, and Vergil, and of these only the required books and orations. Granted that boys may get valuable linguistic discipline from two years of Latin, why keep them at it longer unless they are to get the more important results that would come if they continued their Latin beyond what the colleges require for entrance, reading Horace, Catullus, and other lyric poets, Terence and Plautus, the historians, Lucretius, more of Vergil, more of Cicero, and securing besides a wide view of Roman civilization? Our boys at entrance to college have no Latinity. Yet they need not get any, for they can drop their Latin, and most of them do. Even if they take Latin in the freshman year they are often so poorly 'prepared' that they get from it less than they should. The whole scheme of our education tends to prevent anything that could by courtesy be called classical scholarship. We cannot be thorough to-day with those who might respond and learn, as once we were thorough unduly, prescribing the classics alone for every type of mind.

In differing degrees this same condition obtains in every subject of the secondary school. The schools send up to college boys who have studied history but who have no historical

sense and no developed interest in historical study; boys who have studied science but who have not grasped the scientific method; boys who have studied foreign languages but who have no *Sprachgefühl*. The schools can do nothing better, for their work is preparatory only and done in a preparatory spirit. They do not dare to concentrate their programmes into a few consistent and thorough curricula, leaving Latin out of some of them, for Latin is heavily weighted for entrance credit. The New Plan would permit greater consistency and sharper selection of students for specialization, as for example in science; but the schools would be uneasy in the attempt and the colleges do not seem to favor it. There is no chance in our schools to do the type of thoroughly scientific work done in a German *Oberrealschule* or *Realgymnasium*, even as far as our schools can go. The break ahead prevents it.

Meanwhile the colleges find it necessary to repeat much that the schools have taught because they have no confidence in the results. Some favored schools can, to be sure, anticipate the English composition of the freshman year, but there is much boredom and perfunctory teaching and learning in college because there is overlapping of subjects, a general ignoring in the college of what has gone before, and a tendency to look upon it, in any case, as a mere set of intellectual exercises preparatory to real work, now that the schoolboy has become the college man.

Is it any wonder that the insidious doctrine of formal discipline flourishes among us? This is the technical name for the belief that such a study as geometry is valuable because it 'trains the reason.' The total value of any programme of studies is covered by the statement that it has 'trained the mind.' Perhaps no doctrine in the history of education has done so much

mischief, nor has any been more thoroughly discredited by analysis and by experiment; yet it persists, and it is significant that it flourishes most in America, where secondary schools, being unable to accomplish results of any importance in the actual achievement of knowledge, outlook, standards of taste or judgment, or methods of work, fall back on the esoteric claim that their teaching 'disciplines the faculties.' The effects of any such belief are disastrous, for the disciplinarian forgets the true aims and values of his subject and uses it merely as a pedagogical club, or as a set of intellectual dumb-bells or chest weights. Its delights, the points of view to which it leads, what it means, and its relations to other subjects — all these values are set aside as of minor importance. And our teachers are tempted to accept the doctrine of formal discipline because they cannot see the transforming effect of any satisfactory progress in their several subjects. College teachers do not appeal to 'disciplinary' values in their own teaching. The college teacher of history expects those who specialize in history under his instruction to remember much that they learn, crystallize much into general views, gain some power of critical understanding of the past and of the present, and be in general more intelligent in their judgments of men and events. That, if you like, is a training of the mind, but it is not a 'discipline of the faculties' and it accrues only by reason of interest and effort and accomplishment in history. But even college teachers are inclined to look upon the studies of the secondary school as 'disciplinary.' The stigma of their purely preparatory character is upon them.

And why consider the actual choice of subjects in the secondary school important, after all? Have we not

invented psychological tests that serve better than the entrance examinations in the subjects as a means of predicting success in college? The College Entrance Examination Board has a so-called Scholastic Aptitude Test, a psychological examination, the results of which have been expounded with gruesome statistical completeness in a supplement to the latest report of the Board. It may not take the place of examinations in subjects, but no college would be risking much that took the students who do well in that test, no matter what subjects they had studied or when or how. For colleges do not call upon students to carry their subjects of secondary study to completion. They ask only, 'Are you fit for college work?' The rest is of no significance. The development of psychological tests for college admission is a fine technical achievement and it has an important bearing on many problems; but it is in one aspect a comment on our educational system which may well arouse the laughter of the gods.

As to the pupils, can they be blamed for an attitude of acquiescence? What reason has the boy in a preparatory school for considering his studies anything more than payments demanded for the fun of being in school and the later privileges of college life? If he does not do well in his studies he is kept out of athletics — a policy wholly mistaken, so far as the boy's respect for study is concerned. If he does not get good marks he will not get into college, but he knows he can drop the 'stuff' he is studying as soon as he has 'cashed in' at the entrance gates what he is now learning in school. The system makes studies mere counters. The accepted aim of study lies outside; its true values are obscured. Of course this is due in part to parents and in part to the 'general state of culture' in America; but our relegation of school

studies to the rôle of 'preparation' for a purely ulterior object is responsible for the perpetuation of an utterly wrong attitude of mind in all concerned. It is surprising that any schools — even the better ones — do as well as they do.

There is another subtle effect of our separation of school and college which should be brought clearly to light. It lowers the standards of scholarship, skill in teaching, and educational understanding expected of our schoolmasters. A German *Studienrat* is expected to be master of his subject and is highly trained as a teacher. He is a pedagogue in the finest sense of that rather underrated word. Our schoolmasters, on the contrary, need not be scholars, although of course some of them are. As a class they have been called 'grossly ill-equipped, ill-rewarded, and lacking in distinction.' So far as this is true, is it not due to the fact that they are expected only to drill their pupils for the college examinations? Why ask them to be scholarly, when they have no chance to bring their pupils to any point of fruitfulness in scholarship?

There are evil effects on college teachers, too, and on college requirements. The intellectual snobbishness of college teachers toward secondary-school teachers is a result of the separation of school and college into two distinct systems, one altogether preparatory to the other yet in no sense continuous with it. And such educational absurdities as our college requirements in modern languages, whereby continuity and achievement in one language is sacrificed to a smattering of a second language, or even a third, are by no means unrelated to the fact that we have all lost sight of the student, his growth, the need of unity and persistence in his application to a limited field of study, in our obsession with credits, and the balance between

hours in this and hours in that. If liberal education were one indivisible unit, continuous although varied, with a clear goal for each subject in each of the different curricula, we should think in terms of educational values in both school and college. As it is, who ever hears of what a subject may contribute at any given stage toward the student's understanding of himself and his world? One hears of units, entrance points, semester hours.

The resentment of parents and schoolmasters has centred on college entrance examinations; but examinations in themselves are not an evil and may indeed be made valuable from every point of view. The point at which examinations come makes all the difference. If an examination is *final* in the sense that it comes at a point at which the values of a subject may be realized, summed up, organized, and displayed, it is indispensable. In mathematics, for example, there is a point — so the mathematicians say — at which mathematics for general understanding, mathematics for 'culture,' may find an appropriate end. To get there, one must have studied the calculus. At that point a general, end-point, or leaving examination would be highly desirable and appropriate, and it could knit together all the mathematical studies that had gone before, from their very beginnings in arithmetic. That is where the German youth takes his *Reifeprüfung*. That is where we ought to have a general examination in mathematics, even if it has to come at the end of the freshman year in college. Those who enter college on a school programme concentrating in mathematics should meet such a test at entrance or else be held to taking freshman mathematics and meeting such a final test at the end of their first college year. There are end points of similar character in all

or at any rate in most of the school subjects. Whereas we now examine here and there and encourage students to forget what we have tested, assuring them that their 'points' have been put into the refrigerator of the entrance record, we should encourage them rather to look forward to an examination that will test them at a stage of reasonable mastery of the subjects in which they elect to specialize, and make their further progress depend on that.

IV

The principle, it seems to me, is clear, and the temptation is strong to work out a detailed scheme for applying it. Concentration and distribution, with general examinations at the final stages of progress in the subjects of concentration — the governing ideas in the plan of instruction established in Harvard College under President Lowell — if this plan makes college study educative, whereas before it often failed to be more than an instructional veneering, why not use it in the secondary school?

But the difficulties, it must equally be clear, are many, and the whole subject should have further consideration. The change can be made. The colleges must take the lead. They can so adjust their requirements for entrance and their regulations governing the work of the freshman year that the schools will look ahead, from the seventh grade (the beginning of the junior high school) to the end of the twelfth grade, or even beyond, to the meeting of tests in certain subjects that are tests of truly educative teaching. The college that takes the lead in this

direction will deserve the blessings of schoolmasters. Yet schoolmasters should have a large part in the necessary readjustment, burying their own differences and their extreme claims for the educational virtues of their individual subjects in an effort to meet the colleges in a true reform. Schoolmasters know what American boys and girls can do, and with the help of parents they can be relied upon to safeguard the health and physical development of American youth against intellectual demands that might easily be made oversevere, especially during the earlier years of adolescence. They have become familiar with the possibility of using intelligence tests as a means of choosing the more gifted pupils and giving them an enriched curriculum without hurrying them forward at the expense of health or growth or social adjustment. They will have in mind also the needs of the boy or girl who is not a good candidate for college but who should, nevertheless, have a well-conducted secondary schooling. They will know what can be done in subjects for 'distribution,' subjects supplementary to those selected for concentration. In meeting these and other problems, some of which are with us already, some of which will appear or be sharpened by the application of the principle of concentration, schoolmasters should work hand in hand with college authorities. They are engaged in one business, the task of liberal education, the aim of which is not erudition or any imitation of learning, but general understanding — a true picture of men and things, with a genuine intellectual penetration of some phase or aspect of human experience.

TAWNY MARSH

BY J. M. WITHEROW

I

WHEN copper was found in the cliffs that faced the north shore of Tawny Marsh, men predicted confidently that Sunville, spreading east and west between marsh and cliff, would become a big city before a dozen years had passed. And for a time it seemed that the prediction would come true. The Tin and Copper Syndicate laid a railroad, built workmen's cottages, and put up the most efficient machinery for mining and loading, and later on for smelting. Spacious streets were laid out, numerous stores sprang up, farms were plotted and occupied, north and east and west. Long serpents of freight cars every week carried the finest copper in America to the big markets in the East. The Tin and Copper shares boomed. Everything seemed flourishing and full of promise.

And then the shadow came. Sunville became aware of a deadly enemy within her gates. There had been ominous whispers the second year, but not till the third year had men said right out that the little cemetery was growing faster than it should. The town authorities proclaimed that drinking water, obtained mostly from wells, should be boiled or at least filtered. But the uneasiness increased. Immigration slackened perceptibly. The Syndicate, alarmed for its labor supply, secured a young medical graduate who had won golden opinions in the hospitals of Chicago and sent him to Sunville, along with two trained nurses,

to fight the enemy, equipping in his behalf a medical laboratory with all the most efficient drugs, instruments, and literature.

Dr. Valentine came and plunged immediately into the fray. The first case he visited was a boy of fifteen years, who two days before had been perfectly well. Now he lay with sunken cheeks, heavy eyelids, ugly dark rings round the eyes, almost imperceptible pulse—obviously near to death. It looked convincingly like ptomaine poisoning. Yet the most searching inquiry failed to elicit a scrap of evidence that the boy had taken food or drink differing in the slightest from what the rest of his family had taken.

The young doctor realized the importance of winning the first fight. He put on both nurses. He came four times to the house that day. By evening the treatment began to take effect. At ten o'clock Valentine was able to come out of the sickroom and tell the parents that little Robbie—his father's pride, his mother's darling—would probably recover, and recover soon. The gratitude of the poor people was affecting in the extreme. When Mrs. Peirce sobbed out a prayer that God would reward the man who saved her boy's life, the doctor could only shake her hand and hurry from the house.

He cherished no illusions. 'That was a near thing, won by a fluke. Next

time it may be the other way, unless we unmask the enemy.'

Many cases were malarial, aggravated by panic. On all such, Valentine's competent handling and cheery optimism acted like a charm. Wherever he went he brought hope and vitality. The little community recovered some of its old spirit. The shadow seemed to be lifting.

And yet the panic had been far from unfounded. Many deaths of alarming suddenness had occurred and still occurred. Valentine soon found that these illnesses consisted of two classes: one like that of Robbie Peirce, another apparently a high fever, not typhoid, not cerebrospinal meningitis, yet resembling both. Nothing in his medical books gave him definite light, but he had no doubt that here were two disease germs, comparatively new to American medicine, which, until expert bacteriologists isolated them, he could fight only by the most careful and scientific nursing.

So for three years the fight went on. Valentine soon put every household right and alert about the most effective devices for keeping flies, gnats, and mosquitoes out of sickrooms and away from food. By patient coaching he made every young mother in Sunville as trustworthy at the bedside and almost as deft as his own trained nurses. More than once he himself took a turn at watching a patient through critical midnight hours when relatives were worn out. And even when his efforts ended in failure he could say a word worth saying to desolate husband or broken-hearted wife or terrified child, and the very sound of his voice in those hours was like a caress. Before those three years ended, the doctor had endeared himself to the whole population. The men honored him, the women worshiped him, the children loved him, his two nurses would have died for him.

It can be guessed, then, what consternation reigned in Sunville when the news spread that the doctor himself was down with sickness.

'Dr. Valentine?'

'Yes, and he's bad.'

'Not the "poison death"?''

'No, but it's the "quick fever," and that's bad enough.'

'I should say. He'll be wanting grapes and ice, and he shall have them right now if I have to carry them myself.'

But everyone was saying and doing this same thing, and soon traffic to the door had to be stopped. Neighbors took charge and put up a bulletin every two hours.

The Reverend Charles Medway, the only clergyman in the place, who had recently turned a rough shed into a church and begun to hold Sunday services, announced by placard that a prayer meeting would be held at eight o'clock, to 'intercede for a beloved fellow citizen's life.' Over one hundred and fifty people, three times the usual congregation, gathered there that night.

Next evening, when Dr. Hinton, who had been rushed from Cheyenne City in the manager's high-powered car, announced that the patient's temperature had reached 105 degrees and that there was very little hope, Mr. Medway's church was crowded to suffocation. Men were there who had not been at worship for forty years. It was long remembered how Marwin, the old copper miner whom Valentine had attended after the rock fell on his leg, — a man who had never prayed publicly in his life, — got up and said very quietly, 'O God Almighty, if someone must die, let it be me. Let it be me, old Marwin, and let Dr. Valentine live.'

Next morning the dreaded bulletin was put up, written in a shaky hand: 'The doctor died this morning at six o'clock.'

II

Mr. William Tranquil Ennersly, president of the Tin and Copper Syndicate, trained geologist and engineer, also financier and multimillionaire, arrived in Sunville the morning of the funeral. His car passed through silent streets into the wide yard of his great mining works, where not a sound was to be heard and not a living soul was to be seen, until an office door opened and the manager appeared.

'Good morning, Fenton. What on earth has happened?'

'Good morning, President. Dr. Valentine has died.'

'I know, I know, but why stop the work?'

'Stop the work! I stopped nothing. I left the gates open, as you see, but I got an intimation last night, quite polite and respectful, that not a man or boy would leave his home this day for play or for work till the doctor was laid in his grave. There's no ill will to you or me, — we have no labor troubles here of any kind, — and there's no loss or damage except this stoppage up to the dinner hour. You see, President, Valentine was no common man, and the people are fair broken-hearted. I have never seen anything like it in all my life.'

'Well, well,' said the president, 'I know, I know. I don't blame you, and I don't blame the men either. But tell me, did Valentine do the trick? Did he get the better of this epidemic or whatever it is?'

'Yes and no,' answered the manager. 'Valentine did all that any good medical practitioner could have done, and far more than most of them would have dreamed of doing. But he often said to me in this office, "Fenton, I am fighting a deadly enemy with one hand tied behind my back. I have sent these bacteria men at Chicago all the

swabs and specimens they demanded, but till they have isolated and cultured the coccus that does the mischief, and made a serum that will kill the coccus without killing the patient, I can never give the knock-out." He was always in hopes that word would come from the laboratories in Chicago, but it never came.'

'Did he ever say why this microbe was so potent here and so rare in other places?' asked Ennersly.

'No,' replied the manager. 'He was certain it was not the water. He tested and analyzed the water in every possible way, and was sure there was no better drinking water in the States. But I rather think he blamed the flies and mosquitoes. We do have a plague of them.'

Both men then put on appropriate garb and went to attend the funeral. When the body was committed to its rest and the service had quite finished, Mr. Ennersly invited the company to remain for a few minutes, as he had something to say.

'I wish first of all to endorse all that has been said by Mr. Medway about our departed friend. He was an honor to a noble profession. He served this community with his whole heart. He was also a most faithful servant of the syndicate over which I have the honor to preside.

'At the proper place and time, you, the citizens of Sunville, will doubtless consider what form of memorial will best enshrine and express your gratitude for all that he was and all that he did for you. But on behalf of my fellow directors and myself I wish to announce that we have decided to commemorate our faithful servant and express *our* gratitude by building and endowing in this town a memorial hospital, to be known henceforth as the Valentine Hospital, where all sufferers from accident or disease in this

community shall receive treatment or nursing free of all expense.'

Mr. Medway uttered a few words of heartfelt thanks, and the mourners then dispersed.

That afternoon Mr. Ennersly took the opportunity of having a good look round. He procured a horse and rode out along the crest of the range of low hills that runs due south from the eastern outskirts of Sunville. Tawny Marsh extended level and ugly on his right, a quadrilateral about six miles east and west and five miles from north to south — a waste of wild grass and rushes, here and there stagnant pools, a bank of black slime near Sunville, farther out vast stretches of light brown or yellow weed, from which the great swamp took its name of Tawny Marsh.

'I am no biologist,' said Ennersly to himself, 'but I would hazard a guess that there's the big mother of the flies and all the bugs that worried poor Valentine.'

Ennersly was no biologist, but he had a good eye for country. Tawny Marsh he soon recognized as the bed of an ancient lake. Halfway down the slope from where he was riding he spied the long narrow line of the ancient lake beach, keeping its dead level round all the little sinuosities of the hill front and running far south toward Roy Gap with the precision of a Roman road.

'An ancient lake, of course, where the water was suddenly drawn off. But why was it drawn off? And where did all the water come from and why is it not there now?'

When Ennersly reached Roy Gap, a fold of the hills at the southeast corner of the Marsh, he found the answer to some of his questions. The overflow of the ancient lake had there had its outlet and, pouring over a cliff some miles to the east, had cut backward through the cliff edge — back and back

through long ages to the shore of the lake, and then in a few hours the last thin barrier burst and the whole lake poured down the gorge and drained itself dry. Dry? Yes, perhaps; but what had happened to the river or rivers that fed the lake? And why this big swamp, Tawny Marsh?

It was not apparent yet what had happened to the river, but at Roy Gap, some time after the river ceased to flow, a landslip had occurred. Thousands of tons of clay, stone, and gravel had suddenly broken away from the steep mountain to the south and pitched into the hollow. The old outlet was completely blocked for more than half its total depth and for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. Away to the east the gorge ran winding for seven miles, two hundred feet in depth, but as dry as a bone. To the west of the landslip the brooks from the hills accumulated the mud and rain of winter, but never could remake the old lake — only wide shallow pools that grew stagnant and evaporated in the heat, feeding rushes and asphodel and yellow moss, and nurturing the pests, the winged enemies of man. So came Tawny Marsh. Ennersly rapidly jotted down in his engineer's pocket-book some notes on the apparent differences of levels and returned to Sunville.

The consumption of fuel at the copper works had increased seriously, and Ennersly liked to look into things for himself. The rest of that day was occupied with investigation into costs.

The following morning saw the president again on horseback, making for the northwest up a wide valley that bounded the west end of the copper cliffs. He returned at night, tired but in high spirits.

'Fenton,' he cried, 'those cost calculations of last night are out of date. You may burn them all. In eighteen

months I will give you all the electricity you require here, and all that Sunville requires, at one third the present cost.'

'Struck oil somewhere?' asked Fenton skeptically.

'No, sir, water. You know the Yellow Fork that flows from the Eastern Rockies in this direction and then turns about twenty miles from here at a sharp angle and makes northeastward? Well, that same Yellow Fork used to flow straight on down into Tawny Marsh where the little creek now runs that you call the Trickle.'

'That was before my day,' said Fenton, still skeptical.

'Yes, about ten thousand years before you were born. It was diverted by some slight obstacle up there on that plateau where it winds and goes slow, and I am going to coax it back into its own old channel and bring it down into Tawny Marsh. Three or four miles out from here we shall lay pipe lines and bring over those cliffs, into turbines right here at your door, as much water as will make all the power we need for the next fifty years.'

'But you forget. Our town stands barely fifty feet above Tawny Marsh. You will swamp the place. You can't play tricks with a river.'

'I thought of that. I will see to it that no house is swamped. And you forget Roy Gap.'

And then the discussion turned on ways and means.

But the president in the end made out his case and took his own line.

About two years after this conversation, there came a day when all Sunville turned out to see the Yellow Fork overwhelm the little Trickle and enter Tawny Marsh. The engineers up-country took care to increase the diverted flow only very gradually. There was no sensational rush of a mighty flood. But there was nothing disap-

pointing in the view from Sunville next morning. Tawny Marsh was gone. In its place lay and flashed and dimpled and laughed in the sun one of the loveliest lakes that men in that part of the world had ever seen. The hills on the east and south looked smaller, but the high hills on the west, wooded halfway up and beautified just then with the tints of autumn, had a majesty and a color which the level silver of the lake now revealed for the first time, while from the foot of those hills ran out some long promontories — the land's fingers laid caressingly on a new-found treasure. Three or four islets also 'leaped to the eye' in the northwest and southwest corners, like emeralds left lying on a silver shield. For a whole day Sunville could talk of nothing else. No human eye ever saw Tawny Marsh again.

III

Six months after the coming of the lake the Reverend Charles Medway, availing himself of a lull in his pastoral work, made his way to the Valentine Hospital to call on Dr. Hinton.

'Good morning, Doctor.'

'Good morning, Minister. Want a new heart? Or a secondhand appendix? Or any little trifle like that? Town and country orders promptly attended to.'

'Yes,' cried Medway with a smile. 'I want you to conceive and deliver yourself of a fine infant in the form of a popular lecture to my St. Telemachus Literary Society.'

'And when do you think I could find time to get up a popular lecture?'

'Six months ago I would not have mentioned it. I know the load poor Valentine carried alone, and the town is a third bigger now. But I am sure it is healthier. I know I have not heard of one "poison death" or one "quick fever" in the last four months.'

'I am sure you have not. There has not been one case notified for five months anywhere about here.'

'How do you account for it? Have you any idea?' asked the minister.

'I am not going to speak positively,' said the doctor, 'but my present belief is that those diseases were wiped out with Tawny Marsh.'

'The Lord's name be praised,' said Medway. 'And about the lecture —'

Just then the telephone bell rang. The doctor took up the receiver. After the usual 'Yes — yes' came a pause of listening, then 'My heavens!' Then another pause. 'Here, of course, at once. Everything will be ready. Be careful. Good-bye.'

'Medway, there's been an accident. Ennersly is badly hurt. They're bringing him here right now. Has had a bad fall and is unconscious.' So saying, he pressed the electric bell.

'I thought he was in New York!' cried Medway.

'He returned to inspect the Roy Gap sluices yesterday.'

Soon the matron and two nurses were on the move, and in little over ten minutes the special ward was in perfect readiness for the injured man.

'Hinton, you'll be busy, but I'll remain within call,' said Medway. 'When you've done your work he may need me also, and in any case I ought to know the best or the worst.'

So Medway remained, and saw the limp figure of the president carried on a stretcher from his car into the hospital. The minister strolled about for nearly an hour in the warm evening sun. He noted the extraordinary stillness of the air, the amazing loveliness of the scene. He thought of the change this man had wrought, who now lay there helpless — perhaps dying. At last he saw Hinton come out through the wide door-window of the special ward on to the verandah and sign to

him. He hurried forward. 'Well?' he asked.

'All going right for the present,' said Hinton with a grave face. 'But, my word! He's battered and bruised from head to foot. It seems he and his head engineer were watching the water roaring out of their overflow pipes in the gorge below Roy Gap and lamenting the fact that such power was going to waste, when Ennersly said, "Let us have a look at some of the rocks up there where this landslip came from. It would be better to find something at hand rather than fifty miles away."'

'So they climbed up some three hundred feet of the steep slope above the southern edge of the gorge. When they reached the bare rock above, Ennersly, after some knocks of his geologist's hammer, called out, "Man alive, it's hematite!" That moment a lump of rock of no great size fell and struck him on the head. Ennersly gave a cry and suddenly tumbled backward, rolling and tumbling and sliding right away down the slope among the loose stones for about fifty yards, and then lay still against a boulder.

'He has a broken arm, which I have just set, and concussion which may or may not be serious, but the best chance for him is to lie as still as death for as long as he can.'

'Well, I hope and pray he will recover,' said Medway, 'and if he does not —' he paused, thinking a bit — 'well, we will build him a monument as big as we built for Valentine, and set it up at the other end of Hamilton Square.'

'Will you?' asked the doctor. 'He's all right in his own way, but he is not and never was and never will be a man like Valentine.'

'Hinton,' said Medway, 'you know how I honored and loved your predecessor, your heroic predecessor, but I

cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the man lying in there delivered the goods.'

'You mean?'

'I mean what you told me yourself, and what I am sure is true. Ennersly — not Valentine — wiped out the "poison death" and the "quick fever." Think of what that means to this community for years to come.'

'Yes, my dear fellow, but, granting all that, did Ennersly intend to do it, or was he simply out to get heaps of cheap electricity — and brought off our deliverance as an accidental by-product? It seems to me that intention counts, or ought to count, for a good deal in a matter of a man's deserts. Why, padre, is n't that what you yourself are always telling us on Sundays? But stop, here's Nurse. Well, Nurse, anything wrong?'

'No,' said the nurse, 'he's lying perfectly still; has never raised an eyelid — only moans a little now and then. But the air is so calm I can hear every word you say, though you speak so softly.'

'Oh, that's all right. What do *you* think? Ought he to have a monument for giving us the benefit of Ennersly Lake?'

'I think the lake is monument enough. Besides, he has made plenty of money out of it,' said the nurse, going back to her duty.

'There you are, Medway,' said the doctor. 'Hear the voice of the people.'

'She's wrong, Hinton; and if that is the people's voice the people will be wrong. Look here. Suppose that you and Ennersly one hot day were swimming in that lake, and that you saw something bright on the brown bottom below and dived for it and brought it up, finding it to be a gold watch and chain with no end of jewels and rings and locketts attached to it; but that after you secured it you found

Ennersly in trouble and drowning, and you took the chain in your mouth and gripped Ennersly by the ears and brought him safely ashore — would he be excused from all expression of gratitude to you by noting that you had made a good thing out of it, that you never went into the water to rescue him, and were all that gold to the good?'

'I should think not,' admitted Hinton.

'Very well, then, gratitude must have its place and expression in our case also. And about intention,' went on Medway, 'you are right: we make a lot of it in the pulpit, because we speak there of man's deeds as viewed by God, who knows our motives through and through. But what do *we* know about Ennersly's intentions? Do we *know* he never intended to destroy the pests of Tawny Marsh? We do not. We were perfectly right in giving high honor to Valentine, the man who laid down his life trying to accomplish a great work, though he failed to accomplish it. But we cannot afford to ignore efficiency, or to ignore solid achievement because we are not sure of the intention. We must honor the man who delivers the goods, and we ought to attribute the best motives to him that the plain facts permit. I must say I think people are unfair to rich men. If rich men make money, they meant to make it; but if they confer a great benefit, they did not mean to confer it — it was an accident, an unintended by-product; or else they did it deliberately because they hoped thereby to achieve some reputation or position or ulterior gain for themselves. It's not fair. But supposing Ennersly and his like are out for themselves and what they can get, and only that all the time; even then I would praise them to their faces for their services and their benefits, because I have far more hope of changing a hard man by

treating him generously than by perpetual suspicion and ingratitude.'

'Medway, my boy, it seems to me you would build that monument now and set it up for Ennersly himself to see — if he recovers.'

'I would,' said the minister. 'I know it's not the custom, but I would.'

'Well, I would not. I hate all this flattery and slaving of the rich and powerful. I would wait till they were dead, when no one could say we were on the lookout for further favors to come.'

'Hinton, I feel the force of that. I only want to say I detest and loathe ingratitude, or what comes to the same thing — gratitude that conceals itself until it is too late. But enough of this. Think over that popular lecture you're going to give at my Literary Society, and good-bye.'

'Oh, I can safely promise to think,' rejoined Hinton with a smile. 'Good-bye, padre.' And the two friends parted.

The events which had happened in Sunville now attracted the attention of the whole state. Mr. Ennersly had scarcely recovered from his bruises and his concussion when the leaders of one of the great political parties had him nominated for the governorship. On election day many citizens voted for their own party candidate, as they had always done. But a section of thoughtful people were swayed by the same considerations which had been discussed by the minister and the doctor in the grounds of the Valentine Hospital, and the party managers on both sides have since admitted that these voters upset their calculations and made all the difference between victory and defeat.

The result of the election has now passed into history, but there are still people interested in the controversy which once raged so hotly who think they know the principle that should have governed the voting. But these people do not all agree.

MAKURASAKI

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

TOWARD one-thirty I am roused by knocks. I lightly made an offer that was accepted in earnest. At two and again at three I must go the round of the village. I am the watch. He who rouses me is the ropemaker, his the house next door, and with unction he delivers into my hands two flat boards. He has just returned; has struck the hour every twenty feet by slapping the

boards, so the good villager might know the time — might be reminded, as he turned in his sleep, of the folly of resting too absorbedly, the danger of fire never being far. A round at two, another at three, then I as well shall hand on the boards, and so they will go from house to house from hour to hour. They are the clapper of the village clock.

It rained while I was asleep, and

after rain Makurasaki is decently navigable only in *geta*. But I cannot walk in those charming checks on earthly hurry, so I mush in shoes. I make for the lower village, there where rice fields lie moon-white under mist the hot night through, thence up the main street, dip into every crossroad, on every seventh stride clack my woods twice.

Overhead the sky is covered and the moon is just gone down. Makurasaki sleeps. The sultriness of yesterday still burdens the morning, and the old who find it hard to breathe squat in the unboarded slits of their houses, wait on whatever currents of air there may be, smoke those long pipes that consume night more than tobacco.

Thoughtlessly I stop at one such slit. The candle within makes no efficient combat against the darkness, yet it lays a ghastly sheen over a naked body. The body is long, thin like a cadaver, yellow, flecked with shadow, one hip high — I catch myself, push on, am not sure whether it is man or woman.

And again murky walls close in about me. I walk as under some grim stockade. The houses all are boarded, and only above remain the dim distinctions, the vague balconies, the odd angles, the oddly broken lines, the Orient of prints sitting in the dark with somewhat the unconcern with which God in an old Italian picture sits in a cloud.

Suddenly the caroling converse of two voices; and, a moment after, the owners of the voices, deformed by fog, swing with their lanterns into the street. They are two of the party of yesterday. Both smiled and smiled, and I thought they might also be villains, and now they bow and bow, and I do hold to my impression. Where they stand they sink in mud, and while they pull on one *geta* the other goes deeper. This annoyance makes them address me only the more vehemently.

It does not stay them that I do not understand a word. Their double bass fills the air. They are heated within by sake.

Then I am back at the rice fields where I began. Far away, still the two voices. Somewhere near a geisha sings. But the romance of night and of my place in space and of my part as watch is much dissolved in weariness.

I hand on my sticks, drop straight asleep; to be awakened in the morning, curiously, by fire.

There is a frightened pounding of the temple bell, and if I did not know what that meant I should have but to look at the faces. 'Fire and plague.' The street is full; little motionless groups on the rooftops; all straining toward the east. By the telegraphy of crowds, mysterious here because there is no outcry, the news has run. A house standing alone in the open country was lit by children, is burned to the ground, and the village is safe. Yet the tidings do not quell the feeling. The groups still strain toward the east, and where there is talk, the talk makes only more express the fear. And not unfounded this fear, with the houses wood, the streets alleys, no ready water, and the roofs straw! On the last occasion two hundred houses were ash in half an hour, and Makurasaki counted itself lucky that the wind bore not from the sea.

It happens the Buddhist priest for this very morning has invited us to his *Cha no yo*, his ceremony of the tea. Nine o'clock was the hour, and it is already past noon. Nevertheless we move leisurely. The fire will explain. And if it did not, Japanese custom begins a function when the guest chooses to arrive.

The temple yard is in sabbath humor. A small boy quits his gravel, studies me with a regard so troubled that only for one moment can I think of the whimsical in him. And he continues to study

me as I take off my shoes and go up into the temple. In the temple there is the abrupt cool of a vault. A few old men are waiting on the service for old men, to begin an hour hence. One bends over his feet and rubs them rhythmically. Another guards while in a heap his family sleeps. The oldest sprawls in an aisle, his limbs gaping, his lips moving, his eyes not on the earth.

To this the bell adds one stroke. It swells like some ghoul's breath from nothing to an indefinite immensity, and comes upon me almost less a tone than a fear. But the laugh of the priest's young wife rings high. She is no kin of the solemn bell. She has a baby in her arm.

'Once upon a time I lived in Shanghai!' Those are her first words. 'And there were many foreigners in Shanghai, and I am happy with foreigners.'

She beckons us to the rear of the temple, then down a tiny stairs, then across a bridge with tea trees on either side, then up to where on a polished floor we sit at the tip of a balcony.

Unshaven, with eyes that blink and blink, the priest, I scarce know whence, is in our midst, and smoothly has led us from himself to his collections. The sheets of bamboo, thin as paper and overwritten with a Sanskrit fine as engraving, are a fragment of the eight thousand volumes of sacred writing — to move them would require seven and one half horses! The sand in the amber vial is from the Indian river; the grains are the multitude; the water of the river is so pure the healthy bathes next the leper. Do I know that wooden carving, the three monkeys back to back, one with hands over his ears, one with hands over his eyes, one with hands over his mouth? Meaning? Thou shalt not hear evil, shalt not see it, shalt not speak it.

He smiles, rises, carries off two of the walls. That is exactly what he does. A

child could do it, the parts are so light. And a draft draws through the room. A draft is untimely in July, and he closes his eyes the more feelingly to enjoy it.

'Calling the wind is the first act, and perhaps the best of the ceremony.'

The boy interrupts with the steaming pot; sets it on the vermilion lacquered table. The boy is in plain blue cotton.

'An excellent casting, this pot, made by a half savage in an ancient village on the river Han in Chosen.'

The boy interrupts once more. It is with the agate box. And the priest takes the box, lifts its cover, lets its sea-green powder shimmer in the sun. He watches us. He watches the powder. His eyes laugh, and when he puts back the cover he balances on it an olive ladle of a lightness such that the drafts rotate it one way, then the other.

I begin to be fond of him. Perhaps he is fifty. Perhaps he is forty. Perhaps thirty. His eyes open fully only under strain; seem easiest, as with so many of his compatriots, when narrowest, a consequence possibly of centuries of painter-like squinting on a ghostly world. Happy the life he has led, roaming where he chose, secure against want and society and exactions of state, a nimble wife, and this baby that tries hard to smile though unsure of the attachments of its head.

He talks now of seven hundred years ago, of the days when the ceremony was height of fashion, and while he talks prepares the bowls. Bowls are used instead of cups. Mine is of clay taken from the hill where Nogi in the Japanese-Russian War paid for victory with forty thousand men. The general has written his name into the clay, and the priest is at pains to show me where.

From the iron pot with the wooden dipper he scoops the steaming water,

rolls it in the bowl, and, when the bowl is warm, empties into a copper pan. Not one move is offhand. From the agate box with the olive ladle he carries the green powder. As the hot liquid falls into the green a poisonous-looking brew leaps up. Quick he takes what appears to be a brush, and with it skips over the mix, and a foam forms. He eyes the foam intently. All eye it. And he continues to skip till, at some critical moment, swiftly, like one terminating a rite, he sweeps the utensil out of the green, leaving over it an even float of bubbles.

His smile is the smile of magic. He scans his achievement side to side. He wonders, Could I do as well?

There is a knack, no question, and the more I belabor the mix the fewer bubbles do I get. He pretends perplexity, cocks his head and pinches his eyes.

'You work too hard. This is an art. One never drudges in an art. But you could learn if you tried.'

And with that assurance he goes to the drinking, there being rules also for that. Your host advances the bowl. You bow. You lift it in your right hand, and rest it on your left, and turn it through half its circumference. You touch it to your lips. You sigh with gratification. You find for the quality of the tea what pithiest praise you can contrive, and your host bows. You drink the bowl dry, have care to leave no dregs, a trace implying that the suspension was not perfect; and, if this be true, yet must the skill of your draft disguise it.

He warns me a second helping may keep me awake. In the next sentence he speaks of the tea as thin. Actually I have never drunk thicker concoction. It adheres to the tongue, and the very texture is a satisfaction. The aromatic element comes and goes. I do not mind being kept awake.

The boy meanwhile has slid into the

next room, has spread a Persian rug, and on the rug has unrolled a sheet of yellow Mino paper. By the side of the paper lie ready *suzuri* and *sumi*. These have nothing to do with tea, but with writing. The priest has said he would write. That is an honor. And when we are settled anew about him he takes the *sumi*, a solid ink, grinds it with water on the smooth surface of the *suzuri*, frowns as he grinds, grinds and grinds till a fluid forms that will evenly flow from the tip of a brush. Plainly much science of the immortal order has gone also into this.

Brush in hand he straddles the paper, the paper about four feet long and two feet broad, and hovers over it while in his mind he arranges the thought. Then, suddenly, with what seems daring, he sets down one after another of those lovely ideographs that look just ready for flight. Every stroke is a swoop. If a line were to come too heavy or too light he would leave it. The first must be perfect: that is the principle, a principle not much thought of in a world that knows so well the lazy certainty of work.

What he is writing all down the middle of the yellow is the Buddhist form of the proverb, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.' Along the left in smaller characters he puts his own name and the red seal of the temple. Along the right, 'For an American Gentleman, the Thirteenth Year of Taisho, One Summer Day.'

The bell moans. It is the hour of the service for old men, and the priest is gone. The dear wife follows us to the outer precincts, laughing and bowing till we are away.

II

They invite me to the bath. They are always inviting me to the bath. After the guest the master bathes, then

the males in succession of age, then the women, last the servants, and the interest of this hierarchy gains when I add that, though one soaps and scrubs in a pan, the final rinsing is in the tub, and the water of the tub is changed but once a day. In the midst of my bathing there comes an oldish woman; says she will help me. I tell her I could not give her that trouble. It is no use. Her mind is made up. I try to display an indifference that I cannot feel. I am very naked. I smile, but she will not smile with me. She only stares and stares, till she marks me even to myself as strange.

When at last she has helped me into a fresh kimono, a committee of the village waits to take me to the dinner. We start down the hill toward the beach. A troupe of boys blocks our passage. Two of them carry a drum and a third bangs it while he yells a wild high cry. A fourth brings up with the banner. They are announcing the evening's play.

We continue down the hill. My host walks near me. 'The dinner is at the house of the geisha!' He whispers the words, opens wide his eyes, as suddenly closes them again, and says no more. For my part I go along with some common masculine thoughts.

They meet us in a garden and escort us to a pavilion. Twenty kneeling figures of men bend as we approach, and together, in silence, we watch the twilight move out over the sea.

'Not by hand — by water.' My host, who is still near me, anticipates the question I have only felt.

There is a rock in the middle of the bay. It is like a finger, and it points upward to the sky. It is blacker as the light goes out of everything but the piercing west. One must indeed be told that it was not put there by hand, that it was shaped by the eddying of the sea. A slender finger exactly in the middle of

a circular bay. It would seem as if Nature while she worked about these islands were swayed by Japanese principles of art.

When the lanterns are brought we find we are outside a large oval of lacquered tables. Under covers of bowls are eggplant broiled in soya sauce, ginkgo seed pierced with pine needles, toasted eel, bamboo sprouts, plums pickled in perilla. The women have worked noiselessly. They kneel in the central space, composed and smiling.

This morning I asked grandmother what happened to the geisha as her youth went by. She shook her head, and I could learn no more than 'Only if she has a beautiful heart or a beautiful face — else there is no escape.'

The geisha may take to the life for many reasons. The family property is mortgaged, and she sells herself to clear it. She is touched by the time, thinks her brother ought to have the higher, more expensive education. A great man loves her, is unhappy he cannot marry her; if she went among the geisha to live, he and she might have much of one another. I believe I have some idea how merely sham these reasons sound. But sometimes, too, the life is the life of her talent. She longs to play an instrument and sing and dance. The geisha also smokes with you and drinks with you and serves your food. If she serves you further I am sure it is by her own choice.

The return to the world, however, does not depend on herself, and there is the curse. She must be bought. Thrift will not manage it. At the best, a lover buys her; but though this is a common theme in the Japanese novel I am not convinced it is common in Japanese life. Still, geisha have married into all ranks, and tales are told that carry to the highest places.

My host, who was in America once,

has a notion how the scene should daze me, impenetrable eyes watching while I in kimono eat raw fish by lantern light. I am surprised to hear him ask. The tone has been so natural that I take as natural, too, the extraordinary facts.

Opposite each gentleman sits his geisha. There are four opposite me. Our conversation goes by smiles and bows and oglings till it occurs to one of them, comes to her clearly as a small revelation, that she might make him who was in America give her the use of speech. Henceforth there is a buzz borne continually between us, and each response is greeted by bubbles of laughter. All want to know the byways of the Western knowledge of heart.

Three of the four are fluffy and merry, and the wine glosses their faces. The life suits them. The fourth is slight and pale, drinks much, yet is no part of the felicity, looks as if cigarettes might hold the rein. She lights one, puffs twice, hands it to me, then observes me with such a skew intentness as I smoke that the three fluffy ones glance at each other and smile.

My bowl she fills with *shotsu*, then with sake, then with *shotsu*, then with sake; and, each time I do not drink, snatches up the bowl and drains it to the lees. Presently she quits the room; returns with a bottle of French wine. But when I still only sip she is confused and sidles over to the gentleman who is supplying speech. He laughs at what she says; the fluffy ones move in close and laugh, too; and when my pale one comes back to me she wants to know, Do I love her?

The pitch of the party rises by degrees, though the talk remains low and the wooden crack of the breakers is as

loud as before. It is less and less like the West. In his cups the Oriental grows only the more heavily moody. He has the appearance of hot speech, but he does not speak. The women stay within the oval, the men without. The tête-à-tête is always across the lacquered tables, more impassioned, more as if each pair were alone; yet none touch, none kiss.

The pale one comes with wine and more wine. Her eyes show it, not unbeautifully; otherwise she kneels as she kneeled, gazes as she gazed. Her kimono is a rich purple with white birds on the wing, and in a lantern light that swoons with smoke she is such a disengagement of sex from the burden of it that I admit to a strange stunned happiness, and when she begs to be taken to America with the other of my women I am not altogether pleased that the times are out of joint.

Would she go? She is young. She is already weary. Who knows enough about the foreigner to say it would not be easy for him to buy one from this life? She may think she detests Japan, and it would not be remarkable if she detested her portion of it. America or Timbuktu. One must have had some experience with Timbuktu to know that no romance wide of one's self is like to remain happiness.

I ask my host how old she is, and whether it is probable one so young will have gone far on the primrose way. He says it is not probable, and he asks her how old, and she tells him she will soon be fifteen.

Later her head droops, and she sleeps there as she kneels. She is more daintily artificial than ever. Once she rouses, but only to rest the tip of her forehead against a beam.

A WAY OUT OF THE COURT DEADLOCK

BY ESTHER EVERETT LAPE

I

IF one were collecting curbstone impressions as to the reason why the United States is still outside the Permanent Court of International Justice, the result would show wide variety. One group, anxious to fix the blame at home, cites as the heart of the difficulty that trouble-making fifth reservation concerning the right of the United States to prevent the giving of an advisory opinion. A second group, equally anxious to place the blame abroad, defends the entire reasonableness of the fifth and all the other reservations, laments the error made by the signatory states in 'rejecting' them, and points out that in view of this 'rejection' there is certainly nothing more to be done in the Court matter unless and until the signatory states come to their senses. At this point may crop forth dark hints that the real difficulty is that certain of the Great Powers (names are given!) 'do not want us' in the Court and have seized the opportunity to magnify unimportant differences in order to keep us out. A third group, too deeply puzzled by the whole matter to know where to lodge the blame, accords ready belief to the rumor that we are still outside the Court because juridical complications of the most solemn order have developed, differences far too deep for popular comprehension, but inevitable and altogether respectable.

Any one of the above is a poor description of the real obstacle. The

solemn juridical difficulties, when closely scanned, take on the contours of quite familiar domestic political inconveniences. Whence it dawns on the careful observer that the dead stop in the Court matter comes about, so far as the United States is concerned, not because the differences are insoluble, but because we have not, for reasons entirely domestic, found it convenient to go on with the process of solution. The reservations themselves, whatever one thinks of them, are not the heart of the difficulty. This holds also for the second part of the fifth, which indeed is presented to the world as the *causa belli*, but which, if taken in the reasonable legal meaning which this article is written to present, would probably offer no difficulties whatever abroad. It is troublesome now because it is capable of bearing two meanings; and the real obstacle to our adherence to the Court is that we have not been able — or willing — to clear up the justifiable doubt as to which of these two meanings we mean it to bear. Obviously, since the meanings are directly opposed, it cannot bear both.

To the simple-minded it seems vastly simple for the President or the Department of State to say, at once and very clearly, that of course the fifth reservation is to be taken in the only reasonable legal meaning possible for it to have under the law and precedents of the United States. But from the ward-politics point of view the Court has

become more and more a 'loaded' subject since the Senate resolution providing for adherence to the Court was passed in January 1926. Followed a wave of reaction whereby the Court, distorted into a convenient symbol of 'foreign entanglement,' was washed through all the byways of domestic politics, and even, not many months ago, assigned the rôle of leading issue in a Chicago mayoralty campaign. Absurd, but there it is. Canny advisers of the Administration naturally cite the traditional wisdom of gently postponing loaded subjects in near-presidential years. The rest is silence. Our negotiations with the signatory states have reached a point where it is our turn to speak. But, against every tradition of international dealing, we have refrained from going on with the conversations that are to be considered a matter of course in arriving at agreement upon the Court treaty or any other treaty.

Our policy throughout, in the Court matter, has been not to negotiate but to legislate, not to hold conversations but to rest on ultimatums. But treaties cannot be legislated; they are the product of the most subtle and delicate processes of diplomacy, including the flexible exchange of views as to what is intended, what definitions are to be attached to this or that provision, and so forth. We proposed to adhere to the Court treaty with five reservations. We declined a request to explain just what meaning we intended some of these to have. The signatories, in doubt as to how much we meant to claim, accepted the reservations with reservations. In thus accepting them they hopefully proposed 'such further exchange of views as the Government of the United States may think useful.' That was many months ago. But up to the present we have not thought any further exchange of views useful. We choose to regard as a finality what they

evidently considered as one step in diplomatic negotiations.

'But surely,' said an amazed European diplomat a few weeks ago, 'the reply of the United States will be coming through soon. You proposed something to us and we replied, accepting in general and suggesting further discussion of points not clear. The President cannot just put our communication in his pocket!'

When on the same day, however, this diplomat's hopes were quoted to an experienced representative of the State Department abroad, who knows well how capacious the pockets of that Department are, he said with a smile, 'The doctor does n't understand. The thing's over. A good office job will be done in Washington upon the replies. A careful memorandum will point out how reply A differs from reply B and how C in turn differs from A and B, etc. And the whole will be filed. *Voilà tout.*'

The bewildered public, finding the Court a difficult subject at best, cannot stand the strain of analyzing further difficulties and more than half acquiesces when told that the whole issue is 'dead.' Assured that we made a generous gesture toward international coöperation and that our overtures were 'rejected,' the people reason that perhaps we are well out of it. They begin to favor 'leaving it to time.' This is excellent stuff for Mr. Borah and the irreconcilables and also for those reconcilables who are 'for' the Court but not to the extent of allowing to it any disruptive force in home politics.

II

If the problem were to allocate blame, both the United States and the signatories would come in for a share. We contributed a first blunder in not troubling to find out whether the reservations as passed would be clear to

and acceptable to the signatory states. •When Mr. Hughes, in 1923, announced the original Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations, he did so apparently only after sounding out the countries in the Court to establish that they would be acceptable. If any sounding out had been done abroad as to the final form of the fifth reservation, the question as to which of two possible meanings was to be given it would at once have been raised and answered. But the second form of the reservations was the Senate's, not the Secretary of State's; and diplomatic soundings out have no part in the business of trying to legislate treaties. In a way, this whole Court situation illustrates the Senate's tendency to obtain a share in the negotiation of treaties (an executive function) by dint of attaching reservations to its constitutional advice and consent to the ratification of treaties. Our second blunder later followed naturally from the first: we were not able — or willing — to tell the signatories exactly what the fifth reservation meant when they asked for reassurance concerning it. They invited us to send a delegate to their September Conference to explain it. Secretary Kellogg refused — altogether reasonably, for until our reservations were accepted we were not a signatory and had no status and no vote in a conference of signatories; and the Secretary of State had no authority to make an official paraphrase of a Senate reservation to a formal conference. But, while necessarily refusing this invitation, the Secretary of State could certainly have indicated that the United States would be willing to converse in the ordinary diplomatic ways as to the meaning of the fifth reservation, since there was doubt about it — doubt at home as well as abroad. He did not do so; and his letter still rankles in various foreign offices. If fifty nations state that they are in doubt as to what

reservations mean, the *entente cordiale* is not improved by telling them that 'the reservations are clear and unequivocal.'

Not all the blunders have been ours. The signatory states, if they did not 'blunder' in their action at the September Conference, at least failed to seize an obvious opportunity to simplify the situation. The reply they made to the reservations was fair enough; but they might, more astutely, have made a reply that would have brought the negotiations forward, a reply that would have achieved both objects, of getting the United States into the Court and also safeguarding the functioning of Court and League. As it was, they did merely the latter. Genuinely puzzled as to how far we meant to go under the fifth reservation in claiming a right to prevent advisory opinions, and fearing the worst because of the interpretation given to this reservation in some of the Senate debates, — an interpretation that might interfere with the constitutional functions of both the League and the Court, — the signatory states, after accepting outright the first, second, third, and first part of the fourth reservation, attached to their acceptance of the second part of the fourth and the fifth the condition that, if the situation produced by the acceptance did not work out well, it could, by a two-thirds vote, be withdrawn at any time. But a conditional acceptance of conditions is not a satisfactory basis for an international engagement of the first importance to rest upon. 'What the Conference needed above all else to do was to send a *réponse simple*; what we did send was a *réponse embrouillée*.' So said recently, in informal talk, one of the keenest jurists at the Conference. He, and others there, had wanted the Conference to accept the fifth reservation outright, with the rest, attaching to the

acceptance a statement of the sense in which they understood it.

We cannot, however, dwell too fondly upon the blunder made by the signatory states when we know that if, in any way whatever, they had been given assurance that our fifth reservation was to be taken only in the reasonable legal meaning set forth here in detail a little later, they would have made the *réponse simple*, a simple acceptance. The significant present factor is that very generally over there they now feel that a little genuine discussion would lead to agreement. 'If the United States would let it be known in any way it sees fit that it attaches only a reasonable meaning to the fifth reservation, agreement could be reached in a few hours, if not a few minutes.' So spoke an official of the French Foreign Office not many weeks ago. A member of the British Foreign Office, in slightly different words, said the same thing. They know that in the case of other treaties differences measurably greater have often been resolved by a simple exchange of views.

Is the second part of the fifth reservation all that stands in the way of agreement? Substantially, yes. It is true that the September Conference attached the condition also to the second part of the fourth reservation, which provides that the statute of the Court is not to be amended without the consent of the United States. Since, however, the Conference finally decided that the consent of all the signatories is needed for amendment, as in the case of any treaty, their attaching the condition to acceptance of this reservation has met with a good deal of criticism abroad. It is one of the points that would probably be straightened out easily in the course of further negotiations.

Before going to the heart of the difficulty, the meaning of the second part of the fifth, a word is needed about the

peculiar form the Conference adopted for putting the United States reservations into effect. Instead of amending the Court statute, they preferred to draft a special protocol between the United States on one side and all the other signatories on the other. Why? If statutory amendments were necessary in order to put the United States reservations into effect, why did not the signatories accept the reservations first, and then, in a later conference, with the United States present as a member, amend the statute? Leading delegates at the Conference urged such a procedure, and, as Mr. Kellogg's letter shows, it is the procedure suggested by the United States. There are reports that the Court itself favored this method.

The thing that seems to have determined the Conference to adopt the method of the special protocol rather than to amend the statute was the first part of the fourth reservation, providing that the United States might withdraw from the Court at any time. If the United States were thus poised for flight at the very moment of entrance, the Conference doubted the wisdom of amending the statute for the special purpose of making the United States reservations operable. If we withdrew, the signatories would find themselves with a statute altered in ways no longer applicable. A special protocol would have the same force as the statute, but would be detachable — if and when the United States detached itself from the Court.

This is another instance in which the American spirit of reservation, the careful provision for escape, may have induced a counter spirit of caution in the signatory states. The signatories decided that whatever statutory changes they made for our special purposes should cease to exist if we ceased to exist in the Court.

III

Now as to the main issue, the second part of the revised fifth reservation:—

Nor shall it [the Court], without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

There is in the United States a good deal of genuine (as well as a good deal of manufactured) apprehension as to the advisory jurisdiction of the Court. It is shared by some jurists abroad. Much of it, however, has been broken down during the past few years by the fact that the thirteen advisory opinions thus far given have been obviously useful, and especially by the Court's method of treating advisory opinions — that is, with all the investigations, all the formality, all the pleadings and counter pleadings, all the documentation, and all the publicity that characterize the Court's procedure in giving an actual judgment.

Since, however, the advisory opinions of the Court are in a way only a League affair, — the Assembly and the Council being the only agents that can request them, though every nation is subject to the moral effect of them, — the signatory states had no objection to the United States, as a nonmember of the League, making some reservations on this score. They did not object at all to the first form of the fifth reservation, in the old Harding-Hughes-Coolidge terms, in which the United States merely observed that it 'would not be bound' by an advisory opinion upon any question it had not voluntarily submitted. The second form of the fifth is very different in wording from the first. But the tragi-comic aspect of the present situation is that the second form — in law and in reason — means little if anything more than the first.

What does it mean? The Court issue in the United States is in the near future bound to take shape as a choice between the two sharply contrasted interpretations of it.

By the first, which is the reasonable legal interpretation, the second part of the fifth reservation authorizes the United States to oppose the giving of an advisory opinion by the Court in cases in which the United States is a party, and also in cases in which the United States, while not a party, has a direct material or legal interest, the Court being the judge as to the existence of the interest.

By the second interpretation, sponsored by a few influential members of the Senate, the United States would be entitled, under this reservation, to prevent the Court from giving an advisory opinion in any case whatever by the mere unsupported assertion of a claim of interest, and this assertion would be final. In face of it, the Court would have no power to give the opinion even if both the nations that were parties to the dispute desired it.

The question as to the right of the United States to prevent the giving of an advisory opinion in cases in which it is a party can be removed from the discussion at once. That right is conceded by the signatory states, which at the September Conference freely admitted that in cases in which the United States was a party the Court would not render an advisory opinion if the United States objected. The Final Act of the Conference says:—

As regards disputes to which the United States is a party, it seems sufficient to refer to the jurisprudence of the Court. . . . This jurisprudence, as formulated in Advisory Opinion No. 5 [Eastern Carelia], given on July 23, 1923, seems to meet the desire of the United States.

In the Eastern Carelia case, the Council of the League requested from

the Court an advisory opinion in the matter of a dispute between Finland, a member of the League of Nations, and Russia, a nonmember of the League. Russia objected to the opinion's being given, and refused to coöperate by aiding in the investigations and hearings which the Court conducts in connection with the giving of any advisory opinion. The Court, thereupon, refused to give the opinion. It is true that four of the judges dissented, believing that the Court would be justified in giving the opinion. It is also true that the Council of the League was not pleased with the Court's refusal. But the fact remains that in the Eastern Carelia case a clear majority of the Court took the line that the coöperation and consent of both parties are an essential condition of the Court's giving an advisory opinion.

This point of view is of immense importance, since it shows the disposition of the Court to treat advisory opinions as it treats judgments — that is, to consider it as an essential principle that an advisory opinion will not be given by the Court if one of the parties objects. That Russia's being a nonmember of the League was the determining consideration cannot be assumed; the ground the Court gave for its refusal was the noncoöperation of Russia in furnishing the facts necessary to the Court for arriving at an advisory opinion.

The September Conference was prepared to register its approval of permanently confirming the principle followed by the Court in the Eastern Carelia case, at least with regard to the United States, and thus to accept the fifth reservation so far as it concerned cases in which the United States was an actual party. Nor did the Conference reject the idea that the United States might be entitled to prevent the giving of an advisory opinion in some cases

in which it was not an actual party. It is not hard to think of cases in which, while the United States is not a party, its interests — for instance, its commercial rights or the lives, property, or welfare of its citizens in foreign lands — would be adversely affected by an opinion given in a dispute between two other nations, or upon a point of law in a question not a dispute between nations, affected in a tangible and material way easily recognizable by a court. There should be no doubt that the United States ought to have the right to interpose a claim of interest in such cases.

In the first reasonable legal interpretation stated above, the fifth reservation, therefore, is not only justifiable but necessary. To illustrate: The United States might have refused to submit a dispute to the Court for an actual judgment. In thus refusing, it would be acting in accordance with a fundamental provision of the Court statute which requires that both parties consent to the submission of a case to the Court. But the Council of the League, of which the United States is not a member and the deliberations of which the United States does not influence, might, in an effort to settle a disturbance that threatened, refer the same dispute to the Court for an advisory opinion. The moral effect of an advisory opinion and of a judgment are much the same. Against such an event, therefore, the United States justifiably claims the right to object.

Such a right is assured to it by the fifth reservation, in the first sense stated above, with reference to an advisory opinion upon any question in which the United States is a party or has a real interest. Taken in that meaning, the fifth reservation is entirely justified, and the United States ought to be satisfied with nothing less than unconditional acceptance of it.

If the United States will say that this of course is what the fifth reservation means, and will continue normal diplomatic negotiations, the way out of the present deadlock becomes as simple as the voice of reason itself. But the voice of reason has a way of crying long in the political wilderness.

In the second meaning, the fifth reservation is highly objectionable. To illustrate: The Council of the League might ask the Court for an advisory opinion with reference to a point in dispute between France and Japan, or Japan and Brazil, bearing upon the treatment of the yellow races. The parties might be willing or even anxious to have the opinion given, the Court might be entirely prepared to consider the question, yet the United States — if it had power to veto on an unsupported claim of interest — could prevent the rendering of the opinion simply in order to avoid having available any jurisprudence that could ever furnish suggestive analogies.

Small wonder that the signatories were troubled about how far the United States would go in 'claiming' an interest in cases in which it was not a party. Who would be the judge as to whether the interest claimed was a valid one? The far-flung activities of the United States, the ramification of its interests in every country in the world, make it conceivable that we might feel ourselves to be 'interested,' in the popular sense of the word, in almost any subject upon which the Court might be asked to give an advisory opinion — except perhaps a European boundary line. By holding the power to prevent an advisory opinion on such a ground, the United States would retain a constant and arbitrary right to frustrate the pacific activities of the Council, to hamstring the functioning of the Court, and, in final effect, to obstruct the clarification and development of international law.

IV

The question as to who would decide whether or not the United States really had an interest came up during the Senate debates, but did not constitute a critical point in the discussion. At the time of the debates, for reasons outlined below, decision on this point did not seem essential. It is almost certain that most of the Senators had not deeply considered it and that they have not yet done so. Some of the anti-Court Senators made the point that the Court would be the judge, offering it as one more evidence of the foreign domination that would ensue if we adhered to the Court.

This reasoning came from the same group that opposed the Court because 'ten out of the eleven judges are foreigners,' and that pointed out the un-Americanism of adhering to a Court in which all the judges but one (Judge Moore) had unpronounceable names — at which point a pro-Court Senator raised a laugh by asking the speaker if he did not think he could pronounce the name of the English judge, Lord Finlay. A considerable number of Senators who would have been happy to adhere to the Court with no reservations at all had no great amount of interest in that stiffening up of the fifth reservation which the revised form of it was intended to achieve. The idea that a court of justice should be the judge of the validity of the claims placed before it contained no terrors for them. But unfortunately, because of a mistaken assumption later disproved, several Senators of influence sponsored an interpretation which would make the United States and not the Court the judge as to whether the United States had an interest. Senator Swanson, during the debates, explicitly made the point that any advisory opinion which the United States (whether a

party or not in the question) did not want would not be given: —

All the United States would have to do, with the reservation adopted, would be to notify the Court that they claimed an interest and objected to an advisory opinion.

As another Senatorial protagonist of the Court cause put it recently: —

The reservation clearly means, and that was the purpose in framing it, that it is sufficient for the United States to say, 'We claim an interest in that question and object to its being submitted.' Doing so, the Court would have no jurisdiction to render an advisory opinion.

There is, however, no juridical backing for an interpretation of the fifth reservation which would make the United States in every case the judge as to whether or not our interest is sufficient to restrain the Court from giving an advisory opinion in a case in which the parties to the dispute desire it. The signatory states will never accept such an interpretation. But they will have no fear of the second part of the fifth reservation — and no objection to accepting it outright — if they have the assurance that the phrase 'has or claims an interest' means such an interest as a court would recognize, and that, following the only pertinent judicial precedent, the Court itself would be the judge as to whether or not the interest exists.

For this latter position there is ample juridical support. 'Has or claims an interest' is an accepted phrase in the laws and legal practice of the United States, with a meaning long established by the judicial construction of United States courts. It means a material or legal interest, and the court to which the claim is made is judge of whether or not the claim is well founded.

A diligent search of the law and the statutes would probably result in finding the phrase in many places. No

assumption is made here that all its origins have been unearthed; but when a few weeks ago Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School (and of invincible memory) was asked if he could put his finger on the phrase for the writer, he pointed out where the phrase occurs in the old New York State Code of Civil Procedure, Section 447: —

Any person may be made a defendant who has or claims an interest in the controversy . . .

It may be in point to recall that Mr. John Bassett Moore, to whom the paternity of the revised form of the fifth reservation is very generally ascribed both here and abroad, is familiar with New York practice. Dean Pound also found the phrase in Rule 37 of the Federal Equity Rules: —

. . . any person may be made a defendant who has or claims an interest . . .

While these rules were not adopted in their present form until 1912, this Rule 37 was then declared to be 'a new rule, merely declarative of settled law.'

The legal definitions of an 'interest' go back very far. Rule 37 and the Federal Equity Rules in general have their foundation in the practice of the Chancery Courts of Great Britain, on which the equity practice of both the Federal and state courts of the United States is based. The cases in point, both old and recent, show conclusively that the interest referred to must be a material interest, such as would allow the person claiming an interest to bring a suit himself or such as might make him liable to be sued. It must be an interest in the object of the suit, and not merely in the subject matter or in the principle of law involved.

Judge Mayer, of the United States District Court, in denying the application of the City of New York for leave to intervene as a party defendant (in

Consolidated Gas Co. v. Newton, 256 Fed. Rep. 238, affirmed C. C. A. 260 Fed. Rep. 1022, 253 U. S. 219), on the ground that the City of New York had no interest in the case, said: —

Referring now to the last paragraph of Rule 37, it is plain that 'interest' means a legal interest. Indeed the word 'interest' is used four times in Rule 37 and must be construed *eiusdem generis*. In every instance, it is manifest that the interest must be a 'legal interest' as those words are understood in the law. There never can be a legal interest in a suit in equity unless, as the result of the litigation, the decree affects the person or corporation claiming the interest.

When a party who 'claims an interest' under Rule 37 applies to the court for leave to intervene in the suit, it is in the discretion of the court to grant or deny the application. The court to which the claim of interest is made is the judge of the validity of the claim. The United States Supreme Court has consistently upheld the power of the district courts and the circuit courts of appeal to deal with this question.

It can hardly be claimed that a phrase with an established legal meaning can be incorporated into a legislative act (which the fifth reservation is) and then be held to mean not only something quite different from, but even something violently opposed to, the meaning it has always been given in the national courts. It is an established rule of statutory construction that, where words which have acquired a technical meaning by frequent judicial interpretation are used in a statute, they are presumed to be used with that meaning. It follows that 'has or claims an interest' means in the fifth reservation exactly what it means in the practice of the courts of the United States — that is, a direct and not a consequential interest. It means a legal or material interest in the object of the specific suit,

and not an interest in its subject matter or in the principle involved. It means such an interest that the claimant, the United States, would be directly, materially (and not merely sentimentally) affected by the decree. And the court to which the claim is made, in this case the Permanent Court of International Justice, is the judge of the validity of the claim.

But, it may be asked, what after all does it matter what 'has or claims an interest' means juridically if it means something else 'Senatorially'? What have reason and precedents to do with practical politics?

The Senate debates and points of view cannot change established meanings. It is an established rule of statutory construction that, while the legislative intent is controlling as to the meaning of an act, that intent must be gathered from the act itself; and that debates during the consideration of the bill may not be taken into account as an aid in ascertaining the purpose and intent of the legislative body. Mr. Justice Story once said on this point: —

Courts of justice are not at liberty to look at considerations of this sort. We are bound to interpret the act as we find it, and to make such an interpretation as its language and its apparent objects require. We must take it to be true that the legislature intend precisely what they say, and to the extent which the provisions of the act require for the purpose of securing their just opinion and effect. Any other course would deliver over the Court to interminable doubts and difficulties; and we should be compelled to guess what was the law from the loose commentaries of different debates, instead of the precise enactments of the statute. (*Mitchell v. Great Works Milling, etc., Co.*, 17 Fed. Cas. No. 9962)

V

Two questions must still be lingering in the alert reader's mind: If the phrase

'has or claims an interest' has a meaning established by long judicial construction; if it clearly refers to a material and relevant interest, such an interest as a court would recognize, the court itself being the judge; if the civilized world could see only this meaning in it, and if the rights it secures are all the United States ought, in reason, to wish to claim — if these things are true, why, first, did some of the best-informed members of the Senate embrace another impossible meaning? Why, secondly, did the phrase give such difficulty to the September Conference composed so largely of jurists, legal advisers of the various foreign offices, men used to taking words in their accepted construction?

Those Senators (friends of adherence to the Court) who believed the fifth reservation should and did ensure to the United States the right to prevent any advisory opinion whatever, merely by an unsupported claim of interest, believed as they did because of their mistaken assumption that a unanimous vote is needed in the League Council for requesting advisory opinions, that therefore every member of the Council already has a right of veto, and that the fifth reservation would merely secure to the United States an equal right.

Unfortunately for the soundness of this position, it is not at all certain that a unanimous vote is needed in the Council for such requests. But, more fundamentally, why is our adherence to the Court affected by whether a majority or a unanimous vote is needed? Our fifth reservation is not concerned with the Council's asking for advisory opinions. It is concerned with the Court's giving them. The fifth reservation is addressed not to the League but to the Court.

The United States is not a member of the League, the only agency authorized to request advisory opinions, which

it desires in order to aid it in settling threatening disputes. The United States, therefore, ought not to, and cannot, inject itself into the Council's pacific functions. Why should it try to get itself an equal vote, or any vote at all, in an operation in which it is not concerned and for which, as a nonmember of the League, it has no responsibility whatever? What the United States wants, in the matter of advisory opinions, is merely the right to prevent embarrassment to its interests through the moral effect of advisory opinions. As a member of the Court, therefore, the United States reserves the right to object, before the Court, to being involved against its desire in an advisory opinion upon a question in which it has a material interest.

The line of reasoning that led the Senatorial 'equality' seekers astray centred around this reading of the fifth reservation from a League instead of from a Court angle — this attempt to make the fifth reservation give the United States 'equality' with League members, when as a matter of fact what the United States was asking was the necessarily special status of a nonmember of the League vis-à-vis the rendering (not the requesting) of advisory opinions.

But why did not the Conference of signatory states, feeling as they did (and saying as they then said) that this purpose of the fifth reservation to secure 'equality' rested upon a wrong assumption, simply accept the fifth reservation outright, unconditionally, on the ground that the United States meant of course to reserve a right of veto only in cases in which it was a party or had a material interest, the Court being the judge?

It is a great pity that they did not. That was their opportunity, and they let it escape them.

One of the representatives at the

Conference, M. Negulesco of Rumania, who is also a deputy judge of the Court, very clearly tried to point out to the Conference that of course the Court would be the judge of the validity of any 'interest' claimed by the United States under the fifth reservation. He said:—

It must be admitted that the wording of the fifth reservation might give the impression that the United States had wished to reserve the right to prevent the Court from giving an opinion whenever it was, or declared itself to be, interested.

But such an interpretation could not be accepted, for the words 'if the Court so decide' were implicit in the text. It seemed difficult to believe that at such an historical moment in the annals of the Court of International Justice one of the greatest Powers of the world, which was prompted by its love of peace to adhere to the Court, should be seeking to paralyze the authority of the Court and to prevent it from functioning in the future.

The Conference could accept the fifth reservation if it were interpreted to mean that the United States . . . wished the Conference to confirm in its case, in a permanent form, the rule which the Court had once exercised in the affair of Eastern Carelia.

But this reasoning of M. Negulesco's did not visibly move the mind of the Conference.

There may have been more than one reason for this. Some of the delegates to the Conference were so obsessed with the League as to inhibit their dealing understandingly with the Court, which they seemed to see almost exclusively in its relation to the League, as the source of those advisory opinions which the League has found so useful in averting critical disputes; they had real trouble in envisaging the peculiar status, vis-à-vis the advisory jurisdiction of the Court, of a state not a member of the League.

But certainly the chief reason why the Conference did not accept the fifth reservation in the secure belief that the phrase 'has or claims an interest' refers always and as a matter of course to such an interest as a court would recognize was their preoccupation with what certain Senators thought about it. Foreign statesmen have generally a mixed state of awe and puzzlement as to the Senate, which they seem to regard as something we keep on hand to neutralize the acts of Presidents if and when such acts become inconvenient. It was pointed out in the Conference that the Senate 'claimed very important powers with reference to all foreign affairs.' The debates and conclusions of the delegates were guided, naturally enough, not by what their juridical sense told them the fifth reservation meant, but rather by what certain United States Senators, who happened also to be known and highly regarded by them, had so recently said it meant. In that meaning, they found simple acceptance impossible.

They quickly pointed out, of course, the wrong assumption upon which the demand for 'equality' rested:—

The fifth reservation appears to rest upon the presumption that the adoption of a request for an advisory opinion by the Council or Assembly requires a unanimous vote. No such presumption, however, has so far been established. It is therefore impossible to say with certainty whether in some cases, or possibly in all cases, a decision by a majority is not sufficient.

If—as the Conference was inclined to think—the vote of a majority is sufficient, the United States could not be guaranteed a right of veto on the assumption that every Council member already has the same. Yet, in order to satisfy the claim for 'equality,' the Conference made the following well-meaning but quite meaningless reply to the fifth reservation:—

. . . in any case where a State represented on the Council or in the Assembly would possess the right of preventing, by opposition in either of these bodies, the adoption of a proposal to request an advisory opinion from the Court, the United States shall enjoy an equivalent right.

The 'equivalent' of an undefined right takes us pretty well into the field of the fourth dimension. It is not the type of possession calculated to satisfy the United States.

VI

There is a good deal of support right now in this country (and very little abroad!) for the idea that the best way out of the present deadlock is not at all for us to tell what the fifth reservation really means, but to dump the problem on the doorstep of the League at Geneva, and persuade the Council that it ought to decide *instanter* that a unanimous vote *is* necessary for requesting an advisory opinion. With this established, the signatories, it is argued, could afford to accept our fifth reservation unconditionally, since then — no matter which of the two meanings is given it — it would secure us no privilege not already held by every member of the Council.

This proposal is politically attractive here because it puts on the other side the responsibility for initiating the next move. Nobody could reasonably object if Geneva should be moved to regularize the present difficult situation by making it now what some of the Senate debates mistakenly assumed it to be. This way out of the deadlock would be as convenient as the *deus ex machina* — and would have exactly as much logic.

Nor is it at all likely to come to pass. It will be remembered that at the Conference of signatory states a proposal was made to get an advisory opinion from the Court interpreting Article V

of the League Covenant to show whether unanimity was or was not necessary, with the idea that if the Conference were clear on this point they could know whether or not they could safely accept the fifth reservation. But the proposal was later discarded, even by some of those who proposed it, on these grounds: first, that it would be inadvisable to ask an advisory opinion on a moot question; secondly, that rigid decisions in the life of young institutions are to be deplored; and thirdly, that an advisory opinion would be inconclusive anyway because of the provision in Article XV of the Covenant restricting the vote of interested parties in disputes laid before the Council for settlement (of very doubtful application here), and also because the Court was very likely to say that a request might be sometimes a matter of procedure and sometimes a matter of substance, in the event of which possible reply the problem of the United States and the Court would certainly not be clarified.

But the real reasons why the question will not be settled over there are, first, the very excellent one that they don't want to settle it now, for tactical reasons of their own — they see advantage in uncertainty. 'Even a suggestion of an advisory opinion,' said the Secretary for Foreign Affairs of one of the Great Powers recently in informal talk, 'is often enough to bring a recalcitrant state into line and nip a dispute in the bud.' The 'suggestion' would have less weight if the recalcitrant state knew positively that only one vote could always prevent a request for an advisory opinion. We may or may not be sympathetic with this reasoning, but the fact is, we have nothing to do with it. The second reason why an early settlement of the question is most unlikely is that there is too great a difference of opinion among

leading foreign statesmen as to whether a request for an advisory opinion is a matter of substance, requiring a unanimous vote, or a matter of procedure, requiring merely a majority vote, or sometimes one and sometimes the other.

To illustrate: Dr. van Eysinga, President of the September Conference, told the writer not many weeks ago that he considers that a request for an advisory opinion is a matter of substance, requiring unanimity; he did not, however, anticipate or favor early determination of the question. M. Rolin, who, as Chef du Cabinet of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Belgium, represented his country at the September Conference, said recently that he feels that a request might be sometimes a matter of substance, requiring a unanimous vote, and sometimes merely a matter of procedure, requiring only a majority vote, the latter in the case of opinions on questions as to which the Court's jurisdiction had been previously established, as by treaty. Sir Cecil Hurst, Legal Adviser of the British Foreign Office, thinks the request might be sometimes one and sometimes the other. With the point of view that it may be sometimes one and sometimes the other, M. Fromageot, Jurisconsult of the French Foreign Office, takes issue. He thinks a request for an advisory opinion must be always a matter of procedure or always a matter of substance. He believes personally that it is a matter of procedure, requiring only a majority, though he stresses the political desirability of having unanimity. A much more extended survey than can be summarized here has been made as to points of view entertained on this matter. Its pertinence lies simply in the clear indication it gives that, if the United States is depending on avoiding saying what the fifth reservation means by getting Geneva to take action that

would enable the signatories to accept it whatever it means, the hope is vain.

It is most unfortunate that the Court discussion in the United States ever took this fallacious trend of trying to get for the United States 'equality' in the Council discussions in which it has no concern and no rightful place. This aim at equality quite overlooks the fact that the power of a nation on the Council to prevent a request for an advisory opinion is not to be measured in terms of votes. In other words, if any great nation on the Council, let us say Great Britain, did not wish to have a request for an advisory opinion made, is it likely that the matter would ever even come to a vote? Obviously not. Any great nation exercises its preventive power, in such a case, not by its vote, but by its political prestige, which discourages the issue long before it reaches the stage of being voted upon.

There is no juridical formula that will achieve political equality. There is no reservation which will give the United States, a nonmember of the League, the influence in League debates possessed by leading League members.

But the main point is not that there is no such formula. The main point is that the United States does not want such a formula, and does not want its fifth reservation to attempt to achieve it. The adherence of the United States to the Court is not and should not be dependent upon a decision to be made by the League, or upon any necessity to interpret the constitutional law of the League. To make the fifth reservation a means of securing for the United States a power of veto for the United States in the League Council debates — a veto which the sponsors of this interpretation maintain (obviously wrongly) is held by every Council member — is to inject the United States into the League of Nations. It is a direct violation of the first reservation, by which

the United States declares that its adherence to the Court shall not involve any legal relation to the League or the assumption of any obligations under the Covenant of the Treaty of Versailles. The real purpose of the fifth reservation is in a sense to expand the first reservation. The fifth, like the first, aims, not to merge us with the League members in requesting advisory opinions, or to involve us in League discussions as to whether or not these requests ought to be made, but rather to give the United States, as a nonmember of the League, the power before the Court to protect itself from the adverse effect of an advisory opinion which, while not involving the United States as a direct party, might seriously affect United States interests.

The fifth reservation has no other meaning.

Why can we not say so?

Is it beneath the dignity of the United States to say that the fifth reservation is to be taken in its accepted and traditional meaning, long sustained by the courts of the United States? For the President or the State Department to let this be known, directly or indirectly, in one of the dozens of ways possible to diplomacy, is the way out of the deadlock.

It is the way of reason. It follows also the line of least resistance. No resubmission of the fifth reservation to the Senate for modification or rephrasing is involved. There would be no recession, no 'concession.' Unless, by the curious system of suspended diplomacy we have followed in the matter of the Court, we regard it as a sign of weak compromise to say anything at all. A few weeks ago a certain Senator, when asked whether he should like to see the Court negotiations continued, gave as the apposite reply that he was not in favor of modifying anything! Any departure from the ultimatum

system evidently seemed to him a 'modification' — and dangerous.

The signatory states will not be slow to follow any indication that we stand on the reasonable meaning of the fifth reservation. Reassured on this point, there are many significant indications that they might then accord unconditional acceptance to the reservations as a whole. In that case the President would be free to authorize the signature of the United States to the protocol of signature of the Court. If the signatory states insist upon retaining the special protocol they drew up in order to define the special agreement necessitated by the reservations, it would, of course, have to be submitted to the Senate for the usual ratification by two thirds of its members. But, reassured as to the meaning of the fifth reservation, and accepting it and the others, therefore, unconditionally, the signatory states would perhaps retain little interest in the special protocol. They might withdraw it, thus making it possible for the adherence of the United States to the Court to be consummated at once. Any adjustments, amendments, or special agreements necessary to make the United States reservations effective would then be left to a later conference of signatory states, with the United States, then a member, present and coöperating in formulating the proposed arrangements. That is as it should be. That is the proposal suggested by several delegates of the September Conference. It is the procedure suggested by Mr. Kellogg's letter declining the invitation to the Conference: —

This Government does not consider that any new agreement is necessary to give effect to the conditions and reservations on which the United States is prepared to adhere to the Permanent Court. The acceptance of the reservations by all the nations signatory to the statute of the Permanent Court constitutes such an

agreement. If any machinery is necessary to give the United States an opportunity to participate through representatives for the election of judges, this should naturally be considered after the reservations have been adopted and the United States has become a party to the statute of the Permanent Court.

One of the important points to be settled at this later conference with the United States present would be, of course, the procedure by which the United States would make it known to the Court that it claims an interest. At the September Conference it was pointed out that all the steps looking toward the Court's rendering of an advisory opinion might have been taken and yet the Court might be delayed in so doing by not knowing whether or not the United States claimed an interest in the case. Who, they asked, would decide whether or not the United States considered itself interested and who would interpose the claim? The President? The Secretary of State? The American Ambassador at The Hague? The American Consul at Berne? Would the United States Senate require to be consulted as to whether or not the United States claimed an interest in the given case? If so, and if the request for the advisory opinion was made at a time when the United States Senate was not in session, let us say in June 1928, would the Court have to defer action on the request for an advisory opinion until December 1928? If the Council's whole point in asking for the opinion was to settle peaceably a critical dispute, there would be great disadvantage in not knowing when and how the United States would present its claim of interest, or its statement that it claimed an interest, to the Court. But with the real difficulty out of the way, and the fact established that it is the Court and not the Council of the League to which

the United States would take its claim of interest, this other difficulty becomes much less important. It would certainly be resolvable in conference.

VII

Here and there a quiet voice is raised asking whether it really is of vast importance that the United States adhere to the Court. Is the Court, perhaps, rather a 'cause' than an imperative need, rather a fixed idea of the 'propagandists' than a necessary step in the development of the relations of the United States with other nations? It is pointed out that the United States is even now free to take a case to the Court. Should we be likely to use it more after we had adhered than we do now — recalling that for the submission of any question on the part of the United States specific action by the Senate is necessary?

It is very possible to overstate the immediate practical effect of our adherence to the Court. The main necessity for the United States to adhere is not 'practical' — it is that the United States needs to give its formal endorsement to the principle of attempting the settlement of disputes by the application of the principles of international law. Just how much we should resort to the Court is not immediately in point. But there are clear indications that we should inevitably come to use it more and more. For some classes of questions the arbitral process, with its inexactitudes and necessary compromises, recommends itself less to the American temper than the judicial process. And there are practical factors. An official with long experience in our State Department (and rather a stern critic, in many respects, of the present Permanent Court of International Justice) said recently that the importance of adherence to

the Court, in his mind, lay a good deal in the fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the United States to arbitrate. It is hard to get the third arbitrator; as he put it, 'Nobody wants to buck the Colossus.'

The nations in the Court do more and more trust it and depend upon it. Its record for the five years of its existence is a record of developing strength. All the nations that were in the war are now in the Court, except Russia, Turkey, Honduras, Nicaragua, and the United States. At the time this article is written ten nations are before the Court. Germany had been before the Court before she actually signed the protocol. Poland and Germany have been before the Court four times. Some of the post-war questions dealt with by the Court in its seven judgments and thirteen advisory opinions have been thorny, notably those connected with Poland. The Court's manner of handling these has deeply stimulated public confidence and hope of its greater future. 'Cela grandira!' an official of the German Foreign Office said of it a few weeks ago. He saw the Court, as the great nations came more and more to depend upon it, gaining over arbitration, replacing the often unsatisfactory processes of compromise, coming to be more and more the source par excellence of satisfactory settlement.

A few years ago we evidently looked in that same direction. In 1923 and 1924, when Mr. Hughes was renewing certain of our arbitration treaties, he included in the diplomatic note attached to the treaties the hopeful prophecy suggesting that, as soon as the United States adhered to the Court, the arbitration treaties might be modified to provide for reference of the disputes mentioned in them to the

Permanent Court of Justice. In the course of time — and not a very long time — our negotiation of treaties of all kinds with other countries is bound to be affected by the fact that the Court appears more and more frequently in inter-European treaties, in which it is used either as an alternate, and very important, method of pacific settlement, or, very frequently, as a court of last resort. The Locarno treaties lean heavily on the Court. If there are to be any 'American Locarnos' they surely cannot ignore, or offer as a merely incidental alternative, what the European nations are coming to consider the most promising of all methods of pacific settlement — that is, judicial decision.

The Court is empowered to decide an infinite variety of questions coming up under various peace treaties and under the mandates. It has similar functions as the tribunal to decide disputes as to the interpretation and application of the provisions of the treaties in such engagements as the Geneva conventions for the international régime of maritime ports and of railways, the convention for the simplification of customs formalities, the air conventions between Denmark and Norway and between Sweden and Norway, the Barcelona Convention on freedom of transit, and so forth. It would be a curious circumstance if in the course of time the United States should find itself the only great nation outside a network of important treaties that look to the Court and use continually as a court of last resort an agency that had never been formally recognized by the United States and against which, indeed, we had raised reservations in themselves sufficiently just but so whimsically interpreted at home as to make their acceptance impossible.

THE TRADES-UNION WAR IN ENGLAND

BY RT. HON. C. F. G. MASTERMAN

I

THE coal strike of 1925, the so-called general strike of 1926, and the Trades-Union Bill of 1927 are linked in an unbreakable chain of cause and effect. The social philosopher of a later day will doubtless count more links in this chain of historic perspective, but he will not deny that the precipitating causes of the bill were the two strikes immediately antecedent and still so fresh in the public mind as to need no detailed repetition here.

We recall that in the summer of 1925 those employers who were united in a 'Mining Association' gave notice that the contracts with their men must be terminated, and that the men would be permitted to continue work only at a substantially lower rate of wages. At the back of the minds of many was the desire to reverse the act of the Government of 1919, following the recommendations of a committee under Justice Sankey, which had reduced the hours of work in the pits. The miners, who were then represented by the largest and most powerful trades-union in the country, with nearly fifty members in Parliament, appealed to the Trades-Union Congress, a body representing, I think, between five and six millions of organized workers, to save them from industrial disaster.

At the end of July of that year, therefore, the Council of the Trades-Union Congress went to Mr. Baldwin demanding that, as an alternative to the lockout of all miners who would not

accept lower wages, a subsidy on all coal raised should be given from the national exchequer, so that wages might be maintained and at the same time coal-getting might be made to pay. If this were refused, they threatened what is now commonly known as a general strike. The Prime Minister and his Cabinet defiantly refused this effort to tax the whole community in order to maintain the miners' wages. In twenty-four hours, however, this refusal was abandoned; and during the next nine months the taxpayer paid toward mine owners' profits and miners' wages some twenty-three million pounds. The policy was approved without a protest by the overwhelming number of Government adherents in the House of Commons and, of course, by the Labor Party, whose strength depends almost entirely upon trades-union support. In the midst of this general applause the protest of the tiny Liberal Party in Parliament sounded at worst indecent and at best negligible.

From that moment it was evident to the close student of affairs that a new situation had arisen in British history. The fact that a Parliament elected by a democracy, having been obdurate to persuasion, had suddenly yielded to a threat of force by a 'Parliament' elected by organized Labor presented to all men the spectacle of two centres of authority, in which the one might always, through threats, be made to yield to the other; although the one

represented not much more than five millions at most of the population and the other represented an electorate of eighteen millions — of which latter, however, a substantial number were women, men occupied in sedentary occupations such as clerks, small shopkeepers, and *les bourgeois*, whom the leaders of the Socialist Party in England, imitating their confrères abroad, were teaching Labor to regard as a negligible rabble of rats or rabbits.

For the nine months following that surrender both sides were engaged in consolidating their forces for a conflict which both sides believed was sure to come, and for a conflict in which each side believed it was sure of victory. It must be confessed that the consolidation on both sides was revealed as incompetent and futile, as is normally revealed when nations which are supposed to be fully prepared for war plunge into active hostilities. Here the revelation has been not which side has prepared most but which side has prepared least for the inevitable. We recall the dumping of British coal into foreign markets at a price less than the cost of production, owing to the benefit of the subsidy; the Coal Commission under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel; the refusal of the miners to accept one element in the Commission's report — the reduction of wages. We recall the slogan of Mr. A. J. Cook: 'Not a minute on the day, not a penny off the pay'; the refusal of the owners to accept other elements in the report, especially state control; the refusal of the Government to put in force the recommendations of their own Commission unless both sides agreed to it. Vividly we recall the attempt of a Trades-Union Committee to bend the representatives of the country in Parliament to its will through the ten days of the 'general' strike, when not more than two millions out of some

twenty millions of workers came out in sympathy with the miners.

The thing, of course, died almost before it was born. It died from a variety of diseases, each one, in itself, fatal. The leaders of the Labor Party, including Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at one time Prime Minister of England, passionately advocated the general strike when it was threatened; and as passionately sought a method to 'call it off' and throw over the miners when it was in operation. The Trades-Union Committee was scared by the result of its own handiwork. Above all, the despised 'rats and rabbits' of the 'bourgeoisie' came in to assist a Government for which they had no particular admiration and which showed no particular efficiency in the crisis.

Three startling and hitherto unknown results emerged. The first was that every road has become a railway, and that therefore the holding up of railway communication has become a useless method of 'lightning' strike. The second was that the despised bourgeoisie can now always fight the working classes; and that the bank clerks, students at universities and hospitals, and all the new race which has been educated at the secondary schools, who for years had been held up to obloquy as 'fat' against the noble form of 'Labor,' are better men than the laborer, and in resourcefulness, intelligence, and courage can beat the laborer at his own game when an appeal to force occurs. And the third was that there is practically no difference now between skilled and unskilled labor. After two or three days' practice, students from the hospitals were driving electric trains, or, with more or less success, motor buses. For example, a couple of undergraduates — relations of a famous publicist and editor, Mr. Alfred Spender — were cheerfully conducting fish trains from one side to the

other of England without ever having seen the inside of a locomotive before. The unfortunate so-called skilled men gazed with disgust and dismay while undergraduates from Oxford or Cambridge, assumed to be 'soft,' unloaded perishable produce at the ports, or worked cranes and other mechanical implements, with the greatest good humor, for they had no bitter feeling against the workingmen, only a vague determination that they would not be ruled by a Soviet. At one port, disdaining lethal weapons offered them by the authorities, they swept away an advancing attack of the strikers by a judicious use of the fire hose and the force pump, which dispersed the invaders in dismay.

II

The surrender, when it came, was complete; as complete as the surrender of Germany and the Central Powers before the Armistice which preceded the Treaty of Versailles.

The miners, however, like the Prussians in Germany, despite the fact that all their allies were deserting them and that the fight was obviously hopeless, maintained a resistance of the kind which some call insensate and others heroic. The dreary story of that nine months of combat abides as one of the most mournful records of a conflict, not between two nations, hating and despising each other, but between members of one nation; in which, a few years ago, the victors in this dismal struggle had crowned the vanquished with flowers and proclaimed that nothing was too good for those who, in the day of decision, had forgotten all thoughts of class warfare and united in the destruction of a common enemy.

I should require space equivalent to the whole of this article to describe

the tangled mess and muddle of 'negotiations' which continued month by month while the nation was reduced to bankruptcy for lack of power produced from coal, showing neither statesmanship nor sympathy between the leaders of the one party and the other. At one time Mr. Baldwin was abolishing the Seven Hours Day Act, in the face of the determined and fierce denunciation of such a step by the Royal Commission which he himself had set up. At another he was pressing through Parliament the emaciated skeleton of some of the positive proposals of the Samuel Commission, with all the flesh and blood and brains removed. At another, leaders of the churches, headed by ten among the most honored of the Bishops of the Episcopalian and Established Church, proposed a compromise which involved an arbitration, which Mr. Cook, the extremist and avowed 'humble disciple of Lenin,' had himself accepted. Mr. Baldwin at first refused to receive them, and then kicked them into the gutter. Later, last autumn, Mr. Winston Churchill endeavored to take up the work of reconciliation, and obtained the support of the coal miners for a tribunal which implied at least a negotiated and not a dictated peace. But the mine owners, ignorant of the fact that dictated peaces always carry the seeds of future war, while negotiated peaces may lead to subsequent friendship, avoided such a determination by 'melting into air, into thin air,' dissolving their association, and with some insolence declaring that, even if they would be prepared to negotiate, they had nobody to negotiate for them. Mr. Churchill, and to a lesser extent Mr. Baldwin, 'unpacked their hearts with words' in denunciation of these amazing creatures. But denunciation broke no bones and opened no single coal pit.

The end resembled the conclusion of

the Siege of Paris in 1870. All funds, whether sent from Moscow, from other trades-unions, or from individual sympathizers, such as that sent by the Prince of Wales to the Somerset coal miners, had disappeared in the struggle. The Federation was bankrupt. The individual miners were bankrupt. They shambled back to work at mean wages, with hatred and despair in their hearts, while various imbeciles among the mine owners, the newspapers, and the owners of wealth rejoiced that at last 'trades-unionism had been broken,' that 'the men had been put in their proper places,' and that their wages and hours and conditions of work should be determined, not by any collective action on their part, but by such good will and generosity as are possessed by the owner toward his slaves.

III

Such, then, was the position of Capital and Labor at the commencement of the present Parliamentary session. The trades-unions who participated in it had cut their own throats by the general strike. Some, like the railway men, had lost more than a million pounds of their reserve capital. Others, like the miners, were in an actual state of fissure, with rival unions being established against rival unions; just as national fissure occurred in Germany after it had been destroyed by the Versailles Treaty. A few negligible and desperate persons declared that they intended to renew a general strike again at an appropriate time, and much play was made with the assertions of these grotesques when the Government brought forward its legislation. The leaders of the mine owners pretty soon found that a knowledge of the elements of economics was not unuseful, even to business men. The sole result of the increase in coal raised,

due to the abolition of the seven-hours day, was to produce a glut of coal in England and all over Europe which could not be sold except at a substantial loss. Pit after pit closed down. A quarter of a million miners, nearly a quarter of the total mining population of Great Britain, are now living unemployed on the 'dole' — that is, supported in idleness by the general taxpayer. And the mine owners, blinking dismally at the Samuel Commission, the action of the Government, their own beloved eight-hours day, the failure of the leaders of the churches (who, of course, are not 'business men'), see before them, with all their quaint cunning and credulity, nothing but financial disaster.

From May, when the general strike was broken, until December, when the miners were smashed to pieces, no concerted recommendation or policy came from any member of the Government — of woe to the vanquished or reprisals for what had been done by the defeated in the past. In the King's speech — which, of course, was not written by the King, but by the Prime Minister of the day — there were only the vaguest suggestions of a counterattack on the trades-unions. But the great trusts and combines, the employer class, and all who had been induced by fear to hate the working people, including the Conservative official organizations, brought pressure on Mr. Baldwin, for once supported by the quaint adventurers in his Cabinet. He gave way, and signed the document which meant a declaration of war. Mr. Baldwin is a kindly man; he is a well-meaning man; but he is a weak man. And weakness, in a condition of chaos, in so high a position is more harmful than wickedness.

Any sane observer, looking on the situation from outside, detached and unaffected by changes in British affairs, could have told him what was the

only conceivable course. The general strike had been so completely broken as to make it likely never to be heard of again, unless it carried revolution in its train. And, as has been proved by history, against revolution all legal enactments and Parliaments are in vain. The miners' strike had been so completely broken that the men were working for miserable pittances with despair and bitterness in their hearts. The great working-class organizations were inspired by a sense of impotence and a sense of humiliation, with their membership depleted and their money gone. This was a time when any man calling himself a statesman might have made a great gesture of conciliation; have set up the establishment of the means of organizing industrial peace instead of war among members of a common race; have uttered the call, 'Sirs, ye are brethren,' the refusal to extort the last admission of defeat from the vanquished, and the appeal not only for 'peace in our time' but peace for a decade or a generation. Instead of this, after three months of waiting, without a word of conciliation, without a suggestion of any better way, the Government suddenly threw on the table of the House of Commons, without explanation or discussion, the Trades-Union Bill, which, with some modification of its more indefensible clauses in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords, is passing into law on the day on which I write these words. It represents to all organized Labor in England a determination to do anything that Parliament is capable of doing to batten down, to discourage, and to destroy.

IV

The bill was made up of a series of more or less disconnected clauses. Most of these clauses, in themselves, could

be defended. But the bill was devised without any attempt at consultation with the trades-unions themselves, without a single clause making for conciliation in industrial disputes, and at a time when the trades-unions were bankrupt in funds, losing hundreds of thousands of members who could not afford to pay or were in too much despair to pay their subscriptions, and when those who had hated these great working-class bodies and desired every injury short of declaring them illegal had bundled together everything they could devise to make their existence as fighting organizations impossible.

Ostensibly the adherents of the Government who had created this concoction asserted that they were merely embodying in law certain principles which no men could object to; that they were rendering illegal any 'general strike' which designed to set up a sovereign authority against the sovereign authority of Parliament. Who could challenge such an idea? They were protecting men who did not wish to withhold labor during an ordinary strike from 'intimidation.' Who could be so mad or so blind as to defend intimidation? They were ensuring that contributions of members of trades-unions should not be extorted in the interests of one political party in the state from those who did not own allegiance to that political party. Again, what person who believed in liberty could deny so elementary a proposition? They were ensuring that government servants, postmen, dockyard workers, humble clerks, and the like, should be so cut off from the general trades-union movement outside as to guarantee that in a time of crisis they would support the Government and not, through refusing work, aid those who wished to disorganize society by a gigantic passive-resistance movement.

And, once again, who could deny that the first duty of government servants is to the Government? These aphorisms were declared on every platform and proclaimed in every leaflet, of which millions were issued by the Conservative Party.

Only when the bill came to be examined in Parliament was it found that its clauses and its threatenings of fines and imprisonment — for fines and imprisonment are the note of all of the dismal proposals — were altogether divorced from these universally accepted propositions. The Labor Party immediately declared war on it, although the majority of that party in Parliament, being ignorant of the technicalities of legal phrasing, were unable to attack it in articulate utterance. What was more important, the Liberal Party, under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, also declared war on it, and with the exception of Sir John Simon, a lawyer whose whole life has committed him to the narrowest points of legal interpretation, assailed it both in the House and in the country. And as the Liberals, however diminished in numbers, stand for liberty, the cry that this bill was making for liberty in trades-unions seems to sound a little false and a little thin.

The first clause proposed to make a general strike impossible without a definition as to what a general strike was. It was quite obvious that, had the Government been content with merely rendering illegal a conspiracy organized by trades-unions and their leaders against the State, the thing could have been done by enlargement of the Acts concerning conspiracy. Instead of adopting this method, the Government offered forms of words continually changing under criticism, in which obviously the intention was not merely to render a trades-unions conspiracy against the State illegal, but to render

all strikes illegal except those confined to one particular trade. It clung to words asserting the illegality of strikes in which more than one trade was engaged which were designed or calculated to put coercion upon the Government by causing hardship to the majority of the people. Had it maintained merely the word 'designed,' the bulk of the critics would probably have realized that there was some force in its contention. But it defined as 'calculated' a strike in more than one trade which, although the individuals themselves had no desire of coercing the Government through inflicting hardship there, might as a matter of fact cause a Government, or a weak Government, to be coerced by the inconvenience caused to the community as a whole.

This of course had two results: first, it rendered everything normally known as a sympathetic strike impossible; second, it provided a situation unknown in common law, and only in operation during a panic of the Napoleonic Wars, under a statute law speedily repealed, by which it was made a crime for an individual, after having fulfilled his contract, to give notice to his employer that he no longer intended to work for him, and to retire into any other or no other business or occupation, the crime being caused not because the individual retired, but because he retired in company with a large number of other individuals and thereby caused hardship to the people, and through causing hardship to the people created coercion of the Government. Under the influence of a tormenting criticism the government advocate, Sir Douglas Hogg, a rather crude specimen of lawyer who knows little if anything about life, realized that this operation might cause persecution, fines, imprisonment of hundreds of thousands of people if a strike arose.

He therefore attempted to meet his critics by exempting those not directly concerned in promoting or continuing the strike.

Never could the Government escape from this dilemma. If, for example, all the coal miners struck against reduced wages, this would cause infinite hardship to the people and would probably come under the definition of a method calculated though not designed to coerce the Government into interference in a trade dispute between coal owners and the coal workers. This would not be, under the definition, illegal strike. But if a small trade like the tinplaters or the pottery workers struck in sympathy with the coal miners, although they themselves would cause no hardship or inconvenience to the community, the fact that the strike of the coal miners caused hardship and inconvenience to the community, and that another trade had come out in support of them, would not only make the pottery workers' or tinplate workers' strike illegal, but would make the miners' strike illegal and would therefore render any of these million miners liable, at the verdict of a magistrate, to be subjected to severe fines or to imprisonment up to two years.

The actual interpretation is that the Government intended that the weapon of the strike should be taken away from the working class; while, of course, trades-unions and their leaders are all against a strike, which is generally urged by the rank and file against their advice on such occasion as a reduction of wages. A strike is like war, and even soldiers and sailors are against war. On the other hand, if you are unable to threaten or negotiate by the weapon of a strike, you have abandoned the measure which has caused all the improvement of the condition of life of the individual through collective

bargaining for the last hundred years. 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace,' and nine out of ten of the advantages which have been gained in various forms by the working people have been gained in the knowledge that in the last resort the workers will be able to withdraw their labor, and therefore negotiations have settled the questions at issue. Now it is quite evident that the Government and its supporters intend to make such a menace or weapon impossible in the future.

V

Another clause deals with intimidation. This has nothing whatever to do with the general strike, but applies even to a dispute in which the men come out in a few hundreds against some particular firm that employs but a few hundred workmen. In the Trades-Unions Acts of 1875 passed by Disraeli, and of 1906 passed by the Liberal Government, the law contained definite statements as to what intimidation should be, and all could know that if they broke the law they were liable to fine or imprisonment. The Government has now given a definition as to intimidation, which is indefinite, uncertain in character, and which every bench of magistrates or judge can interpret as they or he pleases; by which the man who is impeached for having indulged in any particular conduct cannot possibly tell beforehand whether he is breaking the law or no. The old definition was confined to various forms of material or physical damage. The new definition started with a statement that it was illegal to cause apprehension in any man's mind of ridicule, hatred, or contempt. Who is to define what will cause the apprehension in any man's mind of ridicule, hatred, or contempt?

Mr. J. H. Thomas gave an example

of a case where his wife might refuse to invite to tea a man who would not conform to the request of the railway unions to come out on strike when wages or hours were challenged, and subsequently, under this law, might be clapped into jail for such refusal. Others gave examples of how men might be imprisoned for two years if they said their children should not play with the children of so-called Black-legs. Others asked desperately what intimidation was which was suggestive of neither physical nor material injury, and what the law was doing in trying to examine whether a man was in apprehension of some future injury which was not physical or material. The thing was laughed out of court in the House of Commons, but words were substituted in the House of Lords, and, although Lord Reading tore the government proposals to pieces, the words finally adopted give opportunity for uncertain law to be administered by any prejudiced bench of magistrates in a case in which the prisoner himself has no kind of conception that he has done any illegal wrong at all.

The third great onslaught on the trades-unions was the attempt to diminish their funds for political purposes definitely and deliberately, that they might not have enough money to put up candidates for the elections and to carry on political enterprises. Until 1911 everyone had assumed that trades-unions had as much right as companies, breweries, and organizations of employers to spend part of their ordinary funds, if they voted in that direction, to put up trades-union candidates for Parliament. That condition was challenged at law by a railway man called Osborn, who was financed by opponents of the Labor Party, for the Labor Party had obtained no substantial importance; and the courts decided that no such right existed. The Liberal

Government of the day introduced a compromise. The ordinary funds of the unions were not to be used for political purposes. The unions were to be allowed to take a ballot on the subject of whether they should levy a special contribution from their members for political objects. But so meticulous were the men of that time concerning the liberty of the individual that they also inserted the provision that if a union had decided that this special fund, not amounting to more than a few pence a week, should be levied any man who desired not to contribute should be allowed, without having to give any reason at all, to contract out and not pay his pennies to this levy. When the Labor Party arose it was found that practically all the trades-unions that had balloted for a political levy used that levy for the interests of members of the Labor Party, although there is no reason in the Act why the levy should not be used for the Conservatives or the Liberals.

From the commencement of the control by the Parliament of the enormous Conservative majority elected in 1924, a substantial proportion of the back benches of the Conservative members and the organizations in the country have been trying to force the Prime Minister into a change in this system. Mr. Baldwin resisted with considerable courage. He asserted: 'How did we get here? It was not by promising to bring this bill in. It was because, rightly or wrongly, we succeeded in creating the impression throughout the country that we stood for stable government and for peace in the country between all classes of the community.' Although no case could be presented in Parliament of the misuse of this power, there was a general impression that large numbers of trades-unionists were so idle or indifferent or anxious to avoid trouble as to refuse to use the

conscience clause. The resistance, however, has now been abandoned. All that is given to trades-unions is the right to collect funds for their own representatives in Parliament from those who are willing to sign a document that such collection can be obtained, which, after all, is no more than any other political party can do.

The hope of the Conservatives is that the great mass of trades-unionists, who, like the great mass of electors, care little or nothing about politics, will not take the trouble to sign documents definitely offering weekly subscriptions for members of Parliament, and that therefore the trades-unions will be unable to put up trades-union candidates against the wealthy Conservative landlords and profiteers. Whether such a result will be attained remains conjectural, but the weighting of the thousands of the wealthier classes against the diminished contribution of the poor is interpreted as a direct declaration of a class war, by which the workingman shall be battered under hatches and the Labor Party substantially diminished, not through lack of enthusiasm, but through definite poverty of organization in the House of Commons. And that is how it is interpreted by both parties alike in the country.

VI

The wretched bill which excited weariness and lack of enthusiasm both on the one side and on the other passed through under what is called the closure — that is, the official limitation of debate, day by day, in the House of Commons. Curiously enough, in the House of Lords criticism became most vocal, not so much among the eight or ten Lords of the upper chamber who, in membership of over seven hundred, alone represent the Labor Party, which polled six millions at the last

election, but in the scanty representatives of the Liberals and especially in the person of Lord Reading. This man, with his great distinction, once head of the English Bar, Lord Chief Justice of England, Ambassador to America, and for many years Viceroy of India, was found to offer criticism of a bill which the workingmen and members of the Labor Party were unable to exhibit, and quite astonished the not very brilliant minds of the hereditary peerage by the vehemence of his attack.

He deplored the stimulus of a class war after the working people had been crushed and would have responded to any note of conciliation. He asserted that the bill made a man a criminal against his intention and took no note of his intention. He declared that it offered 'not one single ray of light for the workingmen' of this country. And, speaking with all the authority of a great lawyer, great judge, great ambassador, and great administrator, he asserted: 'When I take the bill as a whole and look through it as I have done with great care, consider it clause by clause, I say without hesitation that it is a bill which in the language it uses is more vague, more indefinite, more lacking in precision in respect of the crimes which it indicates and the penalties which follow upon them, than any bill I have ever seen or any Act of Parliament I have had to construe either as a law officer or as a judge.' He drove, by the sheer force of his criticism, the Lord Chancellor and the Government to an amendment of the section regarding intimidation; but he could not produce either any substantial modification or withdrawal, and the bill passes into law with his word standing out above all others on account of the distinguished character of his impartiality and the great experience of his career. 'I can find no reason for modifying or changing the views I

have before expressed on this bill. . . . The necessity for clear language is that the bill constitutes new crimes. . . . I desire merely to add that throughout the discussions on this bill the reflection has been constantly in my mind how lamentable it is that at this period, when we stood so much in need of industrial peace, when everything should be done to promote greater good will between employer and employed, the time of Parliament should have been taken up during almost the whole of this session in trying to pass a measure which can only embitter relations, and which will certainly not mollify the attitude which has been taken up by all the principal Labor leaders.'

With such a benediction the bill becomes an Act of Parliament. There has been exultation among those who have been promoting it and driving the Government forward, owing to the fact that, as they think, any universal trades-union agitation against this attack on trades-unions has failed to 'cut any ice,' and that there has been no general strike, no violence, no threat of revolution among the working people of this country. They may perhaps be somewhat subdued by a succession of elections to Parliament. The Liberal

and Labor parties have both declared against this measure. It has been opposed in every by-election, and the majority for it has sunk down to negligible dimensions.

I don't think there will be open resistance or rebellion. I don't think there will be fighting in the streets. I don't think there will be a general strike of the kind which this bill makes illegal. But I am entirely sure that it has cut a deep cleavage between the Conservative Party and the workingmen of this country; that it has forwarded a class war scarcely expected except among men of unbalanced minds, in a real belief that there is a declaration of conflict, not by the poor against the rich, but by the rich against the poor; that the trades-unions and their sympathizers will turn this bill into political and not social or economic advantage, and that more than any other measure which has been passed by the Conservative Party, steadily decreasing in prestige and popularity, this bill will be found an instrument of the next general election to drive them completely out of all the industrial districts in such a manner that they will probably not in a generation recover the position which they attained three years ago.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HONEYMOON BOOKS

It was in that period of mingled depression and delight which generally precedes a man's first marriage (for all I know, his second and third, too), or, to be more precise, it was on a late afternoon in May that Priscilla and I sat in her father's library planning our honeymoon. If the copybooks ('Happiness is three-fourths Anticipation') and the advice of our friends were to be trusted, the programme of our idyllic fortnight was likely to prove illusory. Said our married friends, — remembering, I suspect, their own disappointments, — 'For heaven's sake, keep traveling; if you stop you'll wish you were home!' or 'Whatever you do, don't motor! It means packing and unpacking your trousseau every day.' And Aunt Anna, who has more charm than most, quietly remarked that she had been on three honeymoons and had been properly bored by them all.

Since I remember Uncle Oliver, — Aunt Anna's last, — I had a partial clue to this disillusion. A less companionable man may I never meet! And I dare say that if ever one needs to be entertaining it is on a honeymoon. For, though most of us are best when least in company, I for one know no more critical audience than a modern bride — which is to say, Priscilla. So —

'Pris,' I said, 'what books'll we take with us?'

'You choose,' she answered. 'You seem to think you'll need them.'

'Well, first, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and second, Katherine Mansfield's *Bliss*.'

'They sound appropriate.'

'And,' I continued, 'Swinburne's early Songs and Ballads and Rupert Brooke.'

'Why not Keats?'

'Good! The edition with his letters.'

'And how about a little salt with your poets?' said Priscilla. 'How about Falstaff, how about *Alice in Wonderland*?'

'Cheers for both. Anything else?'

'Oh, yes,' she added sweetly, '*The Taming of the Shrew*.'

I chose to ignore the issue.

But, seriously, you may protest, with Priscilla, 'Why so many?' Because reading is most enjoyable when you have a wide choice. And for such an occasion where will you find a wittier traveler than Sterne, a greater lover than Rupert Brooke, — present company excepted, — unless it be Swinburne, or a more delightful correspondent — no pun intended — than Keats? I am modest enough to know how one may shine by reflected glory.

Something of this I was endeavoring to explain when in came Priscilla's parents.

'Well, if there's any cooking to be done,' observed her mother, 'Priscilla'd better take a cookbook.'

Priscilla did n't think that was very funny.

'Since you're going South,' remarked my father-in-law, soothing the situation, 'take it from me, you'll need a road book. And why not something on the battlefields — say that new book on Lee?'

'Enough's enough,' I cried. 'There's no five-foot shelf in the Ford.'

Enough to say that, when we set off, Sterne, Keats, Alice, Falstaff, Swinburne, and the others (and eleven pieces of baggage!) were in the back seat.

We drove and we drove until we came to stone walls covered with honeysuckle and locust trees in flower. And the June days grew hotter and hotter until with Falstaff we 'larded the lean earth' when we walked. Gettysburg was the first objective, and at the rocky spring not far from Little Round Top we made a picnic and afterward read aloud from *Lee*. But just beyond the shade of our tree the fields danced and shimmered in the sunlight — and at such a time and place *Lee* was undeniably a heavy book — and Priscilla's shoulder was soft — so we slept. And in the confusion of our sunset departure I regret to say that *Lee* was left behind.

Thereafter we followed our noses and asked the natives the way to the nearest battlefield. So we came to Harpers Ferry. Now on that torrid afternoon reading epitaphs — 'HERE JOHN BROWN, etc. etc.' — was a thirsty business, and our eyes wandered easily from the tablets to twinkling Potomac ever within sight. As we meandered out of town we kept a lookout for refreshment. Not a mile had passed before we came to a little bridge and just beyond it a green track leading off the highway and along the bank of a ravine. Lurching and rattling, we pushed our way into a tunnel of greenery until the track ended in a little clearing at the lip of the stream. The motor died away and the water sang invitingly.

When Priscilla was in her pool and I in mine I reached Rupert Brooke down from the sunny rock above me and, keeping my hands clear of the cool spray that tumbled over my left shoulder, I began to read: —

'In a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.

.....
His bliss is older than the sun.
Silent and straight the waters run.
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him.'

At this point a series of prehistoric snorts shook our universe. They were followed by the increasing and all too unmistakable rumblings of a passenger train that swept into view on the opposite bank above us! We caught a glimpse of amazed countenances at the windows before in consternation we turned our backs. 'Give me that book!' hissed Priscilla.

When the beast had passed we fled to the thickets, our illusion shattered beyond repair. We dressed undisturbed until, as we brushed our hair before the windshield, Priscilla suddenly wailed, 'Oh, where's the book gone?' We ran to the bank: it was not on the table-rock. But downstream and twenty yards or more out of reach a black-and-white cover showed where Rupert Brooke bobbed and scraped his way over the rills toward the sea.

At Berryville for a day or two thereafter the heat was unbearable and travel out of the question. We opened ourselves to what cool there was and then gave thanks for Falstaff and Katherine Mansfield. Singly, but still better in concert, they can transpose a perfunctory hotel room into something resembling a dear memory.

Then came a west wind and we were off again. Winchester, dozing like a sleepy white cat in the sun, held us too long, and by sundown we were scurrying supperless for Charlottesville. Along a nameless stretch of road I detected that symptom dear to repair shops — the death rattle of burnt bearings. With terrifying din we labored on and at last into the yard of a lone farmhouse.

I think it was the headquarters of Southern hospitality. The farmer, a gaunt man with a black beard, listened in silence to our tale of woe.

'That's bad, with you-all jest married,' he exclaimed (we had n't told him). 'But come right in. I reckon we c'n fix you up.'

That it was long past bedtime and we were Yankees made no difference. Ma, as her husband called her, and ten-year-old Hester in pigtail and flying nightgown, soon set before us a sugared ham and spiced apples, a cottage cheese with little rolls, and preserved plums and glasses of warm sweet milk. Between bites we told of our journey, until food and friendliness had their way. Dimly I remember hearing the Ford go rattling into the barn, and then, after some thumping from above, Mrs. Picketts calling, 'Come up now. Your bed is ready.' . . . And behold, it was the morning of the next day.

'They gave us their only bed!' Priscilla whispered after breakfast. 'They slept on the floor. Hester told me.'

We lingered through the morning while a mechanic from the nearest village tinkered with the car and growled at my assistance. In the shade of the porch Hester and Priscilla were poring over *Alice in Wonderland*. At length the job was done, tested, and paid for. It was time for our leave-taking. But despite even Priscilla's persuasion the Picketts would hear of no payment. 'We don't often have brides down this way,' grinned our host, 'and when they come we aim to give 'em a time.'

As I wrung their hands and sought for the right thanks, Priscilla slipped behind me and fumbled in our baggage. She reappeared with our little red volume of *Wonderland*. 'It's for Hester,' she explained. So we all wrote down our names and the date on the flyleaf — 'for a keepsake,' said Mrs. Picketts.

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E

We reached Charlottesville to discover, I am sorry to say, that Priscilla's face lotion had leaked all over Katherine Mansfield and that, as a consequence, a light green tint had been imparted to the surrounding 'pretties.' Unreasonably¹ — for I did n't pack the bag — Pris insisted that it was my fault. As the postcards say, the spot, or rather spots, mark our first disagreement.

After rambling about the University and Monticello, we began to think of turning homeward. Our time was more than half spent, and our money — good heavens, our money was all spent! It was wry to discover that tens had so swiftly depreciated to ones — and but few of them — and that we had not a single check between us. "'My face is my fortune, sir,'" she said, 'quoth Priscilla. 'They'll trust us.' But I was n't so sure. So we framed a discreet telegram and, since we really needed an immediate return, sent it to Priscilla's father. You may believe I was embarrassed: it was not a propitious example of the style to which I was accustomed.

His reply we still have, folded away in one of our books. It read: —

AM WIRING ONE HUNDRED NEXT TIME
LEAVE KEATS AT HOME AND TAKE YOUR
CHECK BOOK — FATHER

OLD NICEY

'No'm, I ain't so well, but I'm here,' she said, in her deep tone of voice. 'Ain't gittin' ole. Done got ole.'

Nicey was very dark, and her brown skin was wrinkled like crêpe. Her eyebrows seemed to have worn off, and her eyeballs looked as if they were stained with tobacco juice. The iris was bluish and bleached.

Though she always smelled strongly

¹ It is not unreasonable! Why should I pack his books in my bag! — PRISCILLA

of tobacco, she was very neat, and she wore now — as it was Sunday — her best dress of dark red outing flannel, with a white plaid in it. Over this a blue homespun apron reached to the tops of her heavy men's shoes. Tightly bound around her head was a bandanna of purple, green, and blue stripes. There were rings in her ears, and pinned at her neck was her one valuable, a large solid-gold brooch.

'Mis' Antonia gimme my age, but I done forgot it.'

She folded her arms. The skin of her fingers was tight and shiny between the wrinkled joints, and a wide dark crescent showed at the root of each large yellow nail.

'Got ketch pains in dis hip,' she explained. 'Ain't able to wuk like I uster was. But I 'bleeged to knock erbout. I wuk to Mis' Fultz's offen an' on, to git me my sumpen to eat.

'Raise chickens? No'm. Can't do much here wid chickens. Snakes come fum de woods an' quirl up in de nes' wid 'em.'

I glanced at the dark rifts in the floor.

'Yes'm, dee comes in yere,' she said. 'I wake up one night. It look like a big dog pile' up by me in de dark. Lyin' right yere. Col' as ice.' She touched her side. 'Smelt like water-milyon. Stayed twixt midnight an' day. All night I pray, "Jesus, you clinch dat snake's jaws, like you clinched de lions' jaws w'en Daniel was casted in de den." At daybreak it slip away.'

'Did it come back?'

'De nex' night. I was ready fer it — wid a pail er bilin' water.' Her laugh was a sudden harsh cackle.

Most of Nicey's long life had been spent on Palmyra Island, in the Mississippi River, twenty miles below Vicksburg. There were nine plantations on the island, and she had never been to Hurricane on the other side.

'Is I ever been off de place? Yes, mam. We all ruffugee to Alibam' en-durin' de war. De Yanks tuk de islan' to mek it a Freedman's Home.' Her tone was scornful. 'Gawd knows I wa'n't glad w'en I was sot free. Call dis freedom! I calls hit bondage.'

She gloomed.

'Tell me I ain't seed hard times sence my ole Marster been daid!'

At my suggestion she lighted her pipe.

'We had good owners,' she said, as she pulled on it. 'Marse Henry shoe-ed you good an' clo'esed you good. 'Lowed you chanct to mek money for yo'se'f. I was a fiel' han'. I was jes' same ez a mule w'en I was young. I could pick my two hundered poun' a day — an' den some. Marster rid by de fiel' onct. Seed me pickin'. Say, "Dat gal's a dandy." Dat wot he say.'

Old Nicey seldom smiled, but she could not now suppress a smile of pride.

'No'm, I did n't had no eddication. — Pity? Eddication don't tek you no funder'n de grave.'

She returned to the subject that absorbed her.

'Girls did n't wuk like dee have to now,' she said. 'Eighty head er plough han's, an' sixty head er hoe han's on de place. Folks wuk harder now 'an dee did in de ole times. Dee uster be ten or twelve ole people done wukked dere time out, an' lived w'ere dee always did. Dee jes' walk about on de place. Unk Big Harry, Unk Friday, African Jinny — she de seamster on de plantation. W'en dee constitution was broke, Marse Henry treated 'em jes' de same. Dee was well tooken keer of.'

Her bleared eyes were wistful.

'Do you remember young Mr. Fielding Turner, Nicey?' I asked, having heard romantic stories of this gay youth.

'Member Marse Fielding? Why, he gimme my name. Berenicey.'

'He took cold, you know, at Napoleon's funeral, and died in Paris.'

'Yes'm. Nuvver come back to his nated lan'. I seed him after he ceasted. He was standin' in de back do' of de Big House, with rays like a peafowl roun' him. Marse Fielding sho' was a purty man,' she ended dreamily.

I called her back to earth. 'Were you ever overflowed, Nicey?'

'Is I ever been in overfloor? In '97 de skiff come in my house. I livin' in de Lower Quarters den. — No'm, I wa'n't scared. I thought dis side de islan' safe. I wa'n't insured 'bout nothin' 'bout *dat* part de worl'!' She indicated Hurricane contemptuously, with a wave of her pipe. 'Unk Wesley, he come to my house. Ax is I afeard. I say I don' fear de waters, bein' 's de Big Man's spared me to come dis far. He say dee ain't gwine be no high water. W'ile we was talkin' we heard de levee bust on de Harricanes. Lawd Gawd, hit sounded like de tromp o' Jedgment! All de people wot livin' out in de fiel's put out fer de quarters. W'en dee started de water was behin' 'em, an' de waters got to de quarters *wid* 'em. I nuvver is seen such a distrust. We could hear de cows hollerin' comin' fum de swamp, an' makin' for de levee. De rats an' de rabbits was crossin' de fiel's same ez horses. Befo' night de water comin' plum over de top de levee, white ez cotton. Nuvver did see de water bile so. Hit bile jes' like a pot.

'Dat w'en Kizzy's son Ezra drowned. He try to fin' his stock. "Dee mus' be on high groun' somewhar," he say. He rid his mule, an' de mule hoof got hung in a wire fence under water. We could see de mule splungin'. Hit th'owed him, an' tromped him to deaf befo' our eyes.

'Lawd, hit were de turblest time! Water comin' in de do'. I could n't git out to save my killin' hawg, an' de hencoop sailin' by. Aunt Kizzy's house

turnt bottom up'ard, an' look like we all gwine be los' befo' night. We fix a flatfom on de rafters, an' pile up on one erner. Den w'en Scald-haid Bawb come in de house in his skiff. He say Mr. Young Lovelly done sont a flat for we-all, an' de men folks pole' us up to de Cut-Off. Dat de highes' groun' on de islan'. All de folks fum de Upper Place was 'sembled dere, wid dee stock an' plunder, an' de levee gwine jes' dish-erway.' She rocked back and forth. 'Lawd, hit was a flussful time! De young boss he row out in de river an' 'res' de Providence, an' she come in de lake, smack thu de willows. Willows jes' hangin' wid snakes.

'Dee tuk us off, an' taken us down to Natchez, an' dere we stayed ontel de waters 'suaged.

'Unk Wesley an' some de men folks stay on de islan'. Us did n't see how dee gwine mek out. Had to go to bed befo' sundown, to save 'em fum de snakes. Dee do say a blue runner come in George Washington's do'.

'Unk Wesley sont us word de rats sho' is done folks bad, cuttin' dee clo'es an' plunder. He say dee been fishin' fer daid folks up dere, an' Ezra' body been foun'. W'en we git back, de levee kivered wid carkis.'

'You've had a hard life, Nicey,' I said.

'Ise toughed it out. An' I got one thing to be thankful for. I bin had no ill name in my life. Grudgful an' low-down as some folks is.

'Yes'm. I had chillen. I bin had seven chillen. De Lawd made me a breedin' ooman. But I thankful none er my chillen had trash for dee fathers.

'No'm. None of 'em livin'. I did n't want my chillen to live. I was workin' too hard after Freedom, an' did n't want 'em to die an' be los'. Only one of 'em live to grow up.'

She brooded gloomily.

'Of all colors I ever is lived with,

Mr. Nigger done me de mos' dirt. *My chile was conjured!*

'B'lieve hit? I bin conjured myse'f. I got it in milk on a Sunday evenin'. I went out de do' to heave. Marster come an' say, "Wot you think ail dat ooman?" Dee say, "She done been conjured. It's down at de do', an' some uv it in her bedtick." It was Ole Dan. He some kin'er hoodoo man. He do so much devil wuk. De whole family was conjurers. Dee come fum ole Ferginny. Dirty devils! Dee picked it out of him dat night, an' ef dee'd tol' Marster, he'd 'a' made him stan' up, an' de overseer shoot him, as long as powder would burn.

'B'lieve hit? Gawd knows I know dat wot ailin' my laig to dis day.' She rubbed it slowly. 'I don' know how dee does hit, but dee *does* hit. Ole devils! Mos' on 'em daid out now. Dee uster hunt groun' puppies an' snakes, an' beat 'em up, but dee buys pretty much wot dee uses now. Cain's seed.'

Her voice was deep and resentful.

'My own chile was tricked.'

The old woman looked into the past despairingly. 'I thought my heart-strings would bust,' she said. 'Yes'm. She's daid. She was death-stricken w'en she was fust taken.'

She shook out her pipe, tapping it with a stiffened forefinger.

'I reckoned Gawd indained it,' she said.

'I had a dream onct,' she added slowly. 'I don't know whether 't wuz Heaven I seed or not, 't wuz such a 'remenjous place. Gawd tole me in my sleep, "Dere's many lookin' to see you go, an' you'll live to see many go." He sez, "I nuvver is took my eyes off you sence you been in de worl'. W'en I return, I gwine marry you, an' tek you home to live. Many snares shall hang your feet, but none shan't hol' you fas'."'

I saw old Nicey last seated on the levee in the sun. I was taking the river boat that landed in front of the store.

I had pressed something on her palm as I shook hands with her, and I saw her, as she glanced at the shining dollar, quickly close her hand and look away, with a smile of delight on her dark face.

As the stern wheel churned the yellow water to foam, the steamer turned, and we floated out into the Lake. And I thought of her last words: 'De worl' belong to Gawd an' de white folks. *We under dem.*'

THE ANCIENT VIRTUE OF GRATITUDE

THIS letter was written, more than seventy-five years ago, by a school-master to a wealthy and benevolent clergyman of the Church of England, in acknowledgment of a present of old clothing.

Reverend and worthy, indulgent and compassionate, bounteous and ever valuable sir!

The present you have sent has laid me under an obligation to write rather sooner than I intended, and if I were not to seize the very first opportunity that offered, to return thanks for so very valuable a present, I should be guilty of such a piece of insensibility as that the very stones (to allude to the dialect of Heaven) would become vocal and rise to upbraid me, especially as a few grateful expressions may be easily uttered, without any expense obtained, and the best that can be rendered to any person, by whom such kindness is bestowed. No one is more ready to acknowledge a benefit, nor perhaps less able to make a retaliation than myself. I have it in my heart to do as much and in my power to do as little, in return

for favors, as any man living. However, as far as the value and efficacy of thankful and affectionate expressions extend, am free to do the utmost, and if it were possible for a sheet of paper to contain on the one hand, and if it were not altogether unnecessary on the other, I would give you as many thanks as the clothes contain threads. I thank you, my dear sir, for the handsome and very valuable black coat, I thank you for the genteel blue coat. I thank you for the neat cloth trousers, and I thank you for the pieces you sent to repair them with. I thank you for the beautiful wig. I thank you for paying the carriage of the whole. Shall I further tell you that I fervently and constantly pray for you, that I have the highest esteem for you, and I am daily forming a thousand wishes for your present and future welfare. Dear sir, I will and need only say that you have my heart for your favors. I bless you for what you have done for me, and am ready to conclude from this instance of your bounty that you will be a great friend to me and my family. I thank you and again I thank you. On Saturday last I received your parcel—immediately had my hair cut off, that I might have the honor of appearing on the Sabbath in your wig, and being desirous to wear the black coat at once, for your sake, went to meeting in it. My body was never so elegantly arrayed since it came out of the hands of its Creator. The clothes fitted me well and sat gracefully upon me. Dear sir, I thank you and again I thank you. Was proud to tell Mr. A. what a favor you had sent me. Mr. A. seemed quite pleased. Indeed, if any person who had seen me in my dirty, ragged apparel two years ago, had beheld me last Sabbath, so differently dressed in yours, they would have been apt to think that I

was the reality of one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, there being so striking a difference between my former and my present situation. Dear sir, I thank you and again I thank you and again I thank you.

To conclude, dear sir, you say in your letter, 'I have sent you some clothes, if you will not refuse them.' Refuse them! Refuse them! Refuse them! Dear sir, what do you mean? Am surprised at your expressions. If you had sent me an old pair of shoes and stockings, should have been thankful for them. Much more for a present so large and rich as yours, the value of which I so well know. I am persuaded they never were yours for ten pounds.

Dear sir, if at any time you have any old garment to spare, I shall thankfully receive it, and my family enjoy the benefit of it. What follows I am ashamed to tell, yet must own that your present would have been rather more complete if you had obliged me with a waistcoat along with it. Have not one proper to wear with the clothes you have sent me, and these being so valuable and fitting me so well, it will be a pity to break them for that. I have nothing to add but an expression of the sincerest and most prevailing concern for your real happiness, and am, dear sir, what shall always be proud to call myself and my wife and family along with me,

Your highly benefitted and obliged humble servant

N.B. The handwriting and spelling and composition, am sensible is wretched; time short, matter great, tackle bad, and obliged to write in haste. Would do rather better had I more time.

As I have cut off my hair, am at a loss for a cap. If you have one to spare of silk or velvet, would be glad of it.

JALNA: A NOVEL¹

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XX

FINCH had given Wakefield his Boy Scout bugle. Finch had got over being a Boy Scout very quickly. The only thing about it that had suited him was the fact of his being a bugler. Now he had given his instrument to Wake for his birthday. Having once decided to do this, he did not hold it till the day itself. The little boy had been in possession of it for a fortnight. And every morning he wakened with his nerves tingling with delicious excitement. For there at the head of the bed was the bugle, and he must not get up until he had sounded the reveille.

It was thrilling to sit up in bed and send forth from swelling chest and distended cheeks those glorious brazen notes. Feeble, croaking they might sound to the listener, but to Wake they were round with a noble roundness, and stirring to the soul.

Luckily he was usually the last of the family to awake. But this morning was his birthday and he had been the very first. All, all had been roused by that sleep-shattering reveille. Renny, stretched on his back, his arms flung above his head, had been dreaming of galloping on a great wild horse along a steep precipice. Suddenly, with a neigh that shook the universe, the horse had leaped over the precipice, and plunged with him into the sunlit sea.

With a convulsive twitch of the body Renny awoke into the sunlight of the early morning, his face so comic in its astonishment that Wakefield laughed aloud, lost his wind, and sputtered helplessly into the instrument.

Then Renny laughed, too, for the sight of his little brother sitting up in bed, so alert,

¹ A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS

so important, with hair on end, and one dark eye cocked roguishly at him above one bulging cheek, was so ridiculous. He was ridiculous, and he was pathetic, too. Poor little beggar, thought Renny — a human being like myself, who will have a man's feelings, a man's queer thoughts one day.

'It's my birthday,' quoth Wakefield, wiping his chin.

'Many happy returns,' said Renny, trying not to look as though he had a delightful present for him.

'I shall probably not live to be as old as Gran. But I may reach ninety if I have good care.'

'Oh, you'll get good care, all right. Cuddle down here a bit. It's early yet.'

Wake laid the bugle on the table at the head of the bed and flung himself down into the bedclothes. He burrowed against Renny, putting his arms about his neck.

'Oh! I'm so happy,' he breathed. 'A picnic to-day if you please! The first of the season. It's June! The first of June! My birthday.' His eyes were two narrow slits. 'Renny, have you a — you know what?'

Renny yawned prodigiously. 'Well, I guess I'll get up.'

'Renny, Renny — ' He bumped and struggled against his elder's chest. 'Oh, Renny, I could kill you!'

'Why?'

'Cause you won't tell me — '

'Tell you what?' Renny held him as in a vise.

'You *know* what.'

'How can I know if you won't tell me?'

'Oh, you beast, Renny, it's you who won't tell me!'

'Tell you *what*?'

'Whether you have a — you know what — for me.'

Renny closed his eyes. 'You sound half-witted this morning,' he said, coldly. 'It seems a pity when you've reached such an age.'

Wakefield examined his brother's hard, weather-bitten visage with its relentless-looking nose. Certainly it was a forbidding face — a face that belonged to a man who was his adored brother and who had no birthday present for him. He too closed his eyes, murmuring to himself, 'Oh, this is terrible!' A tear trickled down his cheek and fell on Renny's wrist.

The older Whiteoak gave the younger a little shake. 'Cut that out,' he said.

They looked into each other's eyes.

'It nearly broke me.'

'What did, Renny?'

'Why, the present.'

'The *present*?'

'Rather. The birthday present.'

'Oh, Renny, for God's sake —'

'Stop your swearing.'

'But *what* is it?'

'It's a —' he plunged the word into Wake's ear — 'a *pony* — a beautiful Welsh pony.'

After the first ecstatic questions Wake lay silent, floating in a golden haze of happiness. He did not want to miss the savor of one lovely moment of this day of days. First a pony — then a picnic, and, in between, an orgy of other presents. A birthday cake with ten tall candles. At last he whispered, 'Is it a he or a she?'

'A little mare.'

A mare! He could hardly believe it. There would be colts — tiny, shaggy colts. His very own. It was almost too much. He wriggled against Renny, adoring him.

'When will she — oh, I say, Renny, what's her name?'

'She has no name. You may name her.'

A nameless gift from the gods! Oh, responsibility overpowering, to name her!

'When will she come?'

'She is here, in the stable.'

With a squeal of joy Wake leaped up in the bed; then, espying the bugle, he had an inspiration.

'Renny, would n't it be splendid if I'd sound the reveille and then we'd both instantly get up? I'd like terribly to sound the reveille for you, Renny.'

'Fire away, then.'

Solemnly the little boy placed the bugle against his lips, took a prodigious breath. Renny lay looking at him, amused and compassionate. Poor little devil — a man some day, like himself.

Loudly, triumphantly, the notes of the reveille were sounded. Simultaneously they sprang out on to the floor. June sunshine blazed into the room.

Downstairs Wakefield said to Finch: 'What do you suppose? Renny has given me a pony. We've just been out to the stable to see her. A little pony mare, mind you, Finch. There'll be colts one day. And thanks again for the bugle. Renny and I both got up by it in the morning. And there's to be a picnic on the shore, and an absolutely 'normous birthday cake.'

'Humph,' grunted Finch. 'I never remember such a fuss on any of *my* birthdays.'

'You have always had a cake, dear,' said Meggie, reproachfully. 'And don't forget that nice little engine thing, and your bicycle, and your wrist watch.'

'You don't expect the family to rejoice because you were born, do you?' asked Piers, grinning.

'No, I don't expect anything,' bawled Finch, 'but to be badgered.'

'Poor little boy, he's jealous.' Piers passed a sunburnt hand over Finch's head, stroking downward over his long nose, and ending with a playful jolt under the chin.

Finch's nerves were raw that morning. He was in the midst of the end-of-the-term examinations, and his increasing preoccupation with music seemed to render him less than ever able to cope with mathematics. He knew with dreadful certainty that he was not going to pass into the next form. The fact that his music teacher was not only pleased with him, but deeply interested in him, would not make up for that. Combined with a skulking sense of helpless inferiority he felt the exalted arrogance of one whose spirit moves on occasion in the free and boundless spaces of art.

With a kind of bellow he turned on Piers and struck him in the chest. Piers caught his wrists and held them, smiling lazily into his wild, distorted face.

'See here, Eden,' he called. 'This little lamb is baaing because we celebrate Wake's

birthday with more pep than we do his. Is n't it a crime?'

Eden lounged over, his lips drawn in a faint smile from his teeth, which held a cigarette, and joined in the baiting.

All morning Finch's heart raged within him.

At dinner Meggie and her grandmother both chose to correct him, to nag at him. He slouched, they said. He stuck his elbows out. He bolted his food so that he might be ready for the last helping of cherry tart before poor dear Gran.

Furious, he muttered something to himself to the effect that she might have it for all he cared, and that if it choked her —

She heard. 'Renny! Renny!' she shouted, turning purple. 'He says he hopes it chokes me! Chokes me — at my age! Flog him, Renny! I won't stand it. I'll choke. I know I will.' She glared wildly at the head of the house, her eyes blazing under her shaggy red brows.

'Mama, Mama,' said Ernest.

'It's true,' growled Nicholas. 'I heard him say it.'

Renny had been talking to Alayne, trying not to notice the disturbance. Now, in sudden anger, he got up and in a stride stood over Finch.

'Apologize to Gran,' he ordered.

'Sorry,' muttered Finch, turning white.

'No mumbling! Properly.'

'I'm very sorry, Grandmother.'

The sight of his hunched shoulders and unprepossessing sheepish face suddenly threw his elder into one of his quick passions. He gave him a sound and ringing cuff.

Perhaps it was because Finch was not properly balanced that day. In any case it always seemed easy to send him sprawling. The next second he was in a sobbing heap on the floor, and his heavy chair had fallen with a crash.

Alayne smothered a cry, and stared at her plate. Her heart was thudding, but she thought: 'I must hang on to myself. I must. He did n't mean to do it. He will be sorry. They drove him to it.'

Renny sat down. He avoided looking at her. He was humiliated at having been drawn into violence before her. However, if she thought him a brute, so much the better.

Finch gathered up himself and his chair,

and resumed his place at the table with a look of utter dejection.

'Now will you give back chat?' asked Grandmother, and she added, after another mouthful of tart, 'Somebody kiss me.'

She kept asking what time the picnic was to be, for she was even more excited about it than Wake. She had her bonnet and cape on long before the hour when the phaëton was to convey her to the shore. She had the picnic hampers ranged beside her chair, and passed the period of waiting by a prolonged and bitter discussion with Boney as to whether or not he should forage among the edibles.

The picnic party was separated into the same parts as the church party, with the difference that Finch rode his bicycle, instead of walking, and Piers arrived late on horseback, for it was a busy season with him.

As Piers tethered his mare to an iron stake which had been driven into that field before any of them could remember, he glanced toward the picnickers to see where Pheasant was. He had not had as much of her company of late as he would have liked. To the regular spring work of his men and himself had been added the setting out of a new cherry orchard and the clearing of a piece of woodland for cultivation. Piers was as strong and wholesome as a vigorous young tree. He was ambitious and he was not afraid of work, but it did seem rather hard sometimes that he had so little time to spare in these lovely days of early summer for happy and indolent hours with Pheasant. She seldom came out into the fields or orchards with him now, as she used to do. She looked pale, too, and was often petulant, even depressed. He wondered if she were possibly going to have a child. He must take good care of her, give her a little change of some kind. Perhaps he could arrange a little motor trip over the week-end. The poor girl was quite probably envious of Alayne, who had Eden always at her side.

He saw Pheasant standing on a bluff, her slender figure outlined against the sky. Her short green dress was fluttering about her knees. She looked like a flower poised there above the breezy blueness of the lake.

The phaëton had been drawn down the narrow stony road that led to the water's

edge between two bluffs. Hodge had loosed the horses, and had led them out into the lake to drink. A fire had been lighted on the beach and around it the family, with the exception of Pheasant and old Mrs. White-oak, were enjoying themselves in their own fashions. Wake, with upturned knickers, was paddling along the water's rim. Renny was throwing sticks for his spaniels. Nicholas and Ernest were skipping stones. Meg, in a disreputable old sweater, was bent over the fire cherishing the teakettle. Alayne was carrying driftwood. Lady Buckley, very upright on a rug spread on the beach, was knitting at something of a bright red color.

Before Piers joined the others on the beach he went to speak to his grandmother, who sat regarding the scene from the safety of her seat in the phaëton.

'Well, Gran, are you having a good time?'

'Put your head in so I can kiss you. Ah, there's the boy! Yes, I'm having a very good time. I used to bring the children to picnics here more than sixty years ago. I remember sitting on this very spot and watching your grandfather teach the boys to swim. Nick was a little water dog, but Ernest was always screaming that he was going down. Oh, we had the times!'

'I suppose so, Gran.'

'Go and see when tea will be ready. I want my tea. And Philip, — I mean Piers, — keep your eye on Pheasant. She's young, ay, she's young — and her mother was bad, and her father a rip. She's worth watching.'

'Look here, Gran, I don't like your saying such things about Pheasant. She's all right.'

'I dare say she is — but she's worth watching. All women are — if they've any looks. I want my tea.'

Piers was smiling at the old lady's advice as he strode along the beach. He was tolerantly amused by her, and yet he thought: There's a grain of truth in what she says. Girls are worth watching. Still, there's no one about but Tom Fennel that she could — Eden, there's Eden. He has nothing to do . . . might amuse himself . . . poets . . . immoral fellows. I'll spend more time with her. I might take her to the Falls for the week-end. There's that new inn there. She'd like that, poor little young'un.

Piers went up to Renny, whose eyes were fixed on Flossie swimming after a stick, while Merlin, having retrieved his, barked himself off his feet in agonized demand for another opportunity to exhibit his powers. As Piers approached, the spaniel shook himself vigorously, sending a drenching shower over the brothers' legs.

'Damn Merlin,' said Piers. 'He's soaked my trouser legs!'

'All in white, eh?' observed Renny, looking him over.

'You did n't expect me to come in overalls, did you? Have we time for a swim before tea?'

Renny bent and put his hand in the water. 'It's not very cold. Suppose we do. Tea can wait.'

'Where is Eden?' asked Piers, casting his eyes over the party.

'He was up on the bluff with Pheasant a bit ago.' Looking up, they saw his fair head rising just above the grass where he lay stretched at Pheasant's feet.

'I won't have him hanging about her,' burst out Piers.

'Tell him so, then,' said Renny, curtly.

'By the Lord I will! I'll tell him so he'll not forget.' His mind suddenly was a seething sea of suspicions. 'Why, even Gran thinks there's something wrong. She was warning me just now.'

'No need to get in a stew,' said Renny, throwing the stick for Merlin, who leaped to the water with a bark of joy, while his place was immediately taken by a dripping, importunate Flossie. 'Eden and Alayne will be leaving before the first of July. Evans has a job for him then.'

'What a loafer he is!'

'You did n't expect him to work with a broken leg, did you? Don't grouse about anything now. This is Wake's birthday party. Come on and have our swim.' He shouted to Wakefield: 'Wake, should you like to go in for a swim?'

Wakefield came galloping through the wavelets. 'Should I? Oh, splendid! What if I had the pony here? She'd swim out with me, I'll bet.'

'Eden!' called Renny. 'We're going in swimming. Better come.'

They stared up at him as he scrambled to his feet and began to descend the steep path

down the side of the bluff. He still limped from the effects of his fall.

'Where's Finch?' asked Renny. 'Finch will want to come.'

Wakefield answered: 'He's in the little cove already, lying on the sand.'

When the four brothers reached the little willow-fringed cove they found Finch lying face downward, his head propped on his arms.

'Still sulking?' asked Piers. 'Did you know, Renny, that the poor youth is obsessed by the idea that we make more of Wake's birthday than his? Is n't it heart-rending, Wake?'

Wakefield, smiling and self-conscious, stared down at Finch's prostrate form.

'If I get this leg chilled,' observed Eden, 'I might have rheumatism.'

'You won't get chilled if I am with you,' said Piers, pulling off his coat.

When the others had plunged into the lake, and Wake was already screaming with delight and terror at Piers's hands, Renny returned to Finch and said with a fatherly air: 'Better come in, Finch. It'll do you good. You've been studying too much.'

'No. I d' want to,' mumbled the boy against his arm.

'Don't be a duffer,' said Renny, poking him with his bare foot. 'The more Piers sees he can rattle you, the more he'll do it.'

'T is n't only that.'

'Well, look here. It was too bad I gave you that cuff before the others. But you were too damned cheeky. Come along and forget it.'

Finch rolled over, disclosing a distorted red face. 'Is there no place I can be let alone?' he bawled. 'Have I got to go to the end of the world to be let alone? All I ask is to be let alone, in peace here, and you all come prodding me up!'

'Stay alone, then, you little idiot!'

Renny tossed away the cigarette he was smoking and strode to the water's edge.

All very well, Finch thought, for a lordly being like Renny, safe, always sure of himself, unmenaced by dreadful thoughts and bewitchment, of whom even Piers stood in some awe.

With his head propped on his hand he watched his brothers, swimming, splashing, diving, the sunshine glistening on their

white shoulders. As a creature apart he watched them, with the idea in his mind that there was a conspiracy against him, that each member of the family played a different part against him, talking him over among themselves, sneering and laughing at him.

But in spite of himself a slow smile of pleasure in their glistening grace, their agility, crept over his features. Their robust shouts were not unmusical. And the shine of their sleek heads, blond and russet and black, pleased his eyes.

He saw that Piers was rough with Eden, and he was glad. He wished they would fight, half kill each other, while he reclined on the sand looking on.

Eden came limping out of the water. 'Are there any towels?' he asked. 'Run and ask Meg for towels, like a good fellow, Finch.'

Oh, yes! He was a good fellow when there was an errand to be run. But he hurried across the shingle to his sister.

'Towels? Yes, here they are. This big red and white one for Renny, mind! And the two smaller ones for Eden and Piers. And send Wake to me. I must give him a good rubbing so he shan't take a chill.'

A sudden mood of savage playfulness came over Finch. Snatching the towels, he went, with a wild fling of his body, back toward the cove. There he hurled the twisted bundle at his brothers.

'There are your old towels!' he yelled; and as he crashed among the bushwood beyond the willows he called back, 'You're to go to Meggie, young Wake, and get walloped!'

Alayne had joined Pheasant on the bluff, and presently Renny too mounted the path, his damp russet head appearing first above the brink, like the ruffled crest of some bird of prey. He threw himself on the short thick clover that carpeted the bluff and lighted his pipe.

'It seems rather hard,' said Pheasant in her childish voice, 'that Alayne and I could not have bathed. By the noise you made we could imagine the fun you were having.'

'It was too cold for girls,' he returned.

'It is a scientific fact,' she said, sententiously, 'that our sex can endure more cold than yours.'

'We had no bathing suits.'

'We should have all brought bathing suits and made a proper party of it. You have no idea how stupid it is to sit twiddling one's thumbs while you males are enjoying yourselves.'

Renny continued to stare out across the moving brilliance of the water, puffing at his pipe. With a sort of taciturn tyranny he overrode the younger girl's desire for chatter and chaff. She too fell silent, plucking at the grass, and then, after a sidelong glance at the other two, she rose and began slowly to descend the path.

'Why are you going, Pheasant?' called Alayne sharply.

'I think someone should help Meggie to lay the cloth.'

'Very well. If I can be of use please call me.'

Now a shudder of excitement ran through her. It was the first time in weeks that she had been alone with Renny. She almost wished that she had followed Pheasant.

For some time he had avoided her. Their rides, which had been interrupted by the heavy snowfalls of January and the illness of Eden, had not been resumed. Although they lived in the house together, they were separated by a wall — a relentless wall of ice, through which each was visible to the other, though distorted by its glacial diffusions. Now on the cliff, in the sunshine, the wall seemed likely to melt, and with it the barrier of her intellectual self-control. If she could only know what he was feeling! His very silence was to her a tentative embrace.

Like incense the sweetness of the wood smoke rose from the beach. Wake's little naked figure was darting here and there like a sandpiper.

She studied Renny's profile, the carved nose, the lips gripping the pipe, the damp hair plastered against the temple. It was so immobile that a heavy depression began to drown her mood of passionate excitement. Looking at him, remembering Eden, she began to feel that she had had enough of Whiteoaks. She had bruised her soul against their wanton egotism.

This Renny whom she loved was as remote, as self-sufficient as that rock out yonder. His look of passionate immobility

might be the mask of nothing more than a brooding desire to acquire some mettlesome piece of horseflesh for his stalls.

Yet, how could that be, and she have that feeling that his very silence was an embrace! Two shadowy arms seemed to spring from his shoulders toward her, crushing her to him, and he was kissing her with the passion of his kisses in the orchard, with, added to them, all the hunger of these months of self-restraint.

His fleshly arms had not moved. One lay across his thigh, the other slanted toward his pipe, the bowl of which lay in his palm. He took the pipe from his lips, and spoke in a low, husky voice. His words overwhelmed her. She was like a mariner who, fearing certain shoals, watching with both dread and desire for the light that warned of their nearness, is suddenly blinded by that light full in the eyes. Excitement, resentment, depression, left her. She was conscious only of his love.

He said, 'I love you — and I am in hell because I love you — and there is no way out.'

The magical experience of sitting on the cliff with Renny and hearing these words from his mouth, in his restrained voice, filled Alayne with a sense of reckless surrender rather than tragic renunciation. Like a crop from virgin soil, this profound love gushed upward from her being to embrace the hot sun of his passion.

With Renny it was very different. A man who had loved women both casually and licentiously, who could not speak their language, who had thought to have and craved to have no other sort of feelings toward them, he felt himself betrayed by this new and subtle passion that went deeper than mere possession, that could not be gratified and forgotten.

In his eyes was something of the bewilderment of the animal that finds itself wounded, unable to exercise the faculties which had been its chief delight. Love, which had hitherto been to him as a drink of fresh water, now tasted of the bitter salt of renunciation. He muttered again, 'There is no way out.'

She said, almost in a whisper, 'No, I suppose there is nothing to be done.'

It was as though a traveler, pointing to

the rising moon, had said to another, 'There is no moon.'

He caught that strange denial of her words in her tone. Looking into her face, he perceived the warmth and pathos there. He exclaimed, with a groan: 'I would cut everything — take you away — if only — he were not my brother!'

In an odd, choking voice that seemed to come from a long way off she reminded him, 'Your half brother.'

'I never think of that,' he said, coldly. His attachment to his brothers was so tenacious that it always had annoyed him to hear them spoken of as half brothers.

After a moment of silence that seemed made manifest by a veil of wood smoke that rose and hung over them for a space, she said, with a tremor in her voice: 'I will do whatever you tell me to.'

'I believe you would,' he answered. With sudden realization he knew that her life was to her as important as his to himself, and yet she was putting it into his hands, with heroic selflessness.

They became aware that those on the beach were calling to them, and, looking down, they saw that they were beckoning. The cloth was laid, and already Nicholas, with the help of Piers, was letting himself down heavily into the unaccustomed posture of sitting on the ground.

'Tea is ready. Come down! Come!' echoed the voices.

The two rose mechanically, like two untroubled puppets, under the blue immensity of heaven, and turned toward the path.

'Your heels are too high for such a rough place. Let me take your hand.'

She placed her hand in his, and he held it in his thin, muscular grasp till they reached the shingle.

XXI

Two members of the picnic party did not return with the others to Jalna. Piers went through the ravine to Vaughanlands, and with Maurice Vaughan drove to Steed to a meeting of fruit growers. Finch too went to Vaughanlands, but he cycled along the country road and entered by the front door into the house. He knew Maurice was

going out with Piers, and, since the house-keeper was almost totally deaf, he might therefore make music with all the wild fervor that he chose.

All day he had been straining toward the hour. Yet he knew that he should at this moment be in his room at home 'swatting' for the physics examination to-morrow. He should not have gone to the picnic at all, though he had compromised by taking a textbook to study at odd moments. In reality he had not read one word of it. The book had been nothing more than a mask behind which he had hidden for a while his angry, sullen face. When he had fastened it in its strap to the handlebar of his bicycle, he had muttered something about going to study with George Fennel. He had lied, and he did not care. This evening he must be free. His soul must stretch its wings in the spaces of the night. Music would set him free.

This new freedom which music had the power to cast over him like a bright armor was most of all freedom from his own menacing thoughts, and, better still, freedom from God. God no longer frightened him, no longer pursued him in his loneliness, following him even to his bed with face that changed from thunderous darkness to fiery whiteness, from old to young. On evenings when music had made him brave and free he marched home through the ravine, singing as he marched, and no more afraid of God than of the whippoor-wills that called to their loves among the trees or of the quivering stars.

Sometimes the thought of being loved by God rather than pursued by Him filled him with ecstasy, blinded him with tears. Often, and more often as the months flew on, he did not believe in God at all. God was nothing but a dragon of childhood, — Fear personified, — of which a Scotch nurse he had in tiny boyhood had sown the seed.

Yet he did not want to lose this fear of God entirely, for he had in it the power of submerging the more terrible fear of himself. Once in a strange flash of inwardness he had thought that perhaps God and he were both afraid, each afraid of his own reflection as seen in the other's eyes. Perhaps, even, God and he were one.

In the forsaken house he sat very upright

on the piano stool, only his hands moving firmly, and with spirit, over the keys. The piece he played was no more pretentious than that which any boy of talent might execute after an equal number of lessons. Nevertheless there was something special in Finch's playing, in the way his sheepish air gave place to confidence when he sat before the piano, in the firm dexterity of his beautiful hands, in such contrast to his unprepossessing face, which kept him in his teacher's mind long after the lesson was over. More than once the teacher had said to a colleague: 'I have one pupil — a boy named Whiteoak — who is n't like any of the others. He has genius of some kind, I am sure, but whether music is its natural expression, or whether it is just a temporary outlet for something else, I can't yet make out. He's a queer, shy boy.'

He sat playing now, neither shy nor queer. The room was dark except for the moonlight that serenely fell across his hands on the keys. Through the open window the rich, sweet scents of this June night poured in a changeful stream, now the odor of the cool fresh earth, now the heavy scent of certain yellow lilies that grew beneath the window, now the mixed aroma of wild flowers, last year's leaves, and rich mould that poured up from the ravine.

All these scents and warmth and coolnesses Finch wove into his music. He had a strange sensation that night that many years had fled by with averted faces since the hour of the picnic. He felt the wondrous elation of creating, and at the same time a great sadness, for he knew that the world he was creating could not last, that it was no more than the shadow of a shadow, that the dancing streams, the flying petals, the swift winds that were born beneath his fingers, would dry and wither and fall as the music sank to silence.

A clock on the chimney piece struck ten in a thin, far-away tone. Finch remembered to-morrow's examination. He must go home and study for a couple of hours, try to get something into that brain of his besides music. But at any rate his brain felt clearer for the music. He felt wonderfully clear-headed to-night. All sights and sounds seemed to him magnified, intensified. With luck he might in the next two

hours absorb the very problems upon which the questions of the examination would be based. The worst was that, as he had told Meggie he was going to study with George Fennel, he must go a long piece out of his way in order that he might arrive from the direction of the rectory. The night was so mild that some of the family were almost certain to be about, and if he appeared out of the ravine it would at once be suspected that he had been at Vaughanlands.

Just one piece more! He could not tear himself away yet. He played on, losing himself in the delight of that growing sympathy between his hands and the keyboard. Then he gently closed the piano and went out on to the verandah, shutting the door behind him.

He mounted his wheel and rode across the lawn. He flew along the road, faster and faster, through the little hamlet, past the rectory. There was a light up in George's attic room, and poor George swatting away. What if he went in and spent the night with George? He could telephone to Jalna.

No, he wanted to be by himself. George was too solid, too prosaic for him to-night. He could see his slow smile, hear his 'Whatever puts such fool ideas into your head, Finch?'

Down the lane into the old woods of Jalna. The black pine trees blacker than the blackest night. How did they manage it? No darkness could obliterate them.

How lovely the little birch wood must look in the moonlight! All the silver birches in their own fair communion in the midst of the black pines. If he left his wheel here he might go to the birch wood and see it in this first silvery night of June, take a picture of it back to his room in his mind's eye.

His mind's eye. What a singular phrase! He thought of his mind's eye — round, glowing; rapturous and frightened by turns.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

It must have been the eye of his heart which he had been imagining — that flaming, rapturous, terrified eye. 'When love is done —' Love had not begun for him. He

thought it never would. Not that kind of love. He was not at all sure he wanted it.

He was running lightly along the woodland path that wound among the pines. There were before him five slender young birches sprung from the trunk of a fallen and decayed pine, like five fabled virgins from the torso of a slain giant. Beyond them the birch wood lay in the mystery of moonlight, the delicate, drooping boughs seeming to float above the immaculate boles.

This was the spot where one morning he had seen Renny standing with a strange woman in his arms. The place had ever since been haunted by that vision. He was therefore scarcely surprised when he heard low voices as he reached the outer fringe of trees. Was Renny up to his love games again? He halted among the young ferns and listened. He peered through the strange misty radiance that seemed to be distilled from the trunks and foliage of the birches themselves rather than to fall from above, and tried to see who were the two that had sought this hidden spot. Every nerve in his body was quivering, taut as the string of a musical instrument.

At first he could make out nothing but the dew-wet mistiness of light and shade, the strange lustre that hung above a patch of greensward. All about him the air was full of mysterious rustlings and sighings, as though every leaf and blade and fern frond were sentient to what was happening in the enchanted glade. Then the murmur of voices, the sound of long, passionate kisses, drew his gaze toward a particular spot sheltered by some hazel bushes. Scarcely breathing, he crept closer. He heard a low laugh, and then the voice that laughed said, 'Pheasant, Pheasant, Pheasant,' over and over again.

It was Eden's voice.

Then rushing, breathless words from Pheasant, and then a deep sigh, and again the sound of kisses!

Oh, they were wicked! He could have rushed in on them in his rage and slain them. It would have been right and just. They had betrayed Piers, his beloved brother, his hero! In his imagination he crashed in on them through the hazel bushes, tramping the ferns, and struck them again and again till they screamed for pity.

But he had no pity; he beat them down as they clung about his knees till their blood soaked the greensward and the glade reverberated with their cries.

He was dazed. He drew his hand across his eyes. Then he moved closer toward them through the hazels, not seeing where he was going, dizzy. Her voice gasped, 'What was that?'

He stopped.

There was silence, except that the beating of his heart filled the universe.

'What was that?'

'Nothing but a rabbit or a squirrel.'

Finch dropped to his knees. With great caution he turned and began to creep away from them. He crept till he reached the path into the pine wood, then he got to his feet and began to run. He sped along the needle-strewn path with great strides like a hunted deer. His mouth was open, his breath coming in sobbing gasps.

When he reached the place where he had left his wheel he did not stop. Nothing mechanical could move with the speed of his swift, avenging feet. He ran down the lane, waving his arms; he flew across the pasture, past a group of sleeping cattle, and, missing the bridge, waded across the stream through the thick, clinging watercress; slipped, and sprawled on the bank into a great golden splash of kingcups; and pressed on toward the stables.

Piers had just driven into the yard when he arrived. He ran up in front of the car, his wild white face and disheveled hair startling in the glare of the lamps. His hand was on his side, where a pain like a knife was stabbing him.

'What's the matter?' cried Piers, springing out of the car.

Finch pointed in the direction from whence he had come.

'They're there!' he said, thickly. 'Back there — in the woods!'

'What the devil is the matter with you?' asked Piers, coming around to him. 'Have you had a fright?'

Finch caught his brother by the arm and repeated, 'In the wood — making love — both of them — kissing — making love —'

'Who? Tell me whom you mean. I don't know what you're talking about.' Piers was impatient, yet in spite of himself

he was excited by the boy's wild words.

'Eden, the traitor!' cried Finch, his voice breaking into a scream. 'He's got Pheasant in the wood there — Pheasant! They're wicked, I tell you — false as hell!'

Piers's hand was as a vise on his arm.

'What did you see?'

'Nothing — nothing! But behind the hazel bushes — I heard them whispering — kissing — oh, I know — I was n't born yesterday! Why did they go so far away? She would n't have let him kiss her like that unless —'

Piers gave him a shake. 'Shut up! No more of that! Now listen to me! You are to go straight to your room, Finch. You are to say nothing of this to anyone. I am going to find them.' His full, healthy face was ghastly, his eyes blazed. 'I'll kill them both — if what you say is so, Finch! Now, go to the house!'

He asked then, in a tone almost matter-of-fact, just where Finch had seen them, why he had gone there himself. Finch incoherently repeated everything. Something of their excitement must have been transmitted to the animals, for the dogs began to bark and a loud whinny came from the stables. The moon was sinking, and a deathlike pallor lay across the scene.

Piers turned away, cursing as he stumbled over the tongue of a cart. A mist was rising above the paddock, and he ran into this obscurity, disappearing from Finch's eyes as though swallowed up by some sinister force of nature.

Finch stared after him till he was lost to view, then stumbled toward the house. He felt suddenly tired and weak, and yet he could not go to the house as he had been bid. He saw a light in Alayne's room. Poor Alayne! He shuddered as he thought of what Piers would do to Eden, and yet he had done right to tell this terrible thing. He could not have hidden such evil-doing in his heart, connived at their further sin. Still it was possible that his own evil imagination had magnified their act into heinousness. Perhaps, even, they were no worse than others. He had heard something about the loose morals of the younger generation. Well, Pheasant was only eighteen, Eden twenty-four; they were young, and perhaps no worse than others.

What about Alayne herself? Was she good? Those long rides with Renny — her moving into a room by herself, away from Eden. Finch had heard a whispered reference to that between Meg and Aunt Augusta. Would he ever know right from wrong? Would he ever know peace? All he knew was that he was alone, very lonely, afraid — afraid now for Eden and Pheasant, while a few minutes ago he had thought only of crushing them in the midst of their wickedness.

He crossed the lawn and followed the path into the ravine. The stream, narrower here than where he had waded through it crossing the meadows, ran swiftly, still brimming from heavy spring rains. Luxuriant bushes, covered by starry white flowers, filled the night with their fragrance.

Renny was sitting on the strong wooden handrail of the little bridge, smoking and staring dreamily down into the water.

Finch would have turned away, but Renny had heard his step on the bridge. 'That you, Piers?' he asked.

'No, it's me — Finch.'

'Have you just come back from the rectory?'

'No, Renny, I've been — practising.'

He expected a rebuke, but none came. Renny scarcely seemed to hear him, seemed scarcely aware of his presence. Finch moved closer to him, with some dim idea of absorbing some of his strength by mere proximity. In the shadow of that unique magnificence he did not feel quite so frightened. He wished that he might touch him, hold on to his fingers, even his tweed sleeve, as he had when he was a little fellow.

Down there in the dark brightness of the water he saw a picture: Eden lying dead, with Alayne wringing her hands above his body; and as the wavelets obliterated it another took its place — Piers, purple-faced, struggling, kicking on a gallows. Icy sweat poured down Finch's face. He put out a hand, gropingly, and staggered from the bridge and up the path. On the ridge above the ravine he hesitated. Should he go back and pour out the whole terrible tale to Renny? Perhaps it was not too late, if they ran all the way, to prevent a disaster.

He stood, gnawing at his knuckle distractedly, the clinging wetness of his

trouser legs making him shiver from head to foot. He seemed incapable of movement or even thought now, but suddenly he was stirred to both by the sound of Eden's laugh, near at hand, on the lawn. Then Pheasant's voice came, speaking in a natural, unhurried tone. Piers had somehow missed them, and while he was crashing through the woods in pursuit they were strolling about the lawn, as though they had been there all the while.

He moved out from the darkness and stood before them. Eden had just struck a match and was holding it to a cigarette. The flame danced in his eyes, which looked very large and bright, and gave an ironical twist to the faint smile that so often hovered about his lips. Pheasant uttered an exclamation that was almost a cry.

'Don't go in the house,' said Finch, heavily. 'I mean — go away. I've told Piers about you. I heard you in the birch wood, and I ran back and told Piers —'

Eden held the still flaring match near Finch's face, as though it were some supernatural ray by which he could look into his very soul. 'Yes?' he said, steadily. 'Go on.'

'He's after you. He — he looked terrible. You'd better go away.'

Pheasant made a little moaning sound like a rabbit caught in a trap.

Eden dropped the match. 'What a worm you are, brother Finch,' he said. 'I don't know where we Whiteoaks ever got you.' He turned to Pheasant. 'Don't be frightened, darling. I will take care of you.'

'Oh, oh,' she cried, 'what shall we do?' 'Hush.'

'He'll be back any minute,' said Finch, and turned away.

He could not go into that house with its peacefully shining lights, where the others were still talking perhaps of the picnic, all unwitting of the thunderbolt that hung over them. He skulked around the house, through the kitchen garden, through the orchard, and out on the road that led to the churchyard.

The church steeple, rising from among the tapering cedars, pointed more sharply than they toward the sky. The church had gathered to itself the darkest shadows of tree and tomb and drawn them like a cloak

about its walls. The dead, lying beneath the dewy young grass, seemed to Finch to be watching him, as he climbed the steep steps from the road, out of hollow eye sockets in which no longer was boldness, or terror, or lust, but only resigned decay. They no longer were afraid of God. All was over. They had nothing to do but lie there till their bones were light as the pollen of a flower.

Ah, but he was afraid of God! Fear was his flesh, his marrow, his very essence. Why had the moon sunk and left him in this blackness alone? What had he done? He had ruined the lives of Piers and Eden, and Pheasant and Alayne. Were Eden and Pheasant sinful? Sin — what a mad word! Could there be sin? All the mouldering bones under this grass — their sins were no more than the odors of spring growth — warm earth, sticky leaf bud, blessed rain — sweetness. But there was that saying: 'unto the third and fourth generation.' Perhaps he was suffering to-night for the heady sin of some far-off Whiteoak. Perhaps that baby sister, over whose grave he stood, had given up her little ghost because of some shadowy bygone sin. He pictured her lying there, not horrible, not decayed, but fair and tender as the bud of an April flower, with little hands held out to him.

Hands held out to him. Oh, beautiful thought! That was what his lonely spirit yearned for — the comfort of outstretched hands. A sob of self-pity shook him, tears rushed to his eyes and poured down his cheeks. He cast himself on the ground among the graves and lay there, his face against the grass. All the accumulated experience of the dead beneath him, passing into his body, became one with him. He lay there inert, exhausted, drinking in at every pore the bitter sweetness of the past. Hands stretched out to him — the hands of soldiers, gardeners, young mothers, infants, and One far different from the others. Hands from which emanated a strange white glow; not open-palmed, but holding something toward him — 'the living Bread.' Christ's hands!

He knelt among the mounds and held up his own hands, curved like petals, to receive. His thin boy's body was torn by sobs as a sapling in a hailstorm. He put his

hands to his mouth — he had received the Bread. He felt the sacred fire of it burn through his veins — scorch his soul — Christ in him.

Overcome, he sank beside his mother's grave and threw his arm about it. Little white daisies shone out of the dark grass like tender, beaming eyes. He pressed closer, closer, drawing up his knees, curling his body like a little child's, thrusting his breast against the grave, and cried: 'Mother, oh, Mother — speak to me! I am Finch, your boy.'

XXII

Maurice Vaughan was sitting alone in his dining room. When he and Piers had returned from Steed, he had brought the young fellow into the house for a drink and some cold viands which he had got himself from the pantry. If he had had his way, Piers would still be there, smoking, drinking, and talking with ever less clarity about fertilizers and spraying and the breeding of horses. But Piers had refused to stay for long. He had to rise early, and for some reason he could not get Pheasant out of his head. His thoughts kept flying back to her, to her little white face, her brown cropped hair. Her thin, eager hands seemed to tug at his sleeve, drawing him home. He had been abstracted all the evening.

However, Maurice had scarcely noticed this. All he craved was company, the warmth of a human presence to pierce the chill loneliness of the house. When Piers was gone he sat on and on; slowly, heavily drinking without enjoyment; slowly, heavily thinking in the same numbing circle which his mind, like the glassy-eyed steed of a roundabout, had traversed for twenty years.

He thought of Meg, tender and sedate, a noble young girl, as she was when they had become engaged. He thought of his old parents, their fond joy in him, their ambition — with which he was in accord — that he should become one of the most brilliant and influential men in the country. He pictured his marriage with Meggie, their life together, their family of lovely girls and boys. There were six of these children of his fancy. He had named them all — the

boys with family names, the girls with romantic names from the poets he had once admired. For them he had a love he had never given to Pheasant.

He thought of that affair with her mother, of their meetings in the twilight, of her clutching his knees and begging him to marry her when she found she was with child, of his tearing himself away. Then the basket with the baby. And so on through the whole gloomy business of his life.

As he completed the circle, the room reeled a little with him, his chin sank on his breast, and the electric light brought out the increasing whiteness of the patches on his temples. He did not sleep, but consciousness was suspended. The sound of someone softly entering the room did not rouse him. With his heavy underlip dropped, his eyes staring into space, he sat motionless, as a sullen rock buried in the heaviness of the sea.

Pheasant felt a pang of pity as she saw him sitting alone in the cold unshaded electric light. 'He looks frightfully blue,' she thought, 'and he's getting round-shouldered.' Then her mind flew back to her own tragic situation, and she went to him and touched him on the arm.

'Maurice.'

He started, and then, seeing who it was, he said in a surly tone, 'Well, what do you want?'

'Oh, Maurice,' she breathed, 'be kind to me! Don't let Piers into the house. I'm afraid he'll kill me.'

He stared stupidly at her, and then growled, 'Well, it's what you deserve, is n't it?'

'Maurice, you're drunk! Oh, whatever shall I do?' She threw herself on his knees, clasping his neck. 'Try to understand! Say that you'll not let Piers kill me!' She broke into pitiful wails. 'Oh, Maurice, I've had to run away from Piers, and I love him so!'

'He was here a bit ago,' said Vaughan, staring around, as though he expected to find him in a corner. Then, noticing her head against his shoulder, he laid his hand on it in a rough caress, as a man might stroke a dog. 'Don't cry, youngster. I'll take care of you. Glad to have you back. Damned lonely.'

She caught his hand and pressed a dozen wild kisses on it.

'Oh, Maurice, how good you are! How good to me! And how good Piers was to me — and I did n't deserve it. Hanging is too good for me!' And she added, melodramatically, "'T were better I had never been born!'

She rose then and wiped her eyes. She was a pitiful little figure. Her clothes were torn from running distractedly through a blackberry plantation. Her hands and even her pale face were bleeding from scratches. She had lost a shoe, and the stocking foot was wet with mud.

'Yes, 't were,' he repeated, agreeably.

With a certain pathetic dignity she turned toward the door. 'Will it be all the same to you, Maurice, if I go to my room?'

'Same to me — wherever you go — absolutely.'

How different this hall, she thought, as she dragged herself up the bare stairs, from the luxurious hall at Jalna, with its thickly carpeted stairs, its dark red rugs, its stained-glass window.

She felt dazed. She scarcely suffered, except for the aching in her legs, as she threw herself across her old bed. With half-shut eyes she lay staring at the two little pictures on the wall opposite, 'Wide Awake' and 'Fast Asleep,' which had once hung in Maurice's nursery. Darling little baby pictures, how she had always loved them! She wished she had the strength of mind to kill herself — tear the sheets into strips and wind them tighter and tighter around her throat; or, better still, hang herself from one of the rafters in that back room in the attic. She saw herself dangling there, purple-faced — saw horrified Maurice discovering her — saw herself buried at the crossroad with a stake in her inside. She did not know whether that was still done, but it was possible that the custom would be revived for her.

She fell into a kind of nightmare doze, in which the bed rocked beneath her like a cradle. It rocked faster and faster, rolling her from side to side. She was not a real, a wholesome infant, but a grotesque changeling leering up at the distraught mother who now peered in at her, shrieking, tearing her hair. Again the scream rent

the silence, and Pheasant, with sweat starting on her face, sprang up in bed.

She was alone. The electric light shone brightly. Again came the loud peal — not a scream, but the ringing of the doorbell.

She leaped to the floor. The lock of the door had been broken many years. She began to drag at the washstand to barricade it.

Downstairs the sound had also penetrated Vaughan's stupor. He lurched to the door, which Pheasant had locked behind her, and threw it open. Renny and Piers Whiteoak stood there, their faces like two pale discs against the blackness. Renny at once stepped inside, but Piers remained in the porch.

'Is Pheasant here?' asked Renny.

'Yes.' He eyed them with solemnity.

Renny turned to his brother. 'Come in, Piers.'

Vaughan led the way toward the dining room, but Piers stopped at the foot of the stairs. 'Is she upstairs?' he asked in a thick voice, placing one hand on the newel post as though to steady himself.

Vaughan, somewhat sobered by the strangeness of the brothers' aspect, remembered something. 'Yes, but you're not going up to her. You'll let her alone.'

'He won't hurt her,' said Renny.

'He's not to go up! I promised her.'

He took the youth's arm, but Piers wrenched himself away.

'I order you!' shouted Vaughan. 'Whose house is this? Whose daughter is she? She's left you. Very well — let her stay. I want her.'

'She is my wife. I'm going to her.'

'What the hell's the matter anyway? I don't know what it's all about. She comes here, done in, frightened out of her wits — I remember now. Then you come like a pair of murderers.'

'I must see her.'

'You shall not see her.' Again he clutched Piers's arm.

In a moment Piers had freed himself and was springing up the stairs. Renny said, 'Come into the dining room, Maurice, and I'll tell you what is wrong. Did she tell you nothing?'

'I don't remember what she said.' He picked up the decanter. 'Have a drink.'

'No, nor you either.' He took the decanter from his friend and put it in the sideboard, decisively locking the door.

Vaughan regarded the action with dismal whimsicality. 'What a to-do,' he said, 'because the kids have had a row!'

Renny turned on him savagely. 'Good God, Maurice, you don't call this a row, do you?'

'Well, what's the trouble anyway?'

'The trouble is this — that brat of yours has wrecked poor young Piers's life!'

'The hell she has! Who is the man?'

'His own brother — Eden.'

Vaughan groaned, calling Pheasant a hard name. 'Where is he?'

'He made off in the car.'

'Why did n't she go with him? Why did she come to me?'

'How can I tell? He probably did n't ask her. Oh, the whole rotten business harks back to me! It's my fault. I'd no right to let Eden loaf about all winter writing poetry. It's made a scoundrel of him!'

A wry smile flitted across Vaughan's face at the unconscious humor of the remark.

'I should n't blame myself too much if I were you. If writing poetry has made Eden into a scoundrel, he was probably well on the way beforehand. Possibly that's why he turned to it.'

There was a deep understanding between these two. They had confided in each other as they had in no one else. Renny, stirred by the dark disclosures of the night, burst out, 'Maurice, in thought I am no better than Eden! I love his wife. She's never out of my mind.'

Vaughan looked into the tormented eyes of his friend with commiseration.

'Do you, Renny? I had never thought of such a thing. She does n't seem to me your sort of girl at all.'

'That is the trouble. She is n't. If she were, it would be easier to put the thought of her aside. She's intellectual, she's —'

'I should say she is cold.'

'You're wrong. It is I — all my life — who have had a sort of cold sensuality. No tenderness went with my love for a woman. I don't think I had any compassion. No, I'm sure I had n't,' — he knit his brows as

though recalling past affairs, — 'but I'm full of compassion for Alayne.'

'Does she love you?'

'Yes.'

'What about Eden?'

'She had a romantic devotion to him, but it's over.'

'Does she know about this?' He lifted his head in the direction of the room above.

'Yes. I had only a glimpse of her in the hall — the house was in an uproar. She looked very strange. She had a peculiar, exalted look as though nothing mattered now.'

'I see. What is Piers going to do?'

'Piers is a splendid fellow — tough as an oak. He said to me, "She's mine — nothing can change that. I'm going to fetch her home." But I should pity Eden if he got his hands on him.'

'They are coming down. Heavens, they were quiet enough! Must I speak to them?'

'No, let the poor young beggars alone.'

The two came slowly down the stairs. Like people leaving the scene of a catastrophe, they carried in their eyes the terror of what they had beheld. Their faces were rigid. Piers's mouth was drawn to one side in an expression of disgust. It was like a mask of tragedy.

They stood in the wide doorway of the dining room as in a picture framed.

Maurice and Renny smiled at them awkwardly, trying to put a decent face on the affair. Maurice said, 'Going, eh? Have something first, Piers.' He made a movement toward the sideboard.

'Thanks,' returned Piers in a lifeless voice. He entered the room. 'Where's that key, Renny?'

Renny produced the key. A tantalus was brought forth and a drink poured for Piers. Maurice, with Renny's eye on him, did not take one himself.

Piers gulped down the spirits, the glass rattling grotesquely against his teeth. Under the ashen tan of his face, color crept back.

No one spoke, but the three men stared with gloomy intensity at Pheasant, still framed in the doorway. Putting up her hands, as though to push their peering faces back from her, she exclaimed, 'Don't

stand staring at me like that! One would think you'd never seen me before.'

'You look awfully done,' said Maurice. 'I think you ought to have a mouthful of something to brace you. A little Scotch and water, eh?'

'I might if I were asked,' she returned, with a pathetic attempt at bravado.

She took in a steady little hand the glass which Maurice brought, and drank.

'I shall come along later,' said Renny to Piers. 'I'm going to stop awhile with Maurice.' But he continued to stare at Pheasant.

She said, in a voice as steady as her hand, 'I know I'm a scarlet woman, but I think you're very cruel. Your eyes are like a brand, Renny Whiteoak.'

'Pheasant, I was not even thinking of you. My — my mind was quite somewhere else.'

Piers turned on Maurice in a sudden rage. 'It's all your fault!' he broke out, vehemently. 'You never gave the poor child a chance! She was as ignorant as any little immigrant when I married her.'

'She does n't seem to have learned any good from you,' retorted Vaughan.

'You are talking like fools,' said Renny.

'Gentlemen, please do not quarrel about me,' put in Pheasant. 'I think I'm going to faint, or something.'

'Better take her out in the air,' said Renny. 'The liquor was too strong for her.'

'Come along,' said Piers, and took her arm.

The touch of his hand had an instant effect on Pheasant. A deep blush suffused her face and neck; she swayed toward him, raising her eyes to his with a look of tragic humility.

Outside, the coolness of the dawn refreshed her. He released her arm, and preceded her through the grove and down into the ravine. They walked in silence, she seeming no more than his shadow, following him through every divergence of the path, hesitating when he hesitated. On the bridge above the stream he stopped. Below lay the pool where they had first seen their love reflected as an opening flower. They looked down into it now, no longer able to share the feelings its mirrored loveliness excited in them. A primrose light suffused the sky,

and in a deeper tone lay cupped in the pool, around the brink of which things tender and green strove with gentle urgency to catch the sun's first rays.

An English pheasant, one of some imported by Renny, moved sedately among the young rushes, its plumage shining like a coat of mail. Careless, irresponsible bird, thought Piers, and for one wild instant wished that Pheasant were one with the bird, that no man might recognize a woman in her but himself, that he might keep her hidden and love her secretly, untortured by the fear and loathing he now felt toward her.

Pheasant saw, drowned in that pool, all the careless irresponsibility of the past, the weakness, the indolence that had made her a victim of Eden's dalliance. If Piers loathed her, how much more she loathed the image of Eden's face which faintly smiled at her from the changeful mirror of the pool! Just to live, to make up to Piers by her devotion for what he had suffered — to win from his eyes love again instead of that look of fear which he had turned on her when he entered the bedroom! She had expected rage — fury — and he had looked at her in an agony of fear! But he had taken her back! They were going home to Jalna. She longed for the thick walls of the house as a broken-winged bird for its nest.

'Come,' he said, as though awakening from a dream, and moved on up the path that led from the ravine to the lawn.

The turkeys were crossing the lawn, led by the cock, whose blazing wattles swung arrogantly in the first sun rays. His wives, with burnished breasts and beaming eyes, followed close behind, craning their necks, alternately lifting and dragging their slender feet, echoing his bold gobble with plaintive pipings.

Inside, the house lay in silence except for the heavy snoring of Grandmother in her bedroom off the lower hall. It was as if some strange beast had his lair beneath the stairs and was growling his challenge to the sun.

They passed the closed doors of the hall above and went into their own room. Pheasant dropped into a chair by the window, but Piers, with a businesslike air,

began collecting various articles — his brushes, his shaving things, the clothes he wore about the farm. She watched his movements with the unquestioning submissiveness of a child. One thought sustained her: 'How glad I am that I am here with Piers, and not flying with Eden, as he wanted me to!'

When he had got together what he wanted, he took the key from the door and inserted it on the outside. He said, without looking at her, 'Here you stay, till I can stand the sight of your face again.'

He went out, locking the door behind him. He climbed the long stairs to the attic, and, throwing his things on a bed in an unused room, began to change his clothes for the day's work. In the passage he had met Alayne, looking like a ghost. They had passed without speaking.

XXIII

Three weeks later Mr. Wragge was an object of great interest one morning to a group of Jersey calves as he crossed their pasture. He was in his shirt sleeves, his coat being thrown over one arm, for the day was hot; his hat was tilted over his eyes, and he carried, balanced on one hand, a tray covered with a white cloth. When he reached a stile at the far end of the paddock he set the tray on the top, climbed over, then, balancing the tray at a still more dangerous angle, proceeded on his way. It now lay through an old uncared-for apple orchard, the great trees of which were green with moss, and half-smothered in wild grapevines and Virginia creeper. Following a winding path, he passed a spring where long ago a primitive well had been made by the simple process of sinking a wooden box. The lid of this was now gone, the wood decayed, and it was used by birds as a drinking fountain and bath.

Embowered in vines, and almost hidden by flowering dogwood, stood the hut where Fiddler Jock, by the consent of Captain Philip Whiteoak, had lived in solitude. Here Meg Whiteoak had been living for three weeks.

Before approaching the threshold Mr. Wragge again set down the tray, put on his coat, straightened his hat, threw away his

cigarette, and intensified his expression of concern.

'Miss Whiteoak, it's me, ma'am,' he said loudly then, as though to reassure her, immediately after knocking.

The door opened and Meg Whiteoak appeared, with an expression sweetly calm, but a face paler than formerly.

'Thank you, Rags,' she said, taking the tray. 'Thank you very much.'

'I'd be gratified, ma'am,' he said anxiously, 'if you was to lift the napkin and tike a look at wot I've brought you. I'd be better pleased if I knew you found it tempting.'

Miss Whiteoak accordingly peeped under the napkin and discovered a plate of fresh scones, a bowl of ripe strawberries, and a jug of thick clotted cream such as she liked with them. A sweet smile curved her lips. She took the tray and set it on the table in the middle of the low, scantily furnished room.

'It looks very tempting, Rags. These are the first strawberries I've seen.'

'They are the very first,' he announced eagerly. 'I picked them myself, ma'am. There's going to be a wonderful crop, they s'y, but it don't seem to matter, the w'y things are going on with us these days.'

'That's very true,' she said, sighing. 'How is my grandmother to-day, Rags?'

'Flourishing, amazing, ma'am. My wife says she talked of nothink but her birthday the 'ole time she was doing up 'er room. She had a queer little spell on Thursday, but Mr. Ernest, 'e thought it was just that she'd eat too much of the goose grivy.'

'That is good.' She bit her full underlip, and then asked, with an attempt at nonchalance, 'Have you heard anything about Mrs. Eden's leaving?'

'I believe she's to go as soon as the birthd'y celebrations are over. The old lidy would n't 'ear of it before. Ow, Miss Whiteoak, she's only a shadder of 'er former self, Mrs. Eden is! And Mr. Piers is not much better. Of course, I've never seen Mrs. Piers. She ain't never shown up in the family circle yet, but my wife saw her looking out of the window and she says she looks just the sime. Dear me, some people can stand anything. As for me, I'm

not the man I was at all. My nerves 'ave all gone back on me.'

He took out a clean folded handkerchief and wiped his brow. 'It is n't as though my own family relations was wot they were, ma'am. Mrs. Wragge and me, we 'ad our little altercations, as you know, but, tike it as a 'ole, our life together was amiable; but now'—he dolefully shook his head—'it's nothink more nor less than terrific. Me being on your side and she all for Mr. Renny, there's never a moment's peace. W'y, yester'd'y—Sunday and all as it was—she up and shied the stove lifter at my 'ead. And as for 'er language! Well, Mr. Renny, he 'eard the goings on and he came rattling down the bisement stairs in a fine rage, and said if he 'eard any more of it we should go. The worst was 'e seemed to blime me for the 'ole affair. I never thought I'd live to see the d'y he'd glare at me the w'y he did!'

'That's because you are on my side, Rags,' she said sadly.

'I know, and that makes it all the worse. It's a house divided against itself. I've seen deadlocks in my time, but I've never seen a deadlock like this. Well, I'll be tiking aw'y wot little appetite you 'ave with my talk. I must be off. I've a thousand things to do, and of course Mrs. Wragge puts all the 'ard work on to me as usual. And if you'll believe me, ma'am, she's so evilly disposed that I 'ad to steal those little scones I brought you.'

He turned away, and when he had gone a few yards he put on his hat, removed his coat, and lighted a cigarette. Just as he reached the stile he met Renny Whiteoak.

Renny said sarcastically, 'I see you have a path worn to the hut, Rags. Been carrying trays to Miss Whiteoak, I suppose.'

Rags straightened himself with an air of self-righteous humility, and said, 'And if I did n't carry tr'ys to 'er, wot do you suppose would 'appen, sir? W'y, she'd starve—that's wot she'd do!'

This remark was thrown after the retreating figure of his master, who strode angrily away.

When Renny reached the hut he found the door open, and inside he could see his sister sitting by the table, pouring herself a cup of tea.

She looked up as she heard his step, and then, with an expression of remote calm, dropped her eyes to the stream of amber liquid issuing from the spout of the teapot. She sat with one rounded elbow on the table, her head supported on her hand. She looked so familiar and yet so strange, sitting in these poverty-stricken surroundings, that he scarcely knew what to say to her. However, he went in, and stood looking down at the tray.

'What particular meal is this?' he asked.

'I have no idea,' she answered, buttering a scone. 'I keep no count of meals now.'

He looked about him, at the low rain-stained ceiling, the rusty stove, the uneven worm-eaten floor, the inner room, with its narrow cot bed.

'This is an awful hole you've chosen to sulk in,' he commented.

She did not answer, but ate her scone with composure, and after it two strawberries smothered in cream.

'You'll make a charming old lady, after you've spent ten years or so here,' he jibed.

He saw a sparkle of temper in her eyes then.

'You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you drove me to it.'

'That is utter nonsense. I did everything I could to prevent you.'

'You did not send that girl away. You allowed Piers to bring her into the house with me, after her behavior.'

'Meggie, can't you see anyone's side of this question but your own? Can't you see that poor young Piers was doing a rather heroic thing in bringing her home?'

'I will not live under the same roof with that girl. I told you that three weeks ago, and you still try to force me.'

'But I can't allow you to go on like this!' he cried. 'We shall be the talk of the countryside.'

She regarded him steadfastly. 'Have you ever cared what the countryside thought of you?'

'No, but I can't have people saying that my sister is living in a tumbledown hut.'

'You can turn me out, of course.'

He ignored this and continued, 'People will simply say that you have become demented.'

'It will not surprise me if I do.'

He stared at her, positively frightened. 'Meggie, how can you say such things? By God, I have enough to bear without your turning against me!'

She said, with calculated cruelty, 'You have Alayne. Why should you need me?'

'I have not got Alayne,' he retorted furiously. 'She is going away the day after Gran's birthday.'

'I do not think she will go away.'

'What do you mean?' he asked, suspiciously.

'Oh, I think you have a pretty little game of progressive marriage going on at Jalna. No, Alayne will not go away.'

His highly colored face took on a deeper hue. Its lines became harsh. 'You'll drive me to do something desperate,' he said, and flung to the door.

She pushed the tray from her and rose to her feet. 'Will you please go? You are mistaken if you think you can abuse me into putting up with loose women in my house. As to being the talk of the countryside, there must be strange stories about the married couples of our family already.'

'Rot! It's all within the family.'

'All within the family! Just think those words over. They've got a sinister sound, like the goings on in families in the Middle Ages. We should have been born two hundred years ago at the very least. No woman who respects herself could stay at Jalna.'

He broke into a tirade against her, and all hard, narrow-minded women.

She followed him to the door, laying her hand on the latch. 'You can never argue, Renny, without using such dreadful language. I can't stand any more of it.'

He had stepped outside, and his spaniels, having traced him to the hut, ran to meet him with joyous barks, jumping up to paw him and lick his hands. For an instant Meg almost relented, seeing him there with his dogs, looking so entirely her beloved Renny. But the instant passed, and she closed the door firmly and returned to her chair, where she sat plunged in thought, not bitterly reviewing the past, as Maurice did, nor creating an imaginary and happy present, but with all her mind concentrated on those two hated alien women in her house.

Renny, returning to his stables, found

Maurice there, waiting to talk over some proposed exchange. He was in the stall with Wakefield's pony, feeding her sugar from his pocket. He turned as Renny entered. 'Well,' he said, 'how are things going now?'

'Like the devil,' he returned, slapping the pony sharply, for she had bitten at him, not liking the interruption of her feast. 'Piers still keeps Pheasant locked in her room and goes about with an expression like the wrath of God. Uncle Nicholas and Aunt Augusta quarrel all day long. He's trying to worry her out of the house and back to England, and she won't go. He and Uncle Ernest are n't speaking at all. Alayne is looking ill, and Grandmother talks ceaselessly about her birthday. She's so afraid that something will happen to her before she achieves it that she refuses to leave her room.'

'When is it?'

'A week from to-day. Alayne is stopping here till it's over, then she goes back to New York, to her old position with a publisher's firm.'

'Look here, why does n't she divorce Eden? Then you and she could marry.'

'The proceedings would be too beastly unsavory. No, there's no hope there.'

As they left the loose box Maurice asked, 'How is Meg, Renny?'

'I've just been to see her. She's still stuck in that awful hut sulking. Nothing will budge her. It looks as though she will spend the rest of her days there. I don't know what I'm to do. If you could only see her! It would be pathetic if it were n't ridiculous. She has a few sticks of furniture she took from the attic. The floor is bare. They say that all she eats is the little that Rags carries over to her. I met him with a tray. The fellow is nothing but a spy and a talebearer. He keeps her thoroughly posted as to all that goes on in the house. Aunt Augusta was for starving her out, forbidding Rags to take food to her, but I could n't do that. She shut the door in my face just now.'

They walked in silence for a space, along the passage between stalls, among the sounds and smells they both loved — deep, quiet drinking, peaceful crunching, soft whinnying; straw, harness oil, liniment.

Vaughan said, 'I've been wondering — in fact, I lay awake half the night wondering — if there is a chance that Meg might take me now. Pheasant's being gone, and Jalna in such an upset, and things having reached a sort of deadlock, it would be a way of solving the problem for her. Do you think I'd have a show?'

Renny looked at his friend with amazement. 'Maurice, do you really mean it? Are you still in love with her?'

'You know perfectly well I've never cared for any other woman,' he answered, with some irritation. 'It's not easy for you Whiteoaks to understand that.'

'I quite understand, only — twenty years is a long time between proposals.'

'If things had not turned out as they have, I should never have asked her again.'

'I hope to God she'll have you!' And then, fearing that his tone had been too fervent, he added, 'I hate to see you living such a lonely life, old man.'

Meg had come out of the cottage and was bending over a spray of sweetbrier that had thrust its thorny way up through a mass of dogwood. She loved its wild sweetness, and yet it made her sadder than before. Maurice noticed, as she raised a startled face to his, that her white cheeks were dappled by tears. One of them fell, and hung, like a bright dewdrop, on the brier.

'I'm sorry if I frightened you.'

His voice, unheard for twenty years, came to her with the sombre cadence of a bell sounding through the dark. She had forgotten what a deep voice he had. As a youth it had seemed too deep for his slenderness, but now, from this heavy frame, she found it strangely, thrillingly moving.

'I had no right to intrude on you,' he went on, and stopped, his eyes resting on the spray of brier, for he would not embarrass her by looking into her tearstained face. Why did she not wipe her cheeks? He reflected with a shade of annoyance that it was just like Meggie to leave those glittering evidences of her anguish in full view. It gave her a strange advantage, set her on a plane of suffering above those around her.

Unable to speak, he rolled a cigarette deftly in one hand, for the other had been crippled in the War. He could not have

found a more poignant way of pleading his case. She had passed him often on the road and seen that he was going gray. She had heard that one of his hands was useless, but it was not until she saw the wrist in its leather bandage, above the helpless hand, that she realized how alone he was, how pathetic, how he needed to be taken care of. Renny was hard, careless, unhurt. He was arrogant, immovable. Eden was gone. Piers clung to his wretched young wife. Finch was unsatisfactory, moody; Wake a self-sufficient little rogue. But here was Maurice, her unhappy lover, seeking her out with a strange, hungry expression in his eyes.

The droop of his mouth stirred something in her that she had forgotten, something buried for years and years. It did not stir weakly, feebly, like a half-dead thing, but boundingly, richly, like the sap that thrilled the growing things in this June day. She swayed beneath the sudden rush of its coming, and put out a hand to steady herself. Color flooded her face and neck.

He dropped the cigarette and caught her hand.

'Meggie, Meggie,' he burst out. 'Have me — marry me! Meggie, oh, my darling girl!'

She did not answer in words, but put her arms about his neck and raised her lips to his. All the stubbornness was gone from their pretty curves, and only the sweetness was left.

XXIV

The darkness had just fallen on Grandmother's birthday. The sky was a royal purple, and quite a hundred stars twinkled, with all the mystic glamour of birthday candles.

Grandmother had not slept a wink since dawn. Not for worlds would she have missed the savor of one moment of this day toward which she had been straining for many years. She could sleep all she wanted to after the celebration was over. There would be little else to do. Nothing to look forward to.

With her breakfast had come all the household to congratulate her, to wish her joy and other birthdays to follow. She had put her strong old arms about each body that in succession had leaned over her bed,

and, after a hearty kiss, had mumbled, 'Thank you. Thank you, my dear.' Wakefield, on behalf of the tribe, had presented her with a huge bouquet of red, yellow, and white roses, an even hundred of them, tied with red streamers.

The day had been a succession of heart-touching surprises. Her old eyes had become red-rimmed from tears of joy. The farmers and villagers of the neighborhood, to whom she had been a generous friend in her day, besieged her with calls and gifts of fruit and flowers. Mr. Fennel had had the church bell ring one hundred merry peals for her, the clamor of which, sounding through the valley, had transported her to her childhood in Ireland. She did not know just why, but there it was — she was in County Meath again!

Mrs. Wragge had baked a three-tiered birthday cake which had been decorated in the city. On the top, surrounded by waves of icing, was a white and silver model of a sailing vessel such as she had crossed the ocean in, from India; on the side, in silver comfits, the date of her birth. This stood on a rosewood table in the middle of the drawing-room, beside it a silver-framed photograph of Captain Philip Whiteoak. How Grandmother wished he could have seen the cake! She imagined herself, strong and springy of step, leading him up to the table to view it. She pictured his start of surprise, his blue eyes bulging with amazement, and his 'Ha, Adeline, there's a cake worth living a hundred years for!'

Now night had fallen and the guests were arriving for the evening party. The Fennels, the admiral's daughters, Miss Pink, and even old friends from a long distance. Her chair had been moved to the terrace, where she could see the bonfire all ready to be lighted. It had taken her an unconscionably long time to make the journey there, for she was weak from excitement and lack of sleep.

In the summerhouse two violins and a flute discoursed the insouciant, trilling airs of sixty years ago, filling the air with memories and the darkness with plaintive ghosts. Grandmother's sons and eldest grandson had spared no trouble or expense to make the party memorable.

On her right hand sat Ernest and Nicholas, and on her left Augusta and Alayne. Augusta remarked to Alayne, 'What a blessing that Meg is off on her honeymoon, and not sulking in Fiddler's hut! It would have spoiled the party completely if she had been there, and even more so if she had come.'

'She wasted no time when she finally made up her mind, did she?'

'No, indeed. I think she was simply shamed into it. She might have gone on living there forever. Renny would never have given in.'

Lady Buckley regarded her nephew's tall figure, silhouetted against the flare of the musicians' torches, with complacency.

'I am afraid,' said Alayne, 'that Meg hated me very much after our quarrel about Pheasant. I know that she thought my attitude toward her positively indecent.'

'My dear, Meg is a narrow-minded Victorian. So are my brothers, though Ernest's gentleness gives him the appearance of broad-mindedness. You and I are moderns. You by birth, and I by the progression of an open mind. I shall be very sorry to see you go to-morrow. I have grown very fond of you.'

'Thank you — and I have of you — of most of you. There are so many things I shall miss.'

'I know, I know, my dear! You must come back to visit us. I shall not leave Jalna while Mama lives, though Nicholas would certainly like to see me depart. Yes, you must visit us!'

'I'm afraid not. You must come to see me in New York. My aunts would be delighted to meet you.'

Augusta whispered, 'What do they know about Eden and you?'

'Only that we have separated, and I am going back to my old work.'

'Sensible — very. The less one's relatives know of one's life the better. Dear me, Renny's lighting the bonfire! I hope it's quite safe. I wonder if you would mind, Alayne, going down and asking him to be very careful. A spark from it smouldering on the roof, and we might be burned in our beds to-night.'

As Alayne moved slowly down the lawn the first sparkle curled about the base of the

pyramid of hardwood sticks that had as their foundation a great chunk of resinous pine. A column of smoke arose, steady and dense, and then was dispersed by the sudden and furious blossoming of flowers of flame. In an instant the entire scene was changed. The ravine lay a cavernous gulf of blackness, while the branches of the near-by trees were flung out in fierce, metallic grandeur. The torches in the summerhouse became mere flickering sparks; the stars were blown out like birthday candles. The figures of the young men moving about the bonfire became heroic; their monstrous shadows strove together upon the rich tapestry of the evergreens. The air was full of music, of voices, of the crackling of flames.

Out of the shadow thrown by a chestnut tree in bloom Pheasant ran across the grass to Alayne's side. She seemed to have grown during those weeks of her imprisonment. Her dress looked too short for her. Her movements had the wistful energy of those of a growing child. Her hair, uncut for some time, curved in a quaint little tail at her nape.

'This freedom is wonderful,' she breathed. 'And all that pretty firelight — and the fiddles! Try as I will, Alayne, I can't help feeling happy to-night.'

'Why should you try not to be happy? You must be as happy as a bird, Pheasant. I'm so glad we had that hour together this morning.'

'You've been beautiful to me, Alayne. No one in the world has ever been so good to me. Those little notes you slipped under my door!'

Alayne took her hand. 'Come. I am to go and tell Renny to be careful. Aunt Augusta is afraid we shall be burned in our beds.'

The three youngest of the Whiteoaks were in a group together. As the girls approached, Finch turned his back on them and skulked into the shadow, but Wakefield ran to meet them and put an arm about the waist of each.

'Come, my girls,' he said airily, 'join the merry circle. Let's take hands and dance around the bonfire! If only we could get Granny to dance, too! Please let's dance!' He tugged at their hands. 'Piers, take

Pheasant's other hand! Renny, take Alayne's hand! We're going to dance.'

Alayne felt her hand being taken into Renny's. Wakefield's exuberance was not transmittable, but he ran hither and thither, exhorting the guests to dance, till at last he did get a circle together on the lawn for Sir Roger de Coverley. But it was the elders who were moved to disport themselves, after a glass or two of punch from the silver bowl on the porch. The younger ones hung back in the shelter of the blazing pile, entangled in the web of emotions which they had woven about themselves.

Eden was not among them, but the vision of his fair face, with its smiling lips, mocked each in turn. To Renny it said: 'I have shown you a girl at last whom you can continue to love without possessing, with no hope of possessing, who will haunt you all your days.' To Alayne: 'I have made you experience, in a few months, love, passion, despair, shame, enough for a lifetime. Now go back to your sterile work and see if you can forget!' To Piers: 'You sneered at me for a poet. Do you acknowledge that I am a better lover than you?' To Pheasant: 'I have poisoned your life.' To Finch, hiding in the darkness: 'I have flung you, headfirst, into the horrors of awakening.'

Renny and Alayne, their fingers still locked, stood looking upward at the flame-colored smoke that rose toward the sky in billows endlessly pursuing each other, while after the crashing of a log a shower of sparks sprang upward like a swarm of fireflies.

In the glare their faces were transfigured to a strange beauty, yet this beauty was lost, not registered on any consciousness, for they dared not look at each other.

'I have been watching two of those sparks,' she said, 'that flew up, and then together, and then apart again, till out of sight — like us.'

'I won't have it so. Not till out of sight. Extinguished — if you mean that. No, I am not hopeless. There's something for us besides separation. You could n't believe that we'll never meet again, could you?'

'Oh, we may meet again! That is, if you ever come to New York. By that time your feelings may have changed.'

'Changed! Alayne, why should you want to spoil our last moments together by suggesting that?'

'I suppose — being a woman — I just wanted to hear you deny it. You've no idea what it is to be a woman. I used to think in my old life that we were equal — men and women. Since I've lived at Jalna it seems to me that women are only slaves.'

Someone had thrown an armful of brushwood on the fire. For a space it died down to a subdued but threatening crackle. In the dimness they turned to each other.

'Slaves!' he repeated. 'Not to us!'

'Well — to the life you create, and — to the passions you arouse in us. Oh, you don't know what it is to be a woman! I tell you it's nothing less than horrible. Look at Meg, and Pheasant, and me!'

She caught the glint of a smile.

'Look at Maurice, and Piers, and me!'

'It's not the same. It's not the same. You have your land, your horses, your interests that absorb almost all your waking hours.'

'What about our dreams?'

'Dreams are nothing. It's reality that tortures women. Think of Meg, hiding in that awful cabin. Pheasant, locked in her room. Me — grinding away in an office!'

'I can't,' he answered, hesitatingly. 'I can't put myself in your place. I suppose it's awful. But never think we don't know a hell more torturing.'

'You do, you do! But when you are tired of being tortured you leave your hell — go out and shut the door behind you, while we — only heap on more fuel.'

'My darling!' His arms were about her. 'Don't talk like that!' He kissed her, quickly, hotly. 'There, I said I would n't kiss you again, but I have — just for good-bye.'

She felt that she was sinking, fainting in his arms. A swirl of smoke, perfumed by pine boughs, enveloped them. A rushing, panting sound came from the heart of the fire. The violins sang together.

'Again,' she breathed, clinging to him, 'again.'

'No,' he said, through his teeth. 'Not again.' He put her from him and went to

the other side of the bonfire, which now blazed forth anew. He stood among his brothers, taller than they, his hair red in the firelight, his face set and pale.

Recovering herself, she looked across at him, thinking that she would like to remember him so.

In a pool of serene radiance Grandmother sat. A black velvet cloak, lined with crimson silk, had been thrown about her; her hands, glittering with rings, rested on the top of her gold-headed ebony stick. Boney, chained to his perch, had been brought out to the terrace at her command, that he might bask in the light of the birthday conflagration. But his head was under his wing. He slept, and paid no heed to lights or music.

She was very tired. The figures moving about the lawn looked like gyrating, gesticulating puppets. The jiggling of the fiddles, the moaning of the flute, beat down upon her, dazed her. She was sinking lower and lower in her chair. Nobody looked at her. One hundred years old! She was frightened suddenly by the stupendousness of her achievement. The plumes of the bonfire were drooping. The sky loomed black above. Beneath her the solid earth, which had borne her up so long, swayed with her, as though it would like to throw her off into space. She blinked. She fumbled for something, she knew not what. She was frightened.

She made a gurgling sound. She heard Ernest's voice say, 'Mama, must you do that?'

She gathered her wits about her. 'Somebody,' she said, thickly, 'somebody kiss me — quick!'

They looked at her kindly — hesitated to determine which should deliver the required caress; then from their midst Pheasant darted forth, flung herself before the old lady, and lifted up her child's face.

Grandmother peered, grinning, to see which of them it was; then, recognizing Pheasant, she clasped her to her breast. From that hug she gathered new vitality. Her arms grew strong. She pressed the young body to her and planted warm kisses on her face. 'Ha,' she murmured, 'that's good!' And again, 'Ha!'

(The End)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A STUDENT of contemporary as well as early American history, **James Truslow Adams** spends a portion of each year in foreign residence. Last August his fresh and salty impressions on returning 'Home' caused many a more habituated *Atlantic* reader to examine as though for the first time our contemporary surroundings. This year while living in England he had a mind to reverse the picture, and in so doing brought to light a comparison not wholly favorable to our United States. Mr. Adams is the author of a standard history of New England in three volumes. **Edward Weeks** is a young Harvard graduate and, so he claims, an average motorist. Like most drivers he has had some 'close shaves' whose 'might-have-beens' have given him pause to think things over. ¶As A. Edward Newton will readily agree, **Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach** is the most tantalizing, most omnivorous collector of rare books on four continents. This paper is a representative chapter of his new volume which, under the title of 'Books and Bidders,' will soon be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. ¶In preparing her material, **Mrs. Anne Miller Downes** was fortunate in having the advice and guidance of several eminent doctors. That the subject cries for attention may be judged from the action of a recent Washington conference in organizing a committee of physicians, economists, and sanitarians to undertake a five-year study of conditions. Meantime we struggle to pay our bills. ¶Returned to London after thirteen years in Persia, **A. Cecil Edwards**, an Englishman, brought with him the materials for genuine native miniatures.

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Laurence Binyon, keeper of prints in the British Museum, is an English poet whose quality has been abundantly recognized on both shores of the Atlantic. ¶Equally versed in prose, parties, and party politics, **Mary Agnes Hamilton** is a London novelist, original talker, and an active member of the

Labor Party. ¶For seven years and over, **Henry Williamson** has been living in a tiny hermitage on the Devon moors, the better to study the oldest inhabitants of the British Isles. **A. E. Douglass** is professor of astronomy and Director of the Steward Observatory at the University of Arizona. ¶A resident of Boston, **Daniel Sargent** makes his first appearance in our pages. ¶With his wide experience in the teaching profession, **Dean Henry W. Holmes** of the Harvard Graduate School of Education gives in this paper the fundamental conclusions drawn from the study of education through almost a quarter century. ¶In reading the story of the Reverend **J. M. Witherow**, it is well to remember that he is an Edinburgh minister of the Kirk and author of 'The Test,' a contemporary parable published in the *Atlantic* a year ago and still discussed. ¶At home **Dr. Gustav Eckstein** is an associate of the Cincinnati College of Medicine. Abroad his associations seem quite otherwise. When touched on the point by the editor, Dr. Eckstein wrote:—

I find no 'explanation.' And I've thought, too. I must simply admit it—I slipped. But yet I wonder about those 'moralistic friends' once they were 130 degrees to the other side of Greenwich. At least nothing is easier than to imagine them eating raw fish, drinking shotsu and, when evening fell, going with the doctor and the mayor and the Buddhist priest to hear the nightly dithyrambs. Why, the very Japanese constitution was written in the house—some say in the lap of a geisha. And a decent document, you may believe.

* * *

Esther Everett Lape is the very competent executive of the American Peace Foundation. Senators know her well and approach her gingerly. ¶The Right Honorable **C. F. G. Masterman** is a scholar, publicist, author, M.P., a former member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1914-15, and in everything a Liberal.

This number contains the last installment of 'Jalna,' by **Mazo de la Roche**, the Atlantic Prize Novel. Those who have enjoyed their intimacy with the Whiteoaks may feel with us that they have come to the end of a visit but not of their acquaintance with this galvanic group. A family of such vigor must live on, and while Miss de la Roche busies herself with her writing board it is amusing to speculate on the future of Wake, Renny, Finch, Pheasant — and old Gran. For the benefit of those readers who may have missed an installment we print below a synopsis of the preceding chapters.

When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. Her daughter Augusta, by marrying a young Englishman who later inherited a title, has become Lady Buckley. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

The relations of this pungent family are complicated and intensified by two further marriages contracted by members of its youngest generation. Piers arouses unbridled resentment and abuse by bringing home as his bride a girl of illegitimate birth. She is Pheasant, whose father, Maurice Vaughan, is a friend of Renny, and had been engaged to Meg until she learned of his fault. Eden in the meantime has upset Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems. During a visit to his New York publisher, he meets Alayne Archer, a girl of sheltered and cultivated life, who, on the death of her parents, has become a publisher's reader. On the news of their engagement, the family at Jalna naïvely

conclude that the girl is rich, and the pair, arriving after their marriage, are extended a welcome in sharp contrast to the hostility shown to Piers and Pheasant. Alayne finds adjustment to the members of Eden's family peculiarly difficult. But, as her residence at Jalna continues, one figure presses into her consciousness with disturbing force. It is Renny, master of the clan. To this Eden is heedless. He is occupied with versifying, and with the unsophisticated Pheasant, whom he has succeeded in fascinating.

* * *

The publication of Agnes Miller's adventures at Ellis Island has brought on a hailstorm of letters — congratulation, criticism, denials reasoned and unreasoned. Many of the most important officials concerned with the administration of the law have written us of their good practices and better intentions. And there is truth in what they say. There is no question that, since the adoption of the selective immigration law, great improvement has been made in Ellis Island. The officials are trying honestly and hard to administer the law. But behind the law are the trades-unions, fearful lest its administration may not be sufficiently rigid to scare away prospective immigrants, and wound about in and out is the familiar red tape of bureaucracy, which in Miss Miller's case tied her hand and foot and held her, through no fault of her own, for four days a prisoner, rigorously segregated from her friends, and, in spite of repeated questionings, kept in ignorance (unfairly, we believe, and very stupidly) as to the cause of her detention. The law is no respecter of persons. The rough and ignorant peasant from Transylvania and the educated English school-teacher are to be treated in the same way, while officials express their amazement that one should be so submissive and the other so recalcitrant! To be quite fair in this discussion, let us quote from the long arraignment of Mr. Wixon, Chief Supervisor of the Immigration Service, castigating Miss Miller: —

In another section of the article under discussion, Miss Miller refers to the failure of the officer to acquaint her with the reason for being held. This may or may not be true, but at all events, if she was not so told, there are practical reasons why applicants are not given such

information. Oftentimes officers in examining applicants on primary examination develop sufficient evidence to justify denial of admission, but the primary officers themselves cannot under the law exclude.

To acquaint the applicant with the reason which has prompted the officer in holding him for further examination by a Board of Special Inquiry might fortify the applicant in a manner which would prevent developing the true facts by the Board, and as the Board record must stand by itself, applicants who should have been refused admission under the law would gain admission, particularly if the case were to go before the court on habeas corpus proceedings, as the courts will take cognizance of only such matters as appear in the Board minutes.

In that spirit seems to us the very nub of the difficulty.

Various officials write us that Miss Miller was highly nervous. It would have been a miracle if she had not been, but nerves are likely to play queer tricks when overwrought, and there is evidence on this point in her suspicion of the telegraph boy who did not deliver her message. We are very glad to exonerate the company and to congratulate the boy.

NEW YORK CITY

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR:—

Miss Agnes Miller's article, 'Welcome, Stranger!' in your August number contains a rather unwarranted reflection on the trustworthiness of Western Union messengers. It may be recalled that Miss Miller in her story says that, while she was detained on the Cedric, she was anxious to send a message to her sister in Cleveland; that by good fortune she encountered a Western Union boy, who came along the deck of the ship with telegraph blanks in his hand, and that she gave the boy a telegram and paid for it generously, but that her sister never received the message. She quotes a youth in the purser's window as saying of the messenger: 'I would n't trust him if I were you,' and adds her own comment: 'Whether the Western Union boy was dishonest, or whether the message was stopped by your system of espionage, I do not know.'

Here was something that we had to look into, and these are the facts as they turned out to be:—

Miss Miller actually intended to address her message to her brother-in-law, Mr. Harold Worthington, care of Price, Waterhouse & Company, Cleveland, Ohio, but this is the way

she wrote the address: 'Worthington Price Water Cleveland, O.'

The telegram was duly sent to Cleveland, but no Worthington Price Water could be found there, and the Cleveland office promptly reported this to New York and asked for a more specific address. Miss Miller had signed her telegram simply 'Agnes.' There was no indication of her surname. Our New York office, therefore, wanting to do the best it could, sent a message as follows:—

'Agnes, S. S. Cedric (Sender of message to-day to Cleveland, Ohio): Your telegram to-day to Worthington Price Water Cleveland Ohio undelivered Unknown Give some address.'

If the steamship people did not succeed in finding the Agnes for whom the message was intended, perhaps this is not to be wondered at, but in the circumstances it was all that could be done.

These details are perhaps not of burning interest to your readers, but it is important that the wrong impression which Miss Miller's article no doubt created in the minds of many of them concerning the reliability of our messengers should be corrected, if possible. The boys will appreciate it if you will find room for this little account somewhere in your magazine where at least some of those who read Miss Miller's article may have an opportunity to see it.

Yours very truly,

J. C. WILLEVER

Vice President, Western Union Telegraph Co.

* * *

Mr. Summerfield Baldwin writes us:—

In the article, 'The Crucifixion of the Catholic Mind,' in the August *Atlantic*, the author has misrepresented the teaching of the Catholic Church as to the sacrament of marriage. Marriage does not imprint an irremovable character upon the soul as do the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders. This misrepresentation was made without malice, but the author none the less deeply regrets it, and humbly apologizes to all who have done him the honor to read his paper. He wishes also to thank those correspondents who have called his attention to it.

* * *

Why Pershing took the offensive.

ITHACA, NEW YORK

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR:—

You will of course receive a great many letters commenting upon the article, 'Pershing: 100 Per Cent American,' in the August *Atlantic*.

It strikes me as a good estimate of our Commander in Chief, whose abilities are very fairly evaluated.

But may I, a former subaltern in the A. E. F., present a criticism of Captain Hart's principal criticism of General Pershing's training of the army in France? Captain Hart rather insists that the Americans placed too great an emphasis upon the offensive when in action, due to the fact that General Pershing closed his eyes to the obvious lessons of three years of actual warfare. He goes on to say that the German machine-gun defense in the Argonne took a disproportionate toll in casualties before being pushed back, which may be conceded. But I think that Captain Hart is wrong in his implications.

If he was ever among American troops in 1918, he would have been struck, as were other British as well as French officers, by the youth, the superior physique, and the superior intelligence of those troops. Those qualities were always apparent when comparison with men of the Allied or enemy armies was possible. Moreover, the Americans were painfully ignorant of things military, except perhaps in the regular divisions.

The last point is the important one, for we all had to be trained somehow, and quickly, and we could not possibly learn everything in the time allotted by the Allies. Since we were restricted to a few aspects of the military art, what better ones could have been chosen than those understood in the words 'open warfare' and 'the offensive'? If we had tried to learn all in the brief time at our disposal, we should have learned nothing.

Captain Hart implies that General Pershing made a deliberate choice of an outworn mode of tactics, and only beginner's luck prevented his being found out. It seems to me that a more correct attitude would be shown in saying that General Pershing, considering the average American temperament combined with the state of hopeless unpreparedness this country found itself in in 1917, and also considering the low state of morale in both the British and French armies in 1918, made the only possible choice of tactics for the American Expeditionary Forces.

In closing, I cannot resist quoting the justly famous remark made by one British general to another: 'By God, sir, I hope that if we ever have another war, it will be conducted without any damned allies!'

I was in the A. E. F. for fifteen months, and I had unusual opportunities to talk with members of all the principal armies. I was in a division with the British; I speak French and German well enough to converse. And finally, I had the

extreme good fortune later to serve in what Captain Hart calls 'one of the blooded divisions.' In three major attacks I never lost a man killed — and we were in the Second Division, that takes pride in the fact that it always took its objective hours ahead of schedule.

Most cordially yours,

HERBERT SNYDER

* * *

No Cinders Allowed.

HARRISON, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just turned the August *Atlantic* face down at 'Something in the Eye.' I am laughing. Let me tell you *my* story. Crossing by ferry from New Jersey to New York City, I took into my left eye an atom — a cinder — a boulder! By the time we docked I had tried all the simple methods known to me and to my very near and kind neighbors. I covered the bad eye, rushed for a cross-town train, and was soon in front of the Eye and Ear Infirmary. I darted in past the doorman and met in the office the office force and some others — three women, not yet distributed, and a doctor. There was no need to explain. By that time both eyes were dropping mad tears.

I was not listed, card-catalogued, or directed. The women looked at the doctor; the doctor looked at the clock. I was early. Oh! that unkind and hasty boulder! 'I can wait,' I said. He could not let that pass. 'I can do nothing for you. This is a charitable institution.' Where was his charity? It peeped for a moment. 'You'd better go to one of the practising physicians around here.' 'I won't pay you,' I said. 'I could n't take your money if you offered it; it's against our rules.' Rules against a cinder in one's eye! 'Who is nearest?' I asked. 'You know I can't see.' 'That I can't tell you; it's against our rules to recommend —' I left quickly. I was mad, mad as a hornet. Rules, indeed!

On the sidewalk I stopped. Which way to turn? I wanted to cry. Close to me, stepping along briskly, came a young man and woman. She stopped. She spoke: 'If you'll trust me, I'll take it out.' 'Trust,' I said, and then I did cry. 'Charley, give me your pencil.' It came out. 'Now — I'll try not to hurt.' The red lid slid up over the blessed pencil, her own handkerchief followed it (with no apologies), and all was over in a minute. The doctor could probably have done it in half a minute, but — his mind evidently worked slowly — perhaps not. Why could he not have thought of the cinder first and the rules last?

E. H. MORRISON

That Presidential virtue.

AUGUST 17, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1926, Agnes Repplier leads the brotherhood of readers to deplore 'The Urbane Intolerance of Americans.' For us, there is in the village graveyard at Pittsfield, Vermont, this reassuring inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF JACK YORK
WHO DIED AT PITTSFIELD, VERMONT,
AUGUST 29, 1874
AE ABOUT 85 YEARS

HE WAS BORN A SLAVE IN SALEM, NEW
YORK. HE CAME TO PITTSFIELD, VER-
MONT, IN 1820, WHERE HE WAS ALWAYS
READY TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ALL.

It is evident that Jack, the freedman, wandered into this Vermont town. He was without a family name, and no native Vermonter refers to the Empire State except as York State. Accordingly the newcomer became Jack York.

With satisfaction we note the evidences of humility. York was a notable personage, the only man of color in many towns. He might well have taken advantage of his position to reject the attentions of the common villagers, to move with hauteur among his neighbors, and to assume a lordly attitude in the presence of the Morrills, the Proctors, and the Coolidges. Fortunately there was nothing 'high hat' about York. He complacently shook hands with all who sought this privilege.

Very truly yours,
E. W. BUTTERFIELD

* * *

Cape Cod-erisms.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A recent article by one of the Contributors, concerning her confusion over the indeterminate manner of speech among New Englanders, reminded me of one or two amusing experiences at the beginning of my residence at the root of Cape Cod.

One summer day, as a dark cloud began to lower, a neighbor asked me, 'Are you afraid in a tempest?'

Now to my mind that word implied a storm in which a high wind was the distinguishing feature — such a storm as one reads of in stories of the tropics. So I answered, honestly enough, 'I don't believe I ever was in one.'

'Why, where have you lived all your life, if you ain't never seen a tempest?'

'I've lived most of my life near Boston.'

'Why, they do too have tempests in Boston! There, it's beginning to lighten now; do you mean to say you never saw no lightnin'?''

'Oh, do you mean a thunderstorm? Of course I've seen them, but I never heard them called tempests.'

A few weeks later another neighbor was describing the trouble her husband had had as a result of scratching his hand with a rusty nail. She told me how many incisions had to be made as the poison spread, and how often the doctor came one day. The account ended dramatically, 'Well, he'd like to have lost his arm!'

'He would!' I exclaimed, marveling at the man's strange taste. The good lady took my surprise as evidence that I was impressed by her husband's narrow escape.

This use of 'would like to have' must be a perversion of the obsolete form, 'was like to,' but, being generally used in connection with some unpleasant possibility, has a very bizarre effect upon the unaccustomed ear. One housekeeper, using a fuel new to her, 'would like to have burnt her pies up,' and another, driving a horse which ran away, 'would like to have got thrown out and killed.'

'Common,' to my mind synonymous with 'vulgar,' is used hereabouts to express a desirable quality. 'Yes, they've got plenty of money, but you'll like her — she's just as common!'

But alas, these local idioms are dying with the older generation. We shall soon be all so cosmopolitan that there will be left no more isolated communities with any smack of originality in their speech.

MRS. WENDELL B. PHILLIPS

* * *

The temper of the times.

RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Have been reading over your magazine of lately and am very fond of Poems and thought that I would write to you and see if you had an opening for same. I write Poems and I am very much interested in getting them where they can be seen. Most of mine is on crime and would come in handy at this time. Kindly write me if you can place them and what you offer.

Very Truly Yours

I remain

WILLIAM F. BROWN